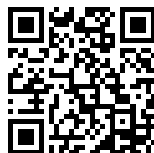

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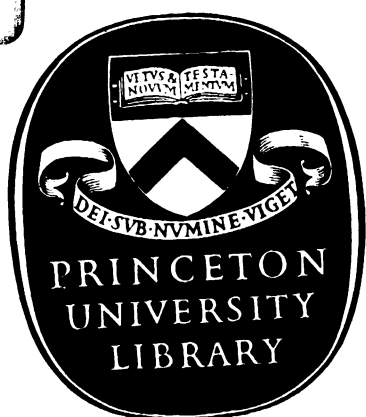
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THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

AND
AMERICAN REVIEW,

FOR THE YEAR

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I N D E X.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

	page.
A LKALIES, on the use of	264
Almanacks, on	85
American literature, Essays on	15, 338
Apparitions, Essay on	3
Arithmetical problem,	263
Arithmetical problem solved,	345
Breakfast,	254
Books, number of	415
Calcutta, description of	401
Calvert, Memoirs of Stephen	191, 267, 350, 424
Cards, Essay on	188
Connecticut festival of independence,	241
Dialogues of the living: Dialogue I.	19
Economist: No. I.	8
Emigrant, portrait of	161
Female Charitable Society,	173
Gibbon, on the style of	244
Godwin, Strictures on M. W.	330
Gossiping: A Dialogue,	169
Hair powder, Essay on	88
Huntly, Edgar: A Fragment,	21
Honest Man: A Portrait,	405
Intelligence, 156, 237, 316, 395,	470
Junius, remarks on	421
Longevity, instance of	165
Lovers' Vows, remarks on	96
Maize, on the use of	345
May-day, a New-York	84
Mercantile, Retort	171
Morocco, description of the city of	94
New-England and Great-Britain, parallel between	12
New-York, queries respecting	255
Olivarius, account of a Periodical Work by Professor	417
Periodical publications, on	1
Parallel between Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon,	90
Portrait of an emigrant,	161
Penal laws, reformation of	164
Patterfon on standard measure,	263
Punning, thoughts on	404
Phrases, origin of certain,	411
Ridicule, punishment of	257
Shark, on the	321
Shaving, Essay on	10
Solar light, inequalities of	81

	Page.
Style, thoughts on	167
Standard of measure, description of	174
Stature of man, Essay on	247
Saltonfall's scheme for a standard measure confuted	259
Silius Italicus, account of	342
Theflalonica: A Roman story,	99
Turnpike road, remarks on	182
Walstein's School of History,	335, 407
Water works, account of Philadelphia	181
Yellow fever, letters on	324

SELECTED.

Adulterated wine, mode of detecting	315
Astronomical Improvements, summary of late	53
Barlow, account of Joel	465
Bats, sixth sense of	314
Botanical discoveries, account of late	235
Books and prints, mode of cleansing	236
Bread, ferment for	387
Blumenbach on Negroes,	433
Councils, accommodation of the French	74
China, Dutch embassy to	148
Cream, singularity in	472
Directorial Palace, &c. in France,	72
Dwight, account of Dr.	388
Elephants, account of two	56
Earth worms, mode of destroying	61
Farming, hints on	471
Female sex in Turkey,	381
Frozen limbs, cure for	313
Hopkins, account of Dr. Lemuel	468
Hybernation, remarks on	456
Insect hurtful to apple trees, account of	151
Kotzebue, anecdotes of	76
Lazare, anecdotes of	390, 457
Lima, account of literary club at	140
Louis XVI, last hours of	71
Lusus naturæ, account of	150
Maple sugar,	70
Meteors, account of two	55
Mediterranean and Red Seas, on the junction of	57
Manure, mode of producing	146

	Page.		Page.
Milk, mode of purifying from garlic	146	Lovell's Oration, -	373
Molasses, mode of purifying	147	Morse's American Gazetteer,	126
Model of Paris,	ibid	Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History,	53
Oil in painting, substitute for	314	Naval Gazetteer,	137
Park's Journey into Africa,	62, 138, 232, 306	Paine's Oration,	375
Plants, on preserving the Seeds of	145	Proudfit's Sermon,	449
Portuguese, manners of the	143	Proud's History of Pennsylvania,	216
Peru, description of	308	Quincy's Oration,	217
Rome, manners of modern	385	Robertson's History of America,	130
Solar light, Herschell on the permanence of	137	Roland's Appeal,	293
Schiller, anecdotes of	153	Rumford's Essays, 132, 229, 299, 376,	449
Telegraph, on the	67	Smith's Sermons,	359
Trumbull, anecdotes of	151	Southey's Poems,	135
		———'s Joan of Arc,	225
		Strong's Sermons,	48
		Stiles, Life of	47
		Studies of Nature,	51
		Thatcher's Funeral Sermon,	290
		Trumbull's History of Connecticut,	45

AMERICAN REVIEW.

Adams' History of New-England,	445
American Philosophical Society, transactions of	365, 442
Bordley's Notes on Husbandry,	439
Barton's New Views,	117
Belknap's American Biography,	282
Brown's Oration,	287
Cooper's Eulogium,	50
Covenants, Economy of	52
Dagget's Oration,	369
Davis's Oration,	372
Dobson's Encyclopædia,	134
Dwight's Sermons,	368
Foresters: An American tale,	434
Genesee Country, Description of	119
Grimké's Duty of Executors,	128
Heath's Memoirs,	114
Kirkland's Fast Sermon,	129
Linn's Fast Sermon,	128
Livingston and M'Knight's Sermons,	221

POETRY.

Address, Theatrical	239
Apollo, Ode to	79
Dyer's Wife, Epitaph on	399
Epitaph by a Passenger,	399
Epilogue to the Robbery,	480
Friend, Lines to an absent	79
Hannibal, Oath of	319
———, Portrait of	320
Lodgings for single Gentlemen,	400
Lines on Washington,	477
Miniature Picture, on my own	240
Mother's Picture, on receipt of my	159
Monody on Washington,	478
Pairing Time anticipated,	79
Songs from Metastasio,	399, 480



THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
AND
AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. I.]

APRIL, 1799.

[No. 1.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

YOU have undertaken, it seems, to amuse the world with a monthly publication. I hope you have well considered the difficulties that lie in your way, and have not forgotten the old fable of the farmer and his ass. In his eagerness to please all, he displeased every body, and, most of all, himself, since his adventure terminated in the drowning of his poor beast. I am far from thinking that your publication will deserve the fate of the ass; but I am much afraid that such a fate will befall it.

When we lay out to secure the approbation of a few, or of a particular class, our efforts may chance to succeed. No man perfectly agrees, in taste and opinions, with another; but there is a general agreement between many. The occupations and pursuits which engage the attention of mankind, if they were numbered and distributed, might amount to some scores. Each of these has its votaries, and there are some who will listen with curiosity and pleasure to topics connected with each of these.

VOL. I. NO. 1.

By the variety and multiplicity of your objects, you seem aware that the approbation of a few will not answer your purpose, and, what is much more questionable, you seem to think that the taste of all may be gratified. The disciples of all the professions, the students of all the sciences, the lovers of literature and poetry, are confidently invited to your banquet. You promise to extract the quintessence of European wisdom; to review and estimate the labours of all writers, domestic and foreign; to exercise, by turns, the pencils of Richardson and Tacitus; to exhibit truly, scrutinize the causes, and deduce the consequences of contemporary events; to adorn, with the colours of fancy, the memorable revolutions of public and private life; and to speculate on manners and morals in the style of Addison and Johnson. You have promised all this; but you will excuse me if I question your power to perform it. If you had the power, you would, indeed, be more wise and more fortunate than the rest of mankind. That all this should be accomplished by your own efforts, is chimerical: that your friends and correspondents should supply deficiencies, is almost as much so.

A

I cannot conceive what should induce you to promise so much. Could you seriously believe that any sober hearer would expect the literal performance? It would be more for your interest to exceed than to fall short of public expectation: at least it was wrong to undertake tasks which are manifestly impossible.

I, indeed, shall not be in danger of much disappointment. Your compilations must be wretched, indeed, if they fall below my humble expectation. I doubt not but that I shall find amusement in your work. I trust to my own candour, and to the *variety, at least*, of your collections for that.

I wish that others may be equally disposed to make allowance for your defects. I wish, rather than hope it, for I know too much of the world to believe that *candour* and *forbearance* are things much in use. Your merits will be rigorously scanned, your defects eagerly blazoned, and your pretensions reluctantly admitted. Each one will look for discussions connected with his favourite pursuit—the politician for news, the merchant for St. Domingo revolutions, the poet for elegies and sonnets, the naturalist for non-descripts, the chemist for ærial and caloric speculations; and, ten to one but each will find you trite, brief, or superficial, and consign you to cobwebs and dust.

If, perchance, you should, on any one subject, be profound or eloquent, yet your efforts to please will be frustrated by some unlucky difference of opinion between you and your reader. If you insinuate a wish that the French may retain possession of Egypt, under pretence that a Mingrelian slave is a worse tyrant than a pupil of Rousseau, or that peace is better for your country, in the present state of things, than war, you will be branded, by some, as an assassin and incendiary.

If, on the contrary, you call the

navy of Britain the bulwark of the world, and affirm that our rulers have acted with beneficence and wisdom; that war, however hurtful, is not the *worst* evil that can befall us, and is far better than servitude and infamy, from which war is the only thing that now can rescue us, it will be merely leaping, according to the adage, out of the pan into the coals, and changing, not the quantity of censure, but the persons of the censurers.

If you aim to shun the evil by studying a medium between opposite opinions, or, as mediums are hard to hit, content yourself with stating mere facts, and suppress all reflections, you will gain the repute of a time-serving, equivocal, or luke-warm wretch. If you drop politics altogether, matters will be worse still; you will not be criticised indeed, but, then, you will not be read.

Your fictions will be condemned as soaring too high or sinking too low; as too general or too minute; as too scanty in dialogue, or too abundant in reflections; as being too familiar with heroes or with chambermaids; as exhibiting impossible events or contradictory characters; as teaching infidelity, superstition or despair.

Your philosophical theories will be too old or too new; you will talk too fondly or too contemptuously of benevolence and justice; you will rave about the perfectible capacities or incurable depravity of man; your Utopian schemes will be too simple or too intricate. —Such, my good friend, is the fate that awaits you.

If my advice were of any service, you should have it; but I do not know how to arm you with any thing but patience. To be aware of our destiny is sometimes useful. It will, at least, save us from the pain of disappointment.

Perhaps you are young, and your

views are more sanguine. You may think, that as men commonly judge by comparison, you will obtain approbation from the many, not, indeed, by absolute excellence, but by making a better collection than has hitherto been made. So far as men judge in this way, I believe your confidence is not groundless. Periodical publications have hitherto been, for the most part, glaringly imperfect in their plan and execution. Judgment and knowledge have seldom been employed in contriving or conducting them. This is particularly true in our native country, whose genius, hitherto, has not been that of invention, and which has been chiefly satisfied with the products of the *manual* as well as *mental* dexterity of foreigners.

I am a plain man, and have little leisure, but some of that leisure, if you behave well, I have no objection to bestow upon you.— Though I do not aim at the reputation of poet, orator, or metaphysician, yet I venture to ascribe to myself a little common sense; a quality in which I hope my lucubrations will not be wanting, and which will atone for many defects in composition. Fine spun theories and lofty flights I seldom understand, and never admire; I, therefore, shall not meddle with them, but confine myself to humble paths and intelligible objects. Fare you well.

CANDIDUS.

On APPARITIONS.

In a Letter from a Country Gentleman to his Friend in Town.

PRAY, Sir, what is your opinion respecting the power which the living may obtain over the dead? I suppose you will easily see what it was that put me upon asking this question. Not long ago, an instance of this power

was said to be given by a person in your city, and I want much to know the truth or falsehood of the tale.

Some business carried me to town just as the rumor began to circulate; but, as I had pressing calls from the country, I could not stay long enough to obtain satisfaction upon it. Will you tell me whether any thing, as to this transaction, has since occurred, and what your own opinion is concerning it.

I know you will smile at this request, and tell me that such tales are always confuted by their own absurdity. I confess to you that I shall not be contented with such an answer. State the circumstances, truly and minutely, if your leisure permits, and allow me to draw my own inferences. This is a fact which, I think, admits of evidence; and, in order to believe it, I ask no more than the grave assertions of a man whose veracity is generally known.

I know that *belief* is commonly very much at the service of *inclination*. “Credo quia placet,” is a maxim that, in a greater or less degree, governs all of us, and, therefore, I do not pretend to be exempt from its influence. I rejoice at every thing which testifies the power which men may obtain over themselves or others. I am pleased to discover, that a piece of paper, with certain characters inscribed on it, commonly called a letter, is able to draw a living man from one end of the world to the other; but I am still more pleased to find, that a few sounds from the lips, or contortions of the limbs, will summon the dead from their invisible abodes. I do not wish you to deceive me, but, I tell you beforehand, that I shall be more pleased to receive from you a confirmation than a confutation of the story to which I allude.

You may suppose that, on my return home, I mentioned the ru-

mor to Mr. S——. Perhaps you will like to know in what manner he received it. You know that, though a clergyman, he is unaccountably sceptical on this head; and, though always willing to hear, and apparently much amused by stories of this kind, he never scruples, however plausible they may be, to deny their truth.

I was somewhat surprized, therefore, to observe with what solemnity he listened to my tidings. As soon as I had done, he said that the incident was remarkable, and more so, in his eyes, on account of the resemblance which it bore to a transaction that had fallen within his own knowledge. I was inquisitive, of course, as to this transaction, and he readily gratified my curiosity.

You know, said he, that before I came to America, I superintended a congregation in Holstein. Curiosity and business sometimes called me away from home. On one occasion they happened to call me to Hamburg: while there, I ate and lodged with a medical professor in the college, who was once my school-fellow, and with whom I had been intimate from childhood. No man's veracity and rectitude were less questionable. He was not only void of superstition, but had, in fact, adopted, though he did not openly avow, opinions subversive of all religion.

On the day of my arrival, I accompanied him to dine with a magistrate of the city, highly respectable for probity and talents. The company was select, and consisted chiefly of old friends. An Hungarian gentleman, whom the Austrian government had exiled, on account of his attachment to liberty, was the only stranger present. This man was accomplished in many sciences, and his sufferings in a virtuous cause shewed that he did not merely prate about fortitude and patriotism.

Both my friend and I had much curiosity to see him. As he arrived only on the preceding day, this was the first opportunity that offered. He was a pale, emaciated and tall personage. His countenance was serious and mild, and, in my opinion, very expressive of his character. His conversation abounded with proofs of acute penetration and large experience, chastened by modesty. In the course of talk, the nature of the soul and the condition of human beings after death, were discussed. Apparitions were, of course, introduced, and questions were canvassed, whether these shadowy witnesses had ever appeared at the bar, and what credit, even if they should appear, ought to be given to their testimony.

The Hungarian denied that he had ever beheld an appearance of this kind, but admitted the possibility of such appearances, ascribing them, however, to some internal affection of the organs of sense. Such affections were inexplicable and uncommon, but undoubtedly existed. They sometimes took place fortuitously; sometimes in consequence of the voluntary exertions, either of him who saw the image and heard the voice, or of some other.

The first part of the assertion was generally admitted, but the latter was denied. No one believed that apparitions and sounds could be called up, *at the will* of him to whom they appeared; much less that voices may be made to salute my ear, and images to hover in my sight, *at the will of another*.

The stranger seemed somewhat indignant at the unanimity and confidence with which his position was denied. All eyes were fixed upon him. He was silent, and his countenance indicated somewhat like a struggle of motives and resolutions. He at last said, "My friends, I am not surprized at your incredul-

lity. I am half angry with myself for making an assertion which I may reasonably be required to prove, which, indeed, I *can* prove, but of which the proof cannot be given without much personal inconvenience and pain. This inconvenience I am willing to incur, to shew that my declaration was not precipitate and groundless, if any present are willing to be the subject of experiment."

The first emotions which these words excited bordered upon ridicule. Curiosity at length prompted some one to inquire into the nature of the experiment proposed to be made.

He answered, that any one present might retire from the company, and shut himself up alone in a dark apartment. An illumination should immediately take place, and the image of one dead should appear before him. As to the individual appearing, it should be one named in the absence of the *seer*, and of whom the operator knew nothing but the name.

This promise being made with Pandissembled gravity, excited a general desire to put his abilities to the test. No one present believed the possibility of such appearance, but each ascribed the Hungarian's confidence to a belief that his proposal would awaken the latent superstition of his hearers, and that their fears would deter them from embracing his offer; or, if any one should embrace it, either that his fancy would create a vision, or his pride induce him to profess that the vision was created.

All were now willing to undergo the trial. The wizard warned us that the regard due to his own ease would hinder him from repeating the experiment. It could be made but once, and but one person could experience the miracle. Our host was far from being most eager to enjoy the privilege; but his sobri-

ety of mind, and his adherence to truth being well known, the preference, on this occasion, was willingly assigned to him.

The apartment which we occupied was connected with another by a door. Our host retired by this door into the next room, which had no other entrance except by windows, looking from a second story into the street. The evening had arrived, and the closed room was known to be without light.

Our surprize was somewhat excited on observing that the stranger seemed to have lost none of his confidence. All the company except our host, continued sitting round the table, and our attention had but one object.

I was less incredulous than my companions, and was, therefore, more interested in the issue of this adventure. The apparition was now to be named, and the privilege of naming him was, at my earnest request, assigned to me.

I had no doubt of the upright intentions of the magistrate. It was thought proper, however, to make suitable provision against deceit. For this end, a name was to be written in the blank leaf of a pocket volume, which I had with me. This name was to be shewn to the wizard, but concealed from the rest of the company, and was not, on any account, to be uttered. The stranger was to continue in his seat during the process, and not to utter a syllable.

These preliminaries were performed. Three years before, the only and darling child of the magistrate had died. The child's name was Catharine, but the father never called her by any other name than *Kit*. I believed that this domestic circumstance was unknown to the Hungarian, and knew that the phlegmatic temper of the magistrate would be more powerfully moved by this apparition than any

other. I therefore wrote the simple monosyllable—*Kit*.

The stranger having cast his eye on the name, took from his pocket a small ivory cylinder, about three inches in length and half an inch thick. With this instrument he struck four strokes upon the table, at unequal intervals of some minutes. A pause of general and uninterrupted silence succeeded. Every eye was vigilantly bent upon the stranger.

His countenance, at first, betokened seriousness and deep abstraction. His eye was bent down and was immovably fixed for more than fifteen minutes. His tranquillity of features gradually gave place to emotion. The muscles of his face were observed to grow tremulous. This agitation became vehement, and extended to every muscle of his body. His hands were clasped forcibly together, and he breathed with difficulty.

This deportment was wholly unexpected by the company. They looked for nothing but an artificial fury, fostered and betokened by outcries and gesticulations. Instead of an intellectual operation, they expected the farce of incantation, mystic characters, traced with charcoal, and high-sounding jargon.

It was impossible for ludicrous sensations to find place during this exhibition. Silence and a fixed attitude added wonderfully to the terrific nature of the scene. Features, in an high degree intelligent, were now actuated by tremendous, but inscrutable meaning.

His feelings having reached a certain pitch, suddenly subsided. He moved his eyes, and said in a faint voice, "*It is past.*" Our attention was now transferred from the operator to the subject. After a pause of some minutes, the door opened, and the magistrate came forth, with consternation and dismay deeply written on his brow.

As soon as he could speak, he exclaimed, "Good God! this is, indeed, a miracle! I have seen my departed child!"

Every hand was laid upon the book in which the name had been written, and which, after being shewn to the magician, had been placed upon the table. Being all well acquainted with our host, the person designated by the monosyllable *Kit*, was instantly perceived.

After a momentary confusion, our host resumed his place at the table, and assured us, with a solemnity that could not be counterfeited, that the image of his child had stood before him.

In a short time after, some urgent duty of his office required his presence, and he left us in haste, promising to return as speedily as possible, and requesting us not to separate till then.

This incident excited in every mind a certain degree of faith, and an earnest wish to ascertain the truth by our own inspection. After much importunity, and with slow reluctance, the Hungarian consented to repeat the experiment. The next subject was my friend, the medical professor. The rest instinctively recoiled from this adventure. I was highly pleased with this choice, because he was the only one where incredulity seemed undiminished, and because I best knew the stubbornness of his veracity.

The scene before described was repeated. The name was written by one of the visitants, and was that of my friend's brother, who had died in India, in the service of Hyder Ally. The same scene was repeated, and three strokes were again struck. My friend came forth with panick-struck and pallid features, and confessed that he had seen his brother.

A message was soon after received from the magistrate, apologizing

for the unavoidable continuance of his absence, and requesting us to dine with him on the morrow. The company now separated, but not until the Hungarian had earnestly adjured them to conceal what they had witnessed.

In the way to my lodgings, my mind was fully occupied by reflections on this singular transaction. The Hungarian made no pretensions to supernatural aid. The power he possessed had, he said, been discovered by accident, and consisted only in calling up the image of the *seer*, and stretching every faculty with a vehement desire of succeeding in the attempt.

My friend and I had no sooner retired to his closet, than he confessed that the scene to which I had been a witness, was a sheer imposture. It was concerted in the morning, between the magistrate, the Hungarian and himself.

For what end? I asked.

Merely to try the force of testimony on the minds of our companions. It was intended that the truth should be disclosed before the meeting was at an end. This was prevented by the unseasonable engagement of our host, who, by inviting us again to-morrow, intended, no doubt, to seize the earliest opportunity of undeceiving the company.

Is there not duplicity and falsehood in this affair?

Undoubtedly. Duplicity and falsehood are criminal, you will say, but recollect that this deception was to last for a moment; that no injury could flow from it; but a forcible example should be given of the power of a combination over the convictions of mankind. Our friends had boasted of their independence of all evidence but that of their own senses; yet, I warrant you, not one of them but finds his incredulity vanquished.

But what were the means of de-

ception? How could you or the magistrate discover the persons whose names had been written?

Remember the strokes upon the table. A clock stood in each room, the motions of whose pendulums coincided. The first stroke was to warn our host to count the *clickings* of the clock. Each successive *click* from that signal, was to stand in its order for a letter of the alphabet. When that *click* arrived which corresponded with the first letter of the name, the stranger struck the table. This, likewise, was a signal for the enumeration to begin again. The remaining letters were designated in the same manner.

But that aspect of solemnity! those convulsions of the frame! was it possible to counterfeit them?

The Hungarian, it must be owned, was an excellent actor. There was, indeed, equivocation, rather than falsehood, in the words of our host. It was true, if he faced the south wall of the apartment, that the *image* of his child stood before him, since, on that wall, hung a *whole-length* of his darling *Kit*.

I was far from approving this imposture. I feared that more inconveniences would flow from it than the actors were aware of. My prognostics were fulfilled, for, notwithstanding the injunctions of secrecy, one of the company, soon after his return home, imparted the tidings to his wife and a company of gossips with whom he found her fire-side surrounded. The celerity with which the news flew through the city, is wholly inconceivable. By noon, next day, it was buzzed in every corner, and had descended, with sundry aggravations and additions, from the parlour to the kitchen, and from the palace to the hovel.

The credulous believed, the sceptical doubted, but all ran with speed to the fountains of intelligence, to the houses of those who

were said to have been present when the necromancer waved his ivory wand, and spirits of the dead obeyed his call. The magistrate and professor, as the chief witnesses, were crowded with inquirers, to their unspeakable surprize and mortification. Physicians, clergymen, advocates, authors, and gazetteers, hastened to their lodgings to obtain a confirmation of the tale. Parties were formed, and the Hungarian was importuned to give a thousand exhibitions of his skill.

The public were slowly and imperfectly undeceived. Rumour carried the miracle farther than the confutation would ever reach. Much obloquy was thrown upon the persons who were instrumental to the fraud. The Hungarian, for fear of being mobbed and hooted at for holding commerce with the devil, was compelled to leave the city.

You see, my friend, that there is a tolerable likeness between your story and mine. The *dénouement* may be different. When it comes, as come it will, we shall see; meanwhile I shall wait with all imaginable patience.

F. R.

THE ECONOMIST.—No. I.

THERE was, if I mistake not, an officer among the old Romans, called the Censor. It was his business to note the moral deviations of his countrymen, to check and to punish them. I believe very little success attended this officer in the administration of his duties. From some defect in the agents or objects of censure, this employment seems, in general, not merely to fail of producing good, but actually to exasperate the evil which it purposed to cure. This is poor encouragement for a lover of mankind to assume this illustrious province, and yet I cannot but think,

that mild and seasonable animadversions on the errors and follies of our neighbours, may sometimes be of use.

I feel no inclination to imitate my brother censurers in one respect. If my precepts should be listened to without benefit, or not listened to at all, I shall never think it the fault of my pupils, but shall merely impute it to the want of zeal and of eloquence in myself. From this discovery, I shall endeavour to draw, not motives for remissness and despair, but incitements to ingenuity and perseverance.

I draw comfort, likewise, from reflecting on the kind of topics to which my admonitions shall relate. They are capable of being discussed in an intelligible and familiar manner; they come home to the cupboards and fire-sides of every man; they are appeals to his almanack and pocket-book; they go to market with him; they stand behind his compteur; they sit down to his breakfast-table; they attend him even to his kitchen and his pantry.

Some men talk to us about taxation and government; they either exhort us to take power into our own hands, or caution us to abstain from intermeddling with the schemes and consultations of our rulers. All this, perhaps, is very well in its place. It may be of some moment who it is that rules us, and for how long. Life, and property, and liberty, may be in some way influenced by the characters of those who rule; and the characters of rulers may very much depend upon the mode in which they are selected and commissioned. As to these points, I shall not affect to be without thought, but must confess that there are some other points about which I am far more solicitous.

Possibly there is room enough in a common understanding for all

the knowledge that is necessary to the well-being of man, but different degrees of importance are connected with different kinds of knowledge, and we ought to begin with inculcating that which is of most immediate use. That knowledge which is of most use, is likewise susceptible of most certainty. The maxims, the observance of which leads to happiness, in the administration of property, in the conduct of an household, in the treatment of wives, children and neighbours, are capable of being clearly proved. Instances and illustrations flow in upon us from every quarter, and occur within the sphere of every one's observation. The government of nations, on the contrary, is a problem which the wit of man has yet been unable to solve. The materials of discussion are collected only by extensive converse with books; and the truth, which can be reached by none, can be approached only by men accustomed to abstruse researches, and exempt from the embarrassments and cares usually allotted to an human being.

These topics, therefore, whatever their intrinsic importance may be, I shall abstain from handling, not only because my education has unfitted me for the task, but because there are other objects about which I am more conversant, and whose utility is more immediate and extensive.

The duties which pertain to all men, which cling to them at all times and in all conditions, relate to the management of property. To live is the business of all, and for this end we must eat, drink and sleep; we must provide ourselves with cloathing, and shelter, and fuel. That class of beings who *acquire* with no view to *expend*, who heap together gold and silver for no end but to gratify their touch by handling, and their sight by gazing at it,

is composed of a small number; Mankind, for the most part, employ themselves in collecting money; merely that they may exchange it for some real or imaginary good, that they may purchase with it the means of animal subsistence or animal gratification, that they may exchange it for the labour, the homage, or the affections of their neighbours.

These are the motives to gain and to expense. Some of these motives are incident to all, others exist partially and in different degrees. Subsistence is the universal care; and, for this end, some portion of our property must, in all cases, be applied. Intellectual enjoyments, luxurious indulgences, reputation and dominion, are things; to the attainment of which property is likewise instrumental, but neither of which is the *sole* motive to expense with any one, and which are pursued with different degrees of zeal and of success.

It is useful to inquire into the equity and value of the latter set of motives, to consider how far property is efficacious to the acquisition of honour and power, and by what employment of property, honour and power will be most easily and speedily obtained. It is still more useful, however, to consider property as conducive to subsistence, and to ascertain the cheapest, most salutary, and most commodious methods of subsistence.

It is plain that these methods are known by few, and practised by fewer; that not only luxury and honour are pursued by many with inordinate zeal, and by defective means; but that the best means of subsistence are mistaken or neglected. We eat, drink, lodge, clothe and warm ourselves, by processes the most circuitous, tedious, toilsome and cumbersome.

To remove the general ignorance in this respect, to point out and to

recommend the cheapest and easiest means of subsisting, or, at least, to point out cheaper and easier means than are generally in use, is the task which I have assigned to myself, and will constitute the theme of many future essays of "the Economist."

R.

On SHAVING.

Mr. Editor,

IF you are really anxious for the welfare of mankind, you will not refuse a place to some remarks on the important subject of *shaving*. It has pleased fashion to require from us a smooth chin, and as this graceful smoothness can be sufficiently maintained only by the daily use of a razor, some instructions on that head cannot fail to be acceptable.

To *shave*, has, indeed, been hitherto, in some degree, a trade; but as the timid may be averse to resign their throats to so keen an edge in the hands of another; as the industrious are subjected to numerous inconveniences by the unseasonable engagements and delays of the artist; as the indolent are condemned to uneasy postures or long walks; as the delicate may justly shrink from unwashed hands, and from brush and soap polluted by indiscriminate use; and, lastly, as the vain are deprived of an excuse for contemplating their features in a mirror, an adept at the trade believes himself entitled not only to attention but to gratitude, by enabling every man to shave for himself.

The usefulness of this art has, indeed, varied according to the variations of custom. The beards of antiquity have insensibly disappeared from most faces. Nay, the aversion to these excrescences has once extended to the whole head, and no one rested till he had de-

spoiled himself of all his own locks; and supplied their place with locks which once belonged to his neighbour. Fashion could go no farther than this; and, as fashion is essentially mutable, it was obliged to return upon its own steps. Men were suffered to retain their locks; their locks extended farther and farther on all sides; those before were taught to stand erect, and were tormented into the utmost possible bulk; those behind were twisted into a *queue*, and folded into a *club*. The *toupee* and the *queue*, have either disappeared or dwindled into insignificance; and the hair, whose luxuriance has been checked on the forehead, has been suffered to invade the cheek. In a short time the beard will, no doubt, resume its ancient honours. Meanwhile, this revolution, though impending, has not arrived, and some time must elapse before the razor will be superseded by the scissors.

A more careful observation, however, will hinder the votaries of the razor from being discouraged by the increasing popularity of the beard; for, it seems, that in proportion as the chins of the men are becoming bushy, the heads of the ladies are becoming *bald*.

As men have become reconciled to the growth of their own soil, the women, from the love of contrast, are disgusted with their native products. As their tea and sugar, their bracelets and muslins, are imported from a distance, even hair is now become an article of foreign commerce, and the temples of American beauties are shaded by tresses cut from the gashed heads of wretches, weltering on the plains of Flanders.

It is said that since the last summer, we have been less indebted for this useful commodity to foreigners, the pestilence among ourselves supplying us, at least in part, with that which was formerly fur-

nished by the guillotine and the sword.

Be that as it will, the use of wigs among the fair sex, will indispen- sibly require the use of the razor. The transition will only be from one sex to the other, and from the chin to the occiput. Hence arises a new motive for offering to the world some instructions in the shaving art. Every argument in favour of being our own shavers, drawn from indolence, timidity, delicacy and vanity, will only receive new force from this revolution, and my zeal will acquire new fervour from reflecting, that the benefits of my instructions will extend to greater numbers, and to both sexes.

It needs no metaphysical sagacity to discover four important circumstances in the condition of a razor; the substance of which it is made, its shape, weight and edge.

The colour is the best, and, to the eye of the purchaser, the only criterion of the goodness of its substance. It fortunately happens that this criterion is infallible, and can never mislead. Its temper is good in proportion as its colour is a *deep* and *uniform* blue.

As to *shape*, the direction of the edge must constitute a strait line or a curve. If it be the latter, it is scarcely necessary to observe that a concave is better than a convex; but, in truth, a strait edge, by severing more hairs at a stroke, is preferable to either. This, however, is a point, about which it does not become me to decide otherwise than by experience. I am not versed in mechanics, and cannot, therefore, apply to this subject the laws of motion and impulse.

The just *weight* of a razor has been a topic of much controversy among artists, venders and shavers. It is a point, however, on which all men are equally qualified to judge. It is plain, that the heavier it is, the

slighter effort is required from him that uses it. A woodman's axe will cut deeper with the same effort than a carpenter's; but it must not be forgotten, that to lessen its weight is to contract its bulk, to make it more portable, and more easily preserved and cleansed. These benefits may compensate for a slight increase of effort in the muscles. A friend of mine uses a razor of the size and shape of a penknife, and carries it about him in the same manner. The temper and edge, it must be owned, are exquisite, and preserved with great care.

The uniformity and keenness of the edge, is of chief importance. Those flaws and irregularities must be great indeed which are visible; in order to ascertain its quality in this respect, the touch must be applied. For this end it must be drawn deliberately across the *nail*, and not, as is commonly done, across the *skin*. Its keenness may be tried by plucking an hair, and severing it by drawing it athwart the edge.

Having by these signs been enabled to purchase a good razor, our next care must be to preserve it in all its pristine integrity. For this end, *straps* are useful; but the occasional use of the *hone*, notwithstanding the assurances of strap-sellers, cannot be dispensed with. In the use of the *hone*, let the following directions be attended to.

In the first place let it be thoroughly cleaned. Particles of dirt and sand must necessarily obstruct and counteract the operation. Let a few drops of pure oil be spread upon it; then let the thumb and finger be placed on the heel of the razor and the termination of the handle, so as to govern at once, the movements of the handle and the blade. Let the blade be laid flat upon the hone and drawn towards you, with a degree of pressure and celerity, in which your

own judgment must direct you. The blade may then be turned, and the same operation be repeated. Desist not till the whole edge assumes a wiry appearance, which is the only proof of success. Each side may then be drawn across the hone from heel to point, when the hone has fully performed its duty. This motion must be reversed on the strap, experience having taught us, that to draw the edge obliquely from *heel to point*, is less efficacious than drawing it from *point to heel*.

The next step in the process is to shave. It is of use to bathe the skin with warm water before the *lather* is applied. The lather cannot be too thick and tenacious, and a brush is more advantageous than the fingers, both in producing and spreading it on the skin. The razor may then be applied, without the previous ceremonial of dipping it in warm water, which is undoubtedly superfluous.

In the act of shaving there seems to be but two precepts of particular importance. One is, that the razor should be drawn across the skin obliquely, and from *heel to point*. The motion on the hone should be reversed upon the strap, and, again, the motion on the strap should be reversed upon the skin. Secondly, the razor should be held in a flat position, and be moved with some degree of pressure, the purpose of the operation being to remove, not the skin, but the hair; and to remove this incumbrance not imperfectly, but thoroughly, and in the shortest time. It is plain, that the end is missed if the blade and skin be parallel. An angle should be formed by them, but that angle should be, as much as possible, acute.

If this angle be obtuse, or there be any unsteadiness of hand or head, or there be too frequent recurrence of hills and dales on the

skin, scarifications are apt to be made, and blood to flow. In this dilemma, recourse must be had to a styptic. The best that I know is fur plucked from an hat. Cobweb will likewise serve the same purpose; and those who, like myself, occupy a garret, may find it the most convenient.

With these directions I persuade myself that this important operation may be performed to the full satisfaction of every one.

Parallel between NEW-ENGLAND and GREAT-BRITAIN.

Mr. Editor,

IN examining lately a geographical treatise, I was accidentally led to consider in what circumstances, beside the name, that portion of our country called New-England, resembled the island of Great-Britain, of which it is a sort of daughter. Some of your readers may be amused, and, perhaps, instructed, by knowing the result of my comparison.

In the first place, the area, or superficial extent of each, was examined, and discovered to be exactly the same. Seventy-three thousand square miles are the *sum* of habitable ground in each. This, however, is the only circumstance in which they agree.

New-England is comprehended within six degrees of latitude. Its northernmost and southernmost limits would be touched by two parallel lines, four hundred and seventeen miles distant from each other.

The longitude of Britain is greater. It occupies a space of eight degrees, and a strait line touching the parallels by which it is included, is, in length, five hundred and fifty-six miles, or one eighth more than that which would traverse New-England.

The temperature and products of a country are dependant upon various causes. One of these is its position with regard to the equator. This circumstance regulates the duration of nights and days. It modifies, in conjunction with other causes, the medium and excess of heat and cold, of moisture and drought, of fertility and barrenness. In this respect the advantage must be given to New-England, which is nearer, by ten degrees, to the equator than the Island. In this respect Spain and Italy correspond with New-England.

The population of Britain has been differently computed by different writers. Some have stated it at seven millions, and others at ten millions. One of these is more plausible than the other, but I shall content myself with the medium of eight millions and an half.

Ten years ago the inhabitants of New-England were numbered. They then amounted to a million and ten thousand. Since that period, a considerable increase has taken place, which, with the utmost moderation, may be stated at one hundred and ninety thousand. Hence it follows, that the population of Britain is seven fold greater than that of New-England.

It is worthy of notice, that one seventh of the British people resides in the metropolis, and, consequently, that there are contained in London alone as many persons as are spread over the whole surface of New-England.

London is fifty fold more populous than Boston. Not more than one sixtieth part of the people of New-England reside in the capital.

The British towns which most nearly resemble Boston in extent, are Worcester, Coventry, Manchester and Aberdeen.

Comparisons between the moral and political condition of the two nations, might, perhaps, be deem-

ed invidious; yet these are the points in which comparisons are most curious and instructive. I shall make few remarks on this head, and leave the reader to deduce his own inferences.

The virtue and happiness of a people depend chiefly upon two things, the *quantity* and the *equal distribution of knowledge and property*. In proportion as the mass of a nation recede, on either side, from a certain mean, in these respects they deviate into misery and vice. Of the two extremes of poverty and wealth, the former is doubtless the most pernicious, but both are the fertile, though unequally fertile, parents of degeneracy.

Equality alone is very compatible with misery. The slaves of Russia, and the savages beyond the Mississippi, are pretty equal to each other; the former in servitude, the latter in ignorance and hardship. Public happiness requires not only that property and knowledge should be equally distributed, but that each one's portion should be large. The larger each one's portion, and the more equal it is to his neighbour's, the greater is the general felicity.

Every native of New-England, of mature age, can read and write. This cannot be said of the natives of Britain. Perhaps the number of the Islanders possessing these accomplishments, does not much exceed that of the people of New-England.

No vehicles of knowledge were ever contrived more cheap and commodious than newspapers.—The newspapers in New-England are fraught with moral and literary, as well as political discussions, and convey minute intelligence of the state of the civilized world. The number of these is stated to be thirty thousand, which is equal to one fourth of the whole number of families; but newspapers are taken

and read, in most instances, by associations of several families. Hence it is extremely probable, what has been often asserted by judicious observers, that newspapers are habitually read by every person of a reading age in the country. Exceptions, flowing from the drunkenness or stupidity of some, are very rare.

The exact proportion between those who inherit or possess landed property in New-England, and those who are destitute, cannot be ascertained, but, assuredly, is very great; and, when compared with similar classes in Great-Britain, is enormous. Though we cannot reach certainty, yet we may form conjectures which are, at least, within the truth; and may venture to affirm that among fifty families, forty-nine are in the enjoyment of house and land. Each one's portion, though little different from his neighbour's, is by no means small, and confers on each the benefits not only of property, but competence.

If not more than one in fifty in New-England is *destitute* of landed property, may it not as truly be affirmed, that in Great-Britain not more than one in fifty is in possession of this blessing?

Those among the former, who enjoy *sufficient* property, may be stated to be upwards of eleven hundred thousand. Among the inhabitants of Great-Britain landed property is not possessed by more than one hundred and sixty thousand, and among those how large a number are possessed of *too little* or *too much*. An independent and permanent possession must confer some benefits, but those who are endowed with this possession, are plagued with a thousand imaginary wants, or depraved by a thousand nefarious indulgences, in consequence of the enormous inequality of their possessions. The heir of the

house of Bedford, and the proprietor of forty acres, are beings of a different species.

Language is the medium of intercourse, and by intercourse we are prompted and enabled to assimilate and cohere. At first sight, it should seem as if the language of the two nations was the same, but, in truth, the language of New-England is the language not of Great-Britain, but of Kent and Middlesex.

Yet this statement is, perhaps, somewhat inaccurate. The rabble of the city and the boors of two adjacent counties, use a dialect distinct from that of books and of the cultivated class. This class is dispersed throughout England and Scotland, and probably falls short of three hundred thousand persons. This dialect has rules of articulation and inflection unknown to the vulgar, and one third of its terms would not be understood by a peasant or a porter. These terms have been chiefly and gradually purloined from the Latin. The language, thus chastened, is that which is universally spoken in New-England.

Two languages, radically different, are in use in Britain, the Celtic and Saxon. The latter has two dialects, of which the speakers are severally immured in the Caledonian and Cambrian mountains. The Saxon, which is spoken in the low-lands, from the Grampian ridge to the Isles of Scilly, is divided into six or eight dialects, of which the speakers are scarcely intelligible to each other. Among provincial tongues, that which prevails wherever the seat of commerce and government chances to be placed, is sure to become the dialect of learning and fashion; but, in passing from the field and the hovel to the college and the palace, it receives numberless dilutions and refinements. Terms are borrowed and

invented, which never descend to the vulgar, because the vulgar continue in their pristine ignorance, and are unfurnished with the ideas of which the new terms are symbolical.

The polished tongue, however, bears more affinity to that spoken in the metropolis and its environs, than to the dialects of more remote districts. With the former, it has many terms and modes of utterance in common, but not so with the latter. This *bookish, polished or latinized* Saxon, is scarcely known to one fiftieth of the British people, but it is, properly speaking, the only and vulgar language of New-England.

This parallel might be branched out into many other particulars, but I fear I have already exhausted your patience, and shall therefore hasten to conclude.

FRANCISCO.

On the State of AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Mr. Editor,

I AM an American. I feel a strong partiality in favour of my native country; and, perhaps, approve of many things merely because they are American. The principles of government prevailing among us, are substantially such as I admire. The more equal distribution of property in the United States than obtains in most other countries, is also a circumstance which highly pleases me. I feel a degree of pride in contemplating the bold, enterprising and independent spirit of my countrymen; nor does it give me less satisfaction to observe the plain republican manners which prevail, especially at a little distance from our seaport towns, in which it must be acknowledged the opposite evils have made too much progress.

Taking all these things together; perhaps it may be said that the American character, making allowance for its youth, ranks with the most respectable and dignified on the globe.

But I acknowledge that my pleasure in contemplating our national character, is by no means without alloy. It exhibits features which, though they may not be altogether peculiar to it, yet must be confessed to appear in a very remarkable degree, and certainly lessen our dignity in the view of discerning foreigners. To some of the most conspicuous of these defects or faults in the American character, I have resolved, Mr. Editor, to call your attention, hoping, that if my remarks be well founded, they will not be altogether useless; and that, if they appear merely capricious, or to deserve a worse name, they will be forgiven.

The present paper shall be employed in giving you my ideas on one of the most obvious of the defects above hinted at. I do not pledge myself to continue my remarks in any regular series of essays, but shall either stop with the present address, or pursue the subject, as inclination and circumstances may prompt.

Almost all learned foreigners remark that THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF AMERICA IS EXTREMELY SUPERFICIAL. Though they generally grant that there is no people among whom the elements of knowledge are more extensively diffused, especially in some of the states; yet, they say, that what is called a *liberal education* in this country, commonly includes a degree of information and of intellectual polish much less accurate and less extensive than is called by the same name in almost any other country. Though this remark on the literature of the United States may not be in all cases true, in the

latitude in which it is sometimes made, yet, I apprehend there is much truth in it—so much as to demand the attention of all who regard the literary interests, and the literary character of their country.

To this defect, (for I shall at present assume the fact that it may be laid to our charge), so far as it is peculiar to America, perhaps the following circumstances may have principally contributed.

1. The love of gain, which, in a very remarkable degree, pervades the United States. Before the revolutionary war, this spirit was very prevalent, and much cultivated. Enterprising men came to this country from Europe, as they visit all colonies, with a view to make money rapidly, and return home to spend it in dignified leisure. This circumstance gave a tone to public sentiment. To acquire property became the supreme and governing object; and the sordid colonial character was easily to be traced in almost every class of our citizens. Since the establishment of our independence peculiar circumstances have served to increase instead of lessening this evil. Perhaps there never was such a theatre for *speculation* as the United States have presented for the last twelve or fifteen years. On this theatre thousands have played a part, equally astonishing to the sober calculator and humiliating to the moralist. The influence of this system has extended to the remotest corners of the union; so that perhaps a more mercenary and speculating nation than our own hardly at this day exists.

The natural and necessary influence of such a state of public taste and public sentiment, must be in various ways highly mischievous. Its tendency to discourage literature, is obvious. When an idea becomes prevalent, that wealth is every thing, and that nothing can atone for the want of property, we

may expect to see most men bending their whole attention to this object, and neglecting the cultivation of their minds, as an affair of secondary moment. Hence, when a young man of active and enterprising talents comes forward, instead of studying to distinguish himself in the paths of literature and science, in which he is so well calculated to make a figure, he reads and improves himself no more than will qualify him to pursue the *main chance*. In this state of public opinion, the lawyer will quit his closet and betake himself to the bar, the moment he has reached that point of information which he supposes will insure much business, and promise a large receipt of *fees*. The physician will abandon his books, when he has attained that moderate sum of knowledge which will enable him to practise physic as a *trade*, and make him a popular prescriber. And the merchant will not dream that any farther pursuit of intellectual cultivation is necessary than that which qualifies him for loading a ship—estimating the value of his wares, and calculating the profits of a voyage. Now, as very superficial scholarship is adequate to all these purposes, it hence arises that superficial education is almost universally the order of the day.

2. Another reason for the superficial literary character of America may be considered as arising from *the defective plans of tuition adopted in our Colleges and Universities*. Within a few years past there has arisen in the United States a singular kind of *mania*, which has had for its object the establishment of *Colleges*. Scarcely a state in the union but what has thought one of these institutions within itself necessary. Several of the States have established two; and Pennsylvania and Maryland have, I think, considered three each as only adequate

to their necessities. Colleges being thus multiplied, it was hardly to be expected that any one of them should be very liberally endowed, or very well fitted to accomplish the business of education. It was not possible to procure teachers sufficiently eminent to fill the various offices which they contained. Hence, though there are some splendid exceptions, it may be asserted as a general fact, that three fourths of the Colleges and Universities in the United States, have professors wretchedly unqualified for their station, and who are incapable of making thorough scholars. Nor does this evil, in many instances, admit of a remedy: for frequently the funds of the institutions are not adequate to the employment of more distinguished characters; nor, if they were, are such characters always to be procured.

But the defects of our Colleges and Universities do not stop here. In many cases, a large portion of the trustees or governors of these institutions are either men of very limited attainments, or totally destitute of liberal education. Hence it happens almost necessarily, that they judge very erroneously of collegiate studies, and lay down very improper plans for conducting them. A friend of mine, who presides over a very respectable College in the United States, lately informed me, that the board of trustees under whose direction he served, had prescribed such modes of teaching for the professors, and had so tied up their hands, that it was impossible for them to do tolerable justice either to themselves or to their pupils. They were under the necessity, in order to comply with these prescriptions, so to contract, hurry over, and fritter away the systems which they undertook to teach, *in order to get the boys ready for graduating at a fixed time*, that science was disgraced, and those

who had the name of being instructed in it were deceived.

The trustees, it seems, had heard; that in other Colleges some young gentlemen had gotten the whole business of an academic course dispatched in *six*, others in *nine*, and very many in *twelve* months; and they saw no reason for detaining the students under their care for a longer period.

In consequence of these illiberal and unreasonable requisitions, it happens that many branches of instruction; usually deemed important, are; in many of our Colleges, very little attended to, and in others wholly omitted. In some they profess to teach the Greek language; but read nothing more on this branch of literature than the grammar and the Greek Testament. From other Colleges students are sent with much parade, without being able to state a proportion in trigonometry, or to demonstrate a proposition in Euclid. And I have known young gentlemen going home with an A. B. affixed to their names; without being able to construe the *diploma* which certified their standing.

There is probably no College or University on earth, whose honours are not sometimes undeservedly bestowed. This is almost the necessary result of the present state of polished society, and of the footing on which our seminaries of learning are placed. It is frequently not the fault, it is rather the misfortune of the directors of such institutions, that such prostitutions must occasionally be made. But do not American Colleges go beyond all others in this respect? Are not some of them conducted as if they were designed to be mere *diploma manufactories*? They have *public commencements at stated times*. The senior class must be gotten ready for the honours of that occasion, at all events. And if an individual or

two be now and then set aside as glaringly ignorant and incompetent, it is ten to one but the professors are mobbed by parents and guardians, or the class of candidates rebel against the academic authority, and refuse to graduate unless their fellows can be admitted with them!

3. Another reason for the superficial literary character of America probably is, the small number of distinguished scholars in whom the candidate for literary fame may find competitors. In many European countries, the number of *learned* men is so great, that a man must possess real and extensive erudition, in order to attract public notice and public praise. But in this country it is otherwise. Though we can boast of a few men who are justly entitled to the name of *learned*, yet it will hardly be disputed that this number is small. These are not scattered in every part of the union. And there are some states, and some parts of every state, in which a man of very small literary and scientific pretensions, may attract very general applause, and stand the oracle of his country. Now, it is plain that no man will study without motives; and one of the most common and influential motives is *fame*. But if the highest degree of this which a man can expect in America, is to be obtained on very cheap terms, it is not to be expected that many will purchase it at a great expense.

4. Nearly connected with the last is another reason, which may be assigned as contributing to the same effect. Distinguished literature can expect in this country very little *reward*. For a literary character to think of living by his pen in America, unless in very uncommon cases, would be found a delusive hope. Some of our most respectable authors, while they have been read and praised in Europe,

have been left to pay the expense of their own publications, reaping no reward from their countrymen, but neglect or reproach. Our citizens have an idea that nothing good can be manufactured at home, and, therefore, are continually looking beyond the Atlantic for valuable publications, which are received with much more eclat for having travelled three thousand miles. From this circumstance has resulted the following curious fact—That some of the publications most honourable to our country, have been little thought of or noticed, until praise, reflected from abroad, has found its way to the place from which it ought to have commenced.

Nor are other rewards more open among us to the man of learning. There are no rich ecclesiastical benefices which we can aspire to by distinguished erudition. Academic chairs are usually connected with such small salaries, that they present little temptation to the scholar, and operate very little as a stimulus to industry, especially when, as was before suggested, very small scientific furniture is found sufficient to equip a man for such a place. And, finally, the state offers very inconsiderable motives for the acquisition of knowledge, and the exertion of talent. In bestowing political favours, characters of real merit are frequently passed by, in compliance with popular caprice; and even when the pittance of salary annexed to official labours is vouchsafed for a while, it is frequently withdrawn when most needed; and the man who has taken most pains to fit him for an able discharge of the duties of his station, is cast off in old age, to die in penury. Can it be wondered at, that in such a state of things men are more careful to exert themselves in making pecuniary gain, to place them independent of popular favour, or of official earnings, than they are to

make literary advances, or to shine as able judges, or as officers doing honour to their country?

5. The last consideration which I shall at present suggest to account for the defective literature of my native country, is the *scarcity of books*, and the difficulties of procuring them. There is hardly a library in the United States, public or private, which would enable a man to be thoroughly learned in any one language. The public library of Philadelphia is a respectable one for its age, and will, probably, in time, exhibit a very large collection. The same may be said of the library belonging to the University of Cambridge in Massachusetts. If I mistake not, however, they are both very defective, and the latter particularly so in modern publications. This must appear a very serious consideration in the view of one who is acquainted with the nature and difficulties of literary pursuits. The student, compassed about with obstacles at best, ought not to have the additional one of spending as much time and thought to obtain a book as the reading it ten times would cost; or the still greater mortification of being obliged to relinquish the pursuit after days, and, perhaps, months of diligent search. Nor are the deficiencies of our public libraries by any means supplied by private collections, or by the enterprize and literary character of booksellers. There is hardly a greater desideratum in the United States than a bookseller, who, to a large capital in business, would unite a taste for literature—a zeal to promote it—and a disposition to make the public as early as possible acquainted with every new publication of value, that is made either in Europe or America. Such an one would be inestimable to the union in general, and might do much to cultivate a literary taste among us. As it is,

we seldom see an European publication here, unless it be of a peculiarly popular cast, or unless it be sent for by a gentleman who has, through the medium of the reviews, or otherwise, heard of its character.

Thus, you see, Mr. Editor, I am willing to account for this defect of my countrymen in a way which by no means reflects on the original structure of their minds, or implies a deficiency of talent; but which places all to the account of adventitious circumstances. If this view of the subject be just, the remedies of the evil in question are obvious, and, to a certain degree, quite within our power. That this country should be as far advanced in literary character as many parts of Europe, is surely not to be expected; but that our progress in this respect should bear some kind of proportion to our progress in other branches of refinement, ought certainly to be looked for. And it is pleasing to observe a prospect of considerable improvement in our literary taste and pursuits. I view every thing of this kind with cordial satisfaction, and cannot help flattering myself that the establishment of your Magazine will materially subserve the interests of letters and science in America. M.

DIALOGUES of the LIVING.

Dialogue I.

William. WELL, Robert, I see you have been into the store of Messrs. Gaine and Ten Eyck: what new publications have they received from Europe by the late arrivals?

Robert. I did not inquire.

W. You did not inquire! O, then I suppose you were in pursuit of some author whose knowledge is necessary to the work you have in hand. What have you bought?

R. A lottery ticket.

W. A lottery ticket! Do you approve of lotteries?

R. Why—no—not absolutely: but, as they exist, my participation can be of no consequence.

W. Of no more consequence than that your example will encourage others, and that this encouragement will be in proportion to the reputation you have acquired for purity of motives and rectitude of principle.

R. Here is a lottery, authorized, countenanced, encouraged by the State Legislature: I have five dollars which I can spare; and I can assure you that I have no objection to gaining possession of ten thousand dollars.

W. The possession of ten thousand dollars is desirable to a wise man, inasmuch as power is desirable. But if, to gain possession of this desirable object, it is necessary for me to act in direct opposition to those principles for the propagation of which I principally desire power, I think I should refrain from the act. Ten thousand dollars are desirable: I can gain ten thousand dollars by robbing the bank: yet the desire of possessing ten thousand dollars is not a sufficient motive to induce me to rob the bank.

R. This is talking in a very wild manner. What connection has my buying a lottery ticket with the practice of house-breaking?

W. The connection which one species of immoral conduct has with another.

R. But robbery is contrary to law, and a punishment is allotted to the crime: but lotteries are legal.

W. They are so; but not, therefore, right. You have acknowledged that you do not think them absolutely right. I know that you and every reflecting man will, on examination, acknowledge them to be absolutely wrong. That they are authorized by laws and encouraged by the Legislators of the

nation, is an additional reason for your discountenancing the practice; for who shall bear testimony against immorality, if those who know it as such, and see its destructive consequences, join in the commission, because it is sanctioned by the ignorance, or tolerated by the vice of the individuals who ought to watch over the happiness of the republic? If you commit a robbery, you do an act of injustice highly reprehensible; but there is little to be apprehended from the consequences of such an action flowing from the force of your example upon your fellow-citizens, for the wise would pity your error, and the ignorant would be deterred from imitation by the penalty of the law: but in purchasing a lottery ticket you encourage many to join in this most pernicious species of gambling, by the sanction which your action gives, and by the impression which must be received that the practice is approved by your deliberate judgment: you encourage Legislators to persist in this most pernicious mode of taxing the people: and, by acting in contradiction to those moral principles taught in your writings and conversation, you destroy, in some degree, that influence which you possess over the opinions of mankind.

R. I confess to you, my friend, that I have not thought much on the subject of lotteries, nor am I fully aware of the evils you seem to attribute to them.

W. I am far from being in full possession of the arguments which may be brought against this species of taxation; yet, to the most superficial view, its deformities stand so prominent, that I can, even in this casual conversation, describe as many as my time will permit or your patience suffer you to hear. As a mode of taxation it is unequal, oppressive and unjust, falling principally upon the industrious poor. It

is a legislative act for the encouragement of vice. It is a lure held out by the guardians of the people's morals, (for such Legislators are, or ought to be), to entice the mechanic and the husbandman to enter the lists as adventurers, speculators and gamblers, turning their minds from the rational hopes of profit flowing from their usual wholesome and virtuous employment, to chimerical and ruinous visions, which change their habits, debase their souls, and often end in utter destruction. That this evil should flow from the lawgivers of the land, is deplorable beyond all calculation: among the collateral mischiefs, a disrespect for the laws and the magistrate, is not among the least. The loss of the first cost of a ticket is, to the generality of those who purchase, a serious evil; yet, happy is he who, having once adventured, escapes with simply that inconvenience. The farmer or tradesman, fully impressed with the idea that there is roguery in the management of all lotteries, leaves his profitable employment to attend the drawing; leaves his home, neglects his business, and, by the time his ticket comes up a blank, has increased its price many fold. In large cities, the encouragement which lotteries give to every kind of knavery, is notorious; and their fatal effects upon adventurers have been the theme of many a heart-rending tale. Lottery offices are opened in every street, and under the pretence of insuring numbers, &c. &c. ten thousand little lotteries or gaming schemes, are made to depend upon the great one, and the wretch whose poverty would have excluded him from the participation of the evil on the great plan, is thus sucked into the whirlpool and loaded with irretrievable misery.

R. If these evils are so obvious, how happens it that Legislatures

still continue to inflict misery where they should afford protection?

W. The difficulties which the ignorance of mankind throws in the way of taxation, is perhaps the reason why this so obviously wicked and pernicious mode of raising money is still in use: this is a cause perhaps, and perhaps there are other causes; but, certainly, there is no excuse. The Legislator who encourages this practice must be ignorant, indolent, or depraved; and the citizen who is misled by the sanction, or lured to destruction by the invitation of the laws of his country, is sincerely to be pitied.

Mr. Editor,

The following narrative is extracted from the memoirs of a young man who resided some years since on the upper branches of the Delaware. These memoirs will shortly be published; but, meanwhile, the incidents here related are of such a kind as may interest and amuse some of your readers. Similar events have frequently happened on the Indian borders; but, perhaps, they never were before described with equal minuteness.

As to the truth of these incidents, men acquainted with the perils of an Indian war must be allowed to judge. Those who have ranged along the foot of the Blue-ridge, from the Wind-gap to the Water-gap, will see the exactness of the local descriptions. It may also be mentioned that "Old Deb" is a portrait faithfully drawn from nature.

E. H.

EDGAR HUNTLY: A Fragment.

I WAS eagerly observant if any, the least glimmering of light, should visit this recess. At length, on the right hand, a gleam infinitely faint caught my attention.

It was wavering and unequal. I directed my steps towards it. It became more vivid and permanent. It was of that kind, however, which proceeded from a fire, kindled with dry sticks, and not from the sun. I now heard the crackling of flames.

This sound made me pause, or, at least, to proceed with circumspection. At length the scene opened, and I found myself at the entrance of a cave. I quickly reached a station where I saw a fire burning. At first no other object was noted, but it was easy to infer that the fire was kindled by men, and that they who kindled it could be at no great distance.

Thus was I delivered from my prison and restored to the enjoyment of the air and the light. Perhaps the chance was almost miraculous that led me to this opening. In any other direction, I might have involved myself in an inextricable maze, and rendered my destruction sure: but what now remained to place me in absolute security? Beyond the fire I could see nothing; but since the smoke rolled rapidly away, it was plain that on the opposite side the cavern was open to the air.

I went forward, but my eyes were fixed upon the fire; presently, in consequence of changing my station, I perceived several feet, and the skirts of blankets. I was somewhat startled at these appearances. The legs were naked, and scored into uncouth figures. The *moccasins* which lay beside them, and which were adorned in a grotesque manner, in addition to other incidents, immediately suggested the suspicion that they were Indians.

No spectacle was more adapted than this to excite wonder and alarm. Had some mysterious power snatched me from the earth, and cast me, in a moment, into the heart of the wilderness? Was I still in the

vicinity of my paternal habitation, or was I thousands of miles distant?

Were these the permanent inhabitants of this region, or were they wanderers and robbers? While in the heart of the mountain, I had entertained a vague belief that I was still within the precincts of Norwalk. This opinion was shaken for a moment by the objects which I now beheld, but it insensibly returned; yet, how was this opinion to be reconciled to appearances so strange and uncouth, and what measures did a due regard to my safety enjoin me to take?

I now gained a view of four brawny and terrific figures, stretched upon the ground. They lay parallel to each other, on their left sides; in consequence of which their faces were turned from me. Between each was an interval where lay a musquet. Their right hands seemed placed upon the stocks of their guns, as if to seize them on the first moment of alarm.

The aperture through which these objects were seen, was at the back of the cave, and some feet from the ground. It was merely large enough to suffer an human body to pass. It was involved in profound darkness, and there was no danger of being suspected or discovered, as long as I maintained silence, and kept out of view.

It was easily imagined that these guests would make but a short sojourn in this spot. There was reason to suppose that it was now night, and that, after a short repose, they would start up and resume their journey. It was my first design to remain shrowded in this covert till their departure, and I prepared to endure imprisonment and thirst somewhat longer.

Meanwhile my thoughts were busy in accounting for this spectacle. I need not tell thee that Norwalk is the termination of a sterile

and narrow tract which begins in the Indian country. It forms a sort of rugged and rocky vein, and continues upwards of fifty miles. It is crossed in a few places by narrow and intricate paths, by which a communication is maintained between the farms and settlements on the opposite sides of the ridge.

During former Indian wars, this rude surface was sometimes traversed by the Red-men, and they made, by means of it, frequent and destructive inroads into the heart of the English settlements. During the last war, notwithstanding the progress of population, and the multiplied perils of such an expedition, a band of them had once penetrated into Norwalk, and lingered long enough to pillage and murder some of the neighbouring inhabitants.

I have reason to remember that event. My father's house was placed on the verge of this solitude. Eight of these assassins assailed it at the dead of night. My parents and an infant child were murdered in their beds; the house was pillaged, and then burnt to the ground. Happily, myself and my two sisters were abroad upon a visit. The preceding day had been fixed for our return to our father's house, but a storm occurred, which made it dangerous to cross the river, and, by obliging us to defer our journey, rescued us from captivity or death.

Most men are haunted by some species of terror or antipathy, which they are, for the most part, able to trace to some incident which befel them in their early years. You will not be surprized that the fate of my parents, and the sight of the body of one of this savage band who, in the pursuit that was made after them, was overtaken and killed, should produce lasting and terrific images in my fancy. I never looked upon, or called up the image of a savage without shuddering.

I knew that, at this time, some hostilities had been committed on the frontier; that a long course of injuries and encroachments had greatly exasperated the Indian tribes; that an implacable and exterminating war was generally expected. We imagined ourselves at an inaccessible distance from the danger, but I could not but remember that this persuasion was formerly as strong as at present, and that an expedition, which had once succeeded, might possibly be attempted again. Here was every token of enmity and bloodshed. Each prostrate figure was furnished with a rifled musquet, and a leathern bag tied round his waist, which was, probably, stored with powder and ball.

From these reflections, the sense of my own danger was revived and enforced, but I likewise ruminated on the evils which might impend over others. I should, no doubt, be safe by remaining in this nook; but might not some means be pursued to warn others of their danger? Should they leave this spot, without notice of their approach being given to the fearless and pacific tenants of the neighbouring district, they might commit, in a few hours, the most horrid and irreparable devastation.

The alarm could only be diffused in one way. Could I not escape, unperceived, and without alarming the sleepers, from this cavern? The slumber of an Indian is broken by the slightest noise; but if all noise be precluded, it is commonly profound. It was possible, I conceived, to leave my present post to descend into the cave, and issue forth without the smallest signal. Their supine posture assured me that they were asleep. Sleep usually comes at their bidding, and if, perchance, they should be wakeful at an unseasonable moment, they always sit upon their haunches, and,

leaning their elbows on their knees, consume the tedious hours in smoking. My peril would be great. Accidents which I could not foresee, and over which I had no command, might occur to awaken some one at the moment I was passing the fire. Should I pass in safety, I might issue forth into a wilderness of which I had no knowledge, where I might wander till I perished with famine, or where my footsteps might be noted and pursued, and overtaken by these implacable foes. These perils were enormous and imminent; but I likewise considered that I might be at no great distance from the habitations of men, and that my escape might rescue them from the most dreadful calamities. I determined to make this dangerous experiment without delay.

I came nearer to the aperture, and had, consequently, a larger view of this recess. To my unspeakable dismay, I now caught a glimpse of one, seated at the fire, and smoking his pipe. His back was turned towards me, so that I could distinctly survey his gigantic form and fantastic ornaments.

My project was frustrated. This one was probably commissioned to watch and to awaken his companions when a due portion of sleep had been taken. That he would not be unfaithful or remiss in the performance of the part assigned to him was easily predicted. To pass him without exciting his notice, and the entrance could not otherwise be reached; was impossible. Once more I shrunk back and revolved with hopelessness and anguish, the necessity to which I was reduced.

This interval of dreary foreboding did not last long. Some motion in him that was seated by the fire attracted my notice. I looked, and beheld him rise from his place and go forth from the cavern. This

unexpected incident led my thoughts into a new channel. Could not some advantage be taken of his absence? Could not this opportunity be seized for making my escape? He had left his gun and hatchet on the ground. It was likely, therefore, that he had not gone far, and would speedily return. Might not these weapons be seized, and some provision be thus made against the danger of meeting him without, or of being pursued?

Before a resolution could be formed, a new sound saluted my ear. It was a deep groan, succeeded by sobs that seemed struggling for utterance, but were vehemently counteracted by the sufferer. This low and bitter lamentation apparently proceeded from some one within the cave. It could not be from one of this swarthy band. It must then proceed from a captive, whom they had reserved for torment or servitude, and who had seized the opportunity afforded by the absence of him that watched, to give vent to his despair.

I again thrust my head forward, and beheld, lying on the ground, apart from the rest, and bound hand and foot, a young girl. Her dress was the coarse russet garb of the country, and bespoke her to be some farmer's daughter. Her features denoted the last degree of fear and anguish, and she moved her limbs in such a manner as shewed that the ligatures by which she was confined, produced, by their tightness, the utmost degree of pain.

My wishes were now bent not only to preserve myself, and to frustrate the future attempts of these savages, but likewise to relieve this miserable victim. This could only be done by escaping from the cavern and returning with seasonable aid. The sobs of the girl were likely to rouse the sleepers. My appearance before her would prompt her to testify her surprise by some

exclamation or shriek. What could hence be predicted but that the band would start on their feet, and level their unerring pieces at my head!

I know not why I was insensible to these dangers. My thirst was rendered by these delays intolerable. It took from me, in some degree, the power of deliberation. The murmurs which had drawn me hither continued still to be heard. Some torrent or cascade could not be far distant from the entrance of the cavern, and it seemed as if one draught of clear water was a luxury cheaply purchased by death itself. This, in addition to considerations more disinterested, and which I have already mentioned, impelled me forward.

The girl's cheek rested on the hard rock, and her eyes were dim with tears. As they were turned towards me, however, I hoped that my movements would be noticed by her gradually and without abruptness. This expectation was fulfilled. I had not advanced many steps before she discovered me. This moment was critical beyond all others in the course of my existence. My life was suspended, as it were, by a spider's thread. All rested on the effect which this discovery should make upon this feeble victim.

I was watchful of the first movement of her eye, which should indicate a consciousness of my presence. I laboured, by gestures and looks, to deter her from betraying her emotion. My attention was, at the same time, fixed upon the sleepers, and an anxious glance was cast towards the quarter whence the watchful savage might appear.

I stooped and seized the musquet and hatchet. The space beyond the fire was, as I expected, open to the air. I issued forth with trembling steps. The sensations inspired by the dangers which envi-

roned me, added to my recent horrors, and the influence of the moon, which had now gained the zenith, and whose lustre dazzled my long benighted senses, cannot be adequately described.

For a minute I was unable to distinguish objects. This confusion was speedily corrected, and I found myself on the verge of a steep. Craggy eminences arose on all sides. On the left hand was a space that offered some footing, and hither I turned. A torrent was below me, and this path appeared to lead to it. It quickly appeared in sight, and all foreign cares were, for a time, suspended.

This water fell from the upper regions of the hill, upon a flat projection which was continued on either side, and on part of which I was now standing. The path was bounded on the left by an inaccessible wall, and on the right terminated at the distance of two or three feet from the wall, in a precipice. The water was eight or ten paces distant, and no impediment seemed likely to rise between us. I rushed forward with speed.

My progress was quickly checked. Close to the falling water, seated on the edge, his back supported by the rock, and his legs hanging over the precipice, and tranquilly employed in smoking, I now beheld the savage who left the cave before me. The noise of the cascade and the improbability of interruption, at least from this quarter, had made him inattentive to my motions.

I paused. Along this verge lay the only road by which I could reach the water, and by which I could escape. The passage was completely occupied by this antagonist. To advance towards him, or to remain where I was, would produce the same effect. I should, in either case, be detected. He was unarmed; but his outcries

would instantly summon his companions to his aid. I could not hope to overpower him, and pass him in defiance of his opposition. But if this were effected, pursuit would be instantly commenced. I was unacquainted with the way. The way was unquestionably difficult. My strength was nearly annihilated: I should be overtaken in a moment, or their deficiency in speed would be supplied by the accuracy of their aim. Their bullets, at least, would reach me.

There was one method of removing this impediment. The piece which I held in my hand was cocked. There could be no doubt that it was loaded. A precaution of this kind would never be omitted by a warrior of this hue. At a greater distance than this, I should not fear to reach the mark. Should I not discharge it, and, at the same moment, rush forward to secure the road which my adversary's death would open to me?

Perhaps you will conceive a purpose like this to have argued a sanguinary and murderous disposition. Let it be remembered, however, that I entertained no doubts about the hostile designs of these men. This was sufficiently indicated by their arms, their guise, and the captive who attended them. Let the fate of my parents be, likewise, remembered. I was not certain but that these very men were the assassins of my family, and were those who had reduced me and my sisters to the condition of orphans and dependants. No words can describe the torments of my thirst. Relief to these torments, and safety to my life, were within view. How could I hesitate?

Yet I did hesitate. My aversion to bloodshed was not to be subdued but by the direst necessity. I knew, indeed, that the discharge of a musquet would only alarm the enemies which remained be-

hind; but I had another and a better weapon in my grasp: I could rive the head of my adversary, and cast him headlong, without any noise which should be heard, in the cavern.

Still I was willing to withdraw, to re-enter the cave, and take shelter in the darksome recesses from which I had emerged. Here I might remain, unsuspected, till these detested guests should depart. The hazards attending my re-entrance were to be boldly encountered, and the torments of unsatisfied thirst were to be patiently endured, rather than imbrue my hands in the blood of my fellow men. But this expedient would be ineffectual if my retreat should be observed by this savage. Of that I was bound to be incontestibly assured. I retreated, therefore, but kept my eye fixed at the same time upon the enemy.

Some ill fate decreed that I should not retreat unobserved. Scarcely had I withdrawn three paces when he started from his seat, and turning towards me, walked with a quick pace. The shadow of the rock, and the improbability of meeting an enemy here, concealed me for a moment from his observation. I stood still. The slightest motion would have attracted his notice. At present, the narrow space engaged all his vigilance. Cautious footsteps, and attention to the path, were indispensable to his safety. The respite was momentary, and I employed it in my own defence.

How otherwise could I act? The danger that impended aimed at nothing less than my life. To take the life of another was the only method of averting it. The means were in my hand, and they were used. In an extremity like this, my muscles would have acted almost in defiance of my will.

The stroke was quick as lightning, and the wound mortal and

deep. He had not time to descry the author of his fate; but, sinking on the path, expired without a groan. The hatchet buried itself in his breast, and rolled with him to the bottom of the precipice.

Never before had I taken the life of an human creature. On this head, I had, indeed, entertained somewhat of religious scruples. These scruples did not forbid me to defend myself, but they made me cautious and reluctant to decide. Though they could not withhold my hand, when urged by a necessity like this, they were sufficient to make me look back upon the deed with remorse and dismay.

I did not escape all compunction in the present instance, but the tumult of my feelings was quickly allayed. To quench my thirst was a consideration by which all others were supplanted. I approached the torrent, and not only drank copiously, but laved my head, neck, and arms, in this delicious element.

Never was any delight worthy of comparison with the raptures which I then experienced. Life, that was rapidly ebbing, appeared to return upon me with redoubled violence. My languors, my excruciating heat, vanished in a moment, and I felt prepared to undergo the labours of Hercules. Having fully supplied the demands of nature in this respect, I returned to reflection on the circumstances of my situation. The path winding round the hill was now free from all impediments. What remained but to precipitate my flight? I might speedily place myself beyond all danger. I might gain some hospitable shelter, where my fatigues might be repaired by repose, and my wounds be cured. I might likewise impart to my protectors seasonable information of the enemies who meditated their destruction.

I thought upon the condition of the hapless girl whom I had left in the power of the savages. Was it impossible to rescue her? Might I not relieve her from her bonds, and make her the companion of my flight? The exploit was perilous but not impracticable. There was something dastardly and ignominious in withdrawing from the danger, and leaving an helpless being exposed to it. A single minute might suffice to snatch her from death or captivity. The parents might deserve that I should hazard, or even sacrifice my life, in the cause of their child.

After some fluctuation, I determined to return to the cavern, and attempt the rescue of the girl. The success of this project depended on the continuance of their sleep. It was proper to approach with wariness, and to heed the smallest token which might bespeak their condition. I crept along the path, bending my ear forward to catch any sound that might arise. I heard nothing but the half-stifled sobs of the girl.

I entered with the slowest and most anxious circumspection. Every thing was found in its pristine state. The girl noticed my entrance with a mixture of terror and joy. My gestures and looks enjoined upon her silence. I stooped down, and taking another hatchet, cut asunder the deer-skin thongs by which her wrists and ancles were tied. I then made signs for her to rise and follow me. She willingly complied with my directions; but her benumbed joints and lacerated sinews, refused to support her. There was no time to be lost; I, therefore, lifted her in my arms, and, feeble and tottering as I was, proceeded, with this burthen, along the perilous steep, and over a most rugged path.

I hoped that some exertion would enable her to retrieve the use of her

limbs. I set her, therefore, on her feet, exhorting her to walk as well as she was able, and promising her my occasional assistance. The poor girl was not deficient in zeal, and presently moved along with light and quick steps. We speedily reached the bottom of the hill.

No fancy can conceive a scene more wild and desolate than that which now presented itself. The soil was nearly covered with sharp fragments of stone. Between these sprung brambles and oak-bushes, whose twigs, crossing and intertwining with each other, added to the roughnesses below, made the passage infinitely toilsome. Scattered over this space were single trees and copses of dwarf-oaks, which were only new emblems of sterility.

I was wholly unacquainted with the scene before me. No marks of habitation or culture, no traces of the footsteps of men, were discernible. I scarcely knew in what region of the globe I was placed. I had come hither by means so inexplicable, as to leave it equally in doubt, whether I was separated from my paternal abode by a river or an ocean.

I made inquiries of my companion, but she was unable to talk coherently. She answered my questions with weeping, and sobs, and intreaties, to fly from the scene of her distress. I collected from her, at length, that her father's house had been attacked on the preceding evening, and all the family but herself destroyed. Since this disaster she had walked very fast and a great way, but knew not how far or in what direction.

In a wilderness like this, my only hope was to light upon obscure paths, made by cattle. Meanwhile I endeavoured to adhere to one line, and to burst through the vexatious obstacles which encumbered our way. The ground was

concealed by the bushes, and we were perplexed and fatigued by a continual succession of hollows and prominences. At one moment we were nearly thrown headlong into a pit, or struck our feet against the angles of stones. The withes and branches of the oak entangled our legs, and the unseen thorns inflicted on us a thousand wounds.

I was obliged, in these arduous circumstances, to support not only myself but my companion. Her strength was overpowered by her evening journey, and the terror of being overtaken incessantly harassed her.

Sometimes we lighted upon tracks which afforded us an easier footing, and inspired us with courage to proceed. These, for a time, terminated at a brook or in a bog, and we were once more compelled to go forward at random. One of these tracks insensibly became more beaten, and, at length, exhibited the traces of wheels. To this I adhered, confident that it would finally conduct us to a dwelling.

On either side, the undergrowth of shrubs and brambles continued as before. Sometimes small spaces were observed, which had lately been cleared by fire. At length a vacant space of larger dimensions than had hitherto occurred, presented itself to my view. It was a field of some acres, that had, apparently, been upturned by the hoe. At the corner of this field was a small house.

My heart leaped with joy at this sight. I hastened toward it, in the hope that my uncertainties, and toils, and dangers, were now drawing to a close. This dwelling was suited to the poverty and desolation which surrounded it. It consisted of a few unhewn logs, laid upon each other, to the height of eight or ten feet, including a quadrangular space of similar dimensions, and covered by thatch. There was no

window, light being sufficiently admitted into the crevices between the logs. These had formerly been loosely plastered with clay, but air and rain had crumbled and washed the greater part of this rude cement away. Somewhat like a chimney, built of half-burnt bricks, was perceived at one corner. The door was fastened by a leathern thong, tied to a peg.

All within was silence and darkness. I knocked at the door and called, but no one moved or answered. The tenant, whoever he was, was absent. His leave could not be obtained, and I, therefore, entered without it. The autumn had made some progress, and the air was frosty and sharp. My mind and muscles had been, of late, so strenuously occupied, that the cold had not been felt. The cessation of exercise, however, quickly restored my sensibility in this respect, and the unhappy girl complained of being half frozen.

Fire, therefore, was the first object of my search. Happily, some embers were found upon the hearth, together with potatoe stalks and dry chips. Of these, with much difficulty, I kindled a fire, by which some warmth was imparted to our shivering limbs. The light enabled me, as I sat upon the ground, to survey the interior of this mansion.

Three saplins, stripped of their branches, and bound together at their ends by twigs, formed a kind of bedstead, which was raised from the ground by four stones. Ropes stretched across these, and covered by a blanket, constituted the bed. A board, of which one end rested on the bedstead, and the other was thrust between the logs that composed the wall, sustained a cedar bucket, replenished with brackish water, and the reliques of a loaf of rye bread. An axe, spade, and hoe, completed all the furniture of this habitation that was visible.

Next to cold, hunger was the most urgent necessity by which we were now pressed. This was no time to give ear to scruples. We, therefore, unceremoniously divided the bread and the water between us. I had now leisure to bestow some regards upon the future.

These remnants of fire and food convinced me that this dwelling was usually inhabited, and that it had lately been deserted. Some engagement had probably carried the tenant abroad. His absence might be terminated in a few minutes, or might endure through the night. On his return, I questioned not my power to appease any indignation he might feel at the liberties which I had taken. I was willing to suppose him one who would readily afford us all the information and succour that we needed.

If he should not return till sunrise I meant to resume my journey. By the comfortable meal we had made, and the repose of a few hours, we should be considerably invigorated and refreshed, and the road would lead us to some more hospitable tenement.

My thoughts were too tumultuous, and my situation too ambiguous, to allow me to sleep. The girl, on the contrary, soon sunk into a sweet oblivion of all her cares. She laid her head upon my knees, and left me to ruminate without interruption.

I was not wholly free from the apprehension of danger. What influence his boisterous and solitary life might have upon the temper of the being who inhabited this hut, I could not predict. How soon the Indians might awake, and what path they would pursue, I was equally unable to guess. It was by no means impossible that they might tread upon my footsteps, and knock, in a few minutes, at the door of this cottage. It behoved me to make all the preparation in

my power against untoward incidents.

I had not parted with the gun which I had first seized in the cavern, nor with the hatchet which I had afterwards used to cut the bands of the girl. These were, at once, my trophies and my means of defence, which it had been rash and absurd to have relinquished. My present reliance was placed upon these.

I now, for the first time, examined the prize that I had made. Other considerations had prevented me, till now, from examining the structure of the piece, but I could not but observe that it had two barrels, and was lighter and smaller than an ordinary musquet. The light of the fire now enabled me to inspect it with more accuracy.

Scarcely had I fixed my eyes upon the stock, when I perceived marks that were familiar to my apprehension. Shape, ornaments, and cyphers, were evidently the same with those of a piece which I had frequently handled. It was polluted with rust, and had received various bruises, but the marks were of a kind which could not be mistaken. This piece was mine; and when I left my uncle's house, it was deposited, as I believed, in the closet of my chamber.

Thou wilt easily conceive the inference which this circumstance suggested. My hairs rose and my teeth chattered with horror. My whole frame was petrified, and I paced to and fro, hurried from the chimney to the door, and from the door to the chimney, with the misguided fury of a maniac.

I needed no proof of my calamity more incontestible than this. My uncle and my sisters had been murdered; the dwelling had been pillaged, and this had been a part of the plunder. Defenceless and asleep, they were assailed by these inexorable enemies, and I, who

ought to have been their protector and champion, was removed to an immeasurable distance, and was disabled, by some accursed chance, from affording them the succour which they needed.

For a time, I doubted whether I had not witnessed and shared this catastrophe. I had no memory of the circumstances that preceded my awaking in the pit. Had not the cause of my being cast into this abyss some connection with the ruin of my family? Had I not been dragged hither by these savages, and reduced, by their malice, to that breathless and insensible condition? Was I born to a malignant destiny never tired of persecuting? Thus had my parents and their infant offspring perished, and thus completed was the fate of all those to whom my affections cleaved, and whom the first disaster had spared.

Hitherto the death of the savage whom I had dispatched with my hatchet had not been remembered without some remorse. Now my emotions were totally changed: I was somewhat comforted in thinking that thus much of necessary vengeance had been executed. New and more vehement regrets were excited by reflecting on the forbearance I had practised when so much was in my power. All the miscreants had been at my mercy, and a bloody retribution might, with safety and ease, have been inflicted on their prostrate bodies.

It was now too late. What of consolation or of hope remained to me? To return to my ancient dwelling, now polluted with blood, or, perhaps, nothing but a smoking ruin, was abhorred. Life, connected with remembrances of my misfortunes, was detestable. I was no longer anxious for flight. No change of the scene but that which terminated all consciousness, could I endure to think of.

Amidst these gloomy meditations,

the idea was suddenly suggested of returning, with the utmost expedition, to the cavern. It was possible that the assassins were still asleep. He who was appointed to watch, and to make, in due season, the signal for resuming their march, was forever silent. Without this signal it was not unlikely that they would sleep till the dawn of the day. But if they should be roused, they might be overtaken or met, and by choosing a proper station, two victims might at least fall. The ultimate event to myself would surely be fatal; but my own death was an object of desire rather than of dread. To die thus speedily, and after some atonement was made for those who had already been slain, was sweet.

The way to the mountain was difficult and tedious, but the ridge was distinctly seen from the door of the cottage, and I trusted that auspicious chance would lead me to that part of it where my prey was to be found. I snatched up the gun and tomahawk in a transport of eagerness. On examining the former, I found that both barrels were deeply loaded.

This piece was of extraordinary workmanship. It was the legacy of an English officer, who died in Bengal, to Sarsefield. It was constructed for the purposes not of sport but of war. The artist had made it a congeries of tubes and springs, by which every purpose of protection and offence was effectually served. A dagger's blade was attached to it, capable of being fixed at the end, and of answering the destructive purpose of a bayonet. On his departure from Solebury, my friend left it, as a pledge of his affection, in my possession. Hitherto I had chiefly employed it in shooting at a mark, in order to improve my sight; now was I to profit by the gift in a different way.

Thus armed, I prepared to sally

forth on my adventurous expedition. Sober views might have speedily succeeded to the present tempest of my passions. I might have gradually discovered the romantic and criminal temerity of my project, the folly of revenge, and the duty of preserving my life for the benefit of mankind. I might have suspected the propriety of my conclusion, and have admitted some doubts as to the catastrophe which I imagined to have befallen my uncle and sisters. I might, at least, have consented to ascertain their condition with my own eyes; and, for this end, have returned to the cottage, and have patiently waited till the morning light should permit me to resume my journey.

This conduct was precluded by a new incident. Before I opened the door, I looked through a crevice of the wall, and perceived three human figures at the farther end of the field. They approached the house. Though indistinctly seen, something in their port persuaded me that these were the Indians from whom I had lately parted. I was startled but not dismayed. My thirst of vengeance was still powerful, and I believed that the moment of its gratification was hastening. In a short time they would arrive and enter the house. In what manner should they be received?

I studied not my own security. It was the scope of my wishes to kill the whole number of my foes; but that being done, I was indifferent to the consequences. I desired not to live to relate or to exult in the deed.

To go forth was perilous and useless. All that remained was to sit upon the ground opposite the door, and fire at each as he entered. In the hasty survey I had taken of this apartment, one object had been overlooked, or imperfectly noticed:

Close to the chimney was an aperture, partly formed by a cavity in the wall and in the ground. It was the entrance of an oven, which resembled, on the outside, a mound of earth, and which was filled with dry stalks of potatoes and other rubbish.

Into this it was possible to thrust my body. A sort of screen might be formed of the brush-wood, and more deliberate and effectual execution be done upon the enemy. I weighed not the disadvantages of this scheme, but precipitately threw myself into this cavity. I discovered, in an instant, that it was totally unfit for my purpose, but it was too late to repair my miscarriage.

This wall of the hovel was placed near the verge of a sand-bank. The oven was erected on the very brink. This bank being of a loose and mutable soil, could not sustain my weight. It sunk, and I sunk along with it. The height of the bank was three or four feet, so that, though disconcerted and embarrassed, I received no injury. I still grasped my gun, and resumed my feet in a moment.

What was now to be done? The bank screened me from the view of the savages. The thicket was hard by, and, if I were eager to escape, the way was obvious and sure. But though single, though enfeebled by toil, by abstinence and by disease, and though so much exceeded in numbers and strength by my foes, I was determined to await and provoke the contest.

In addition to the desperate impulse of passion, I was swayed by thoughts of the danger which beset the sleeping girl, and from which my flight would leave her without protection. How strange is the destiny that governs mankind! The consequence of shrouding myself in this cavity had not been foreseen. It was an expedient which

courage, and not cowardice; suggested; and yet it was the only expedient by which flight had been rendered practicable. To have issued from the door would only have been to confront, and not to elude the danger.

The first impulse prompted me to re-enter the cottage by this avenue, but this could not be done with certainty and expedition. What then remained? While I deliberated, the men approached, and, after a moment's hesitation, entered the house, the door being partly open.

The fire on the hearth enabled them to survey the room. One of them uttered a sudden exclamation of surprize. This was easily interpreted. They had noticed the girl who had lately been their captive, lying asleep on the blanket. Their astonishment at finding her here, and in this condition, may be easily conceived.

I now reflected that I might place myself, without being observed, near the entrance, at an angle of the building, and shoot at each as he successively came forth. I perceived that the bank conformed to two sides of the house, and that I might gain a view of the front and of the entrance, without exposing myself to observation.

I lost no time in gaining this station. The bank was high as my breast. It was easy, therefore, to crouch beneath it, to bring my eye close to the verge, and laying my gun upon the top of it, among the grass, with its muzzles pointed to the door, patiently to wait their forth-coming.

My eye and my ear were equally attentive to what was passing. A low and muttering conversation was maintained in the house. Presently I heard an heavy stroke descend. I shuddered, and my blood ran cold at the sound. I entertained no doubt but that it was the stroke of

an hatchet on the head or breast of the helpless sleeper.

It was followed by a loud shriek. The continuance of these shrieks proved that the stroke had not been instantly fatal. I waited to hear it repeated, but the sounds that now arose were like those produced by dragging somewhat along the ground. The shrieks, meanwhile, were incessant and piteous. My heart faltered, and I saw that mighty efforts must be made to preserve my joints and my nerves steadfast. All depended on the strenuous exertions and the fortunate dexterity of a moment.

One now approached the door, and came forth, dragging the girl, whom he held by the hair, after him. What hindered me from shooting at his first appearance, I know not. This had been my previous resolution. My hand touched the trigger, and as he moved, the piece was levelled at his right ear. Perhaps the momentous consequences of my failure, made me wait till his ceasing to move might render my aim more sure.

Having dragged the girl, still piteously shrieking, to the distance of ten feet from the house, he threw her from him with violence. She fell upon the ground, and observing him level his piece at her breast, renewed her supplications in a still more piercing tone. Little did the forlorn wretch think that her deliverance was certain and near. I rebuked myself for having thus long delayed. I fired, and my enemy sunk upon the ground without a struggle.

Thus far had success attended me in this unequal contest. The next shot would leave me nearly powerless. If that, however, proved as unerring as the first, the chances of defeat were lessened. The savages within, knowing the intentions of their associate with regard to the captive girl, would pro-

bably mistake the report which they heard for that of his piece. Their mistake, however, would speedily give place to doubts, and they would rush forth to ascertain the truth. It behoved me to provide a similar reception for him that next appeared.

It was as I expected. Scarcely was my eye again fixed upon the entrance, when a tawny and terrific visage was stretched fearfully forth. It was the signal of his fate. His glances cast wildly and swiftly round, lighted upon me, and on the fatal instrument which was pointed at his forehead. His muscles were at once exerted to withdraw his head, and to vociferate a warning to his fellow, but his movement was too slow. He tumbled headlong to the ground, bereaved of sensation, though not of life, and had power only to struggle and mutter.

Think not that I relate these things with exultation or tranquillity. All my education and the habits of my life tended to unfit me for a contest and a scene like this. I was not governed by the soul which usually regulates my conduct. I had imbibed from the unparalleled events which had lately happened a spirit, vengeful, unrelenting, and ferocious.

There was now an interval for flight. Throwing my weapons away, I might gain the thicket in a moment. I had no ammunition, nor would time be afforded me to re-load my piece. My antagonist would render my poniard and my speed of no use to me. Should he miss me as I fled, the girl would remain to expiate by her agonies and death, the fate of his companions.

These thoughts passed through my mind in a shorter time than is demanded to express them. They yielded to an expedient suggested by the sight of the gun that had

been raised to destroy the girl, and which now lay upon the ground. I am not large of bone, but am not deficient in agility and strength. All that remained to me of these qualities was now exerted; and, dropping my own piece, I leaped upon the bank, and flew to seize my prize.

It was not till I snatched it from the ground, that the propriety of regaining my former post, rushed upon my apprehension. He that was still posted in the hovel would mark me through the seams of the wall, and render my destruction sure. I once more ran towards the bank, with the intention to throw myself below it. All this was performed in an instant; but my vigilant foe was aware of his advantage, and fired through an opening between the logs. The bullet grazed my cheek, and produced a benumbing sensation that made me instantly fall to the earth. Though bereaved of strength, and fraught with the belief that I had received a mortal wound, my caution was not remitted. I loosened not my grasp of the gun, and the posture into which I accidentally fell enabled me to keep an eye upon the house and an hand upon the trigger. Perceiving my condition, the savage rushed from his covert in order to complete his work; but, at three steps from the threshold, he received my bullet in his breast. The uplifted tomahawk fell from his hand, and, uttering a loud shriek, he fell upon the body of his companion. His cries struck upon my heart, and I wished that his better fortune had cast this evil from him upon me.

Thus I have told thee a bloody and disastrous tale. When thou reflectest on the mildness of my habits, my antipathy to scenes of violence and bloodshed, my unacquaintance with the use of fire-arms, and the motives of a soldier,

thou wilt scarcely allow credit to my story. That one rushing into these dangers, unfurnished with stratagems or weapons, disheartened and enfeebled by hardship and pain, should subdue four antagonists, trained from their infancy to the artifices and exertions of Indian warfare, will seem the vision of fancy, rather than the lesson of truth.

I lifted my head from the ground and pondered upon this scene. The magnitude of this exploit made me question its reality. By attending to my own sensations, I discovered that I had received no wound, or, at least, none of which there was reason to complain. The blood flowed plentifully from my cheek, but the injury was superficial. It was otherwise with my antagonists. The last that had fallen now ceased to groan. Their huge limbs, injured to combat and *war-worn*, were useless to their own defence, and to the injury of others.

The destruction that I witnessed was vast. Three beings, full of energy and heroism, endowed with minds strenuous and lofty, poured out their lives before me. I was the instrument of their destruction. This scene of carnage and blood was laid by me. To this havoc and horror was I led by such rapid footsteps!

My anguish was mingled with astonishment. In spite of the force and uniformity with which my senses were impressed by external objects, the transition I had undergone was so wild and inexplicable; all that I had performed; all that I had witnessed since my egress from the pit, were so contradictory to precedent events, that I still clung to the belief that my thoughts were confused by delirium. From these reveries I was at length recalled by the groans of the girl, who lay near me on the ground.

I went to her and endeavoured to console her. I found that while

lying in the bed, she had received a blow upon the side, which was still productive of acute pain. She was unable to rise or to walk, and it was plain that one or more of her ribs had been fractured by the blow.

I knew not what means to devise for our mutual relief. It was possible that the nearest dwelling was many leagues distant. I knew not in what direction to go in order to find it, and my strength would not suffice to carry my wounded companion thither in my arms. There was no expedient but to remain in this field of blood till the morning.

I had scarcely formed this resolution before the report of a musquet was heard at a small distance. At the same moment, I distinctly heard the whistling of a bullet near me. I now remembered that of the five Indians whom I saw in the cavern, I was acquainted with the destiny only of four. The fifth might be still alive, and fortune might reserve for him the task of avenging his companions. His steps might now be tending hither in search of them.

The musquet belonging to him who was shot upon the threshold, was still charged. It was discreet to make all the provision in my power against danger. I possessed myself of this gun, and seating myself on the ground, looked carefully on all sides, to descry the approach of the enemy. I listened with breathless eagerness.

Presently voices were heard. They ascended from that part of the thicket from which my view was intercepted by the cottage. These voices had something in them that bespoke them to belong to friends and countrymen. As yet I was unable to distinguish words.

Presently my eye was attracted to one quarter, by a sound as of feet trampling down bushes. Several heads were seen moving in succes-

sion, and, at length, the whole person was conspicuous. One after another leaped over a kind of mound which bordered the field, and made towards the spot where I sat. This band was composed of ten or twelve persons, with each a gun upon his shoulder. Their guise, the moment it was perceived, dissipated all my apprehensions.

They came within the distance of a few paces before they discovered me. One stopped, and bespeaking the attention of his followers, called to know who was there? I answered that I was a friend, who intreated their assistance. I shall not paint their astonishment when, on coming nearer, they beheld me surrounded by the arms and dead bodies of my enemies.

I sat upon the ground, supporting my head with my left hand, and resting on my knee the stock of an heavy musquet. My countenance was wan and haggard, my neck and bosom were died in blood, and my limbs, almost stripped by the brambles of their slender covering, were lacerated by a thousand wounds. Three savages, two of whom were steeped in gore, lay at a small distance, with the traces of recent life on their visages. Hard by was the girl, venting her anguish in the deepest groans, and intreating relief from the new comers.

One of the company, on approaching the girl, betrayed the utmost perturbation. "Good God!" he cried, "is this a dream? Can it be you? Speak!"

"Ah, my father! my father!" answered she, "it is I indeed."

The company, attracted by this dialogue, crowded round the girl, whom her father, clasping her in his arms, lifted from the ground, and pressed, in a transport of joy, to his breast. This delight was succeeded by solicitude respecting her condition. She could only answer his inquiries by complain-

ing that her side was bruised to pieces. How came you here? Who hurt you? Where did the Indians carry you?—were questions to which she could make no reply but by sobs and plaints.

My own calamities were forgotten in contemplating the fondness and compassion of the man for his child. I derived new joy from reflecting that I had not abandoned her, and that she owed her preservation to my efforts. The inquiries which the girl was unable to answer, were now put to me. Every one interrogated who I was, whence I had come, and what had given rise to this bloody contest?

I was not willing to expatiate on my story. The spirit which had hitherto sustained me, began now to subside. My strength ebbed away with my blood. Tremors, lassitude, and deadly cold, invaded me, and I fainted on the ground.

Such is the capricious constitution of the human mind. While dangers were at hand, while my life was to be preserved only by zeal, and vigilance, and courage, I was not wanting to myself. Had my perils continued or even multiplied, no doubt my energies would have kept equal pace with them, but the moment that I was encompassed by protectors, and placed in security, I grew powerless and faint. My weakness was proportioned to the duration and intensity of my previous efforts, and the swoon into which I now sunk, was, no doubt, mistaken by the spectators, for death.

On recovering from this swoon, my sensations were not unlike those which I had experienced on awaking in the pit. For a moment a mistiness involved every object, and I was able to distinguish nothing. My sight, by rapid degrees, was restored, my painful dizziness was banished, and I surveyed the scene before me with anxiety and wonder.

I found myself stretched upon the ground. I perceived the cottage and the neighbouring thicket, illuminated by a declining moon. My head rested upon something, which, on turning to examine, I found to be one of the slain Indians. The other two remained upon the earth at a small distance, and in the attitudes in which they had fallen. Their arms, the wounded girl, and the troop who were near me when I fainted, were gone.

My head had reposed upon the breast of him whom I had shot in this part of his body. The blood had ceased to ooze from the wound, but my dishevelled locks were matted and steeped in that gore which had overflowed and choked up the orifice. I started from this detestable pillow, and regained my feet.

I did not suddenly recall what had lately passed, or comprehend the nature of my situation. At length, however, late events were recollected.

That I should be abandoned in this forlorn state by these men, seemed to argue a degree of cowardice or cruelty, of which I should have thought them incapable. Presently, however, I reflected that appearances might have easily misled them into a belief of my death: on this supposition, to have carried me away, or to have stayed beside me, would be useless. Other enemies might be abroad, or their families, now that their fears were somewhat realized, might require their presence and protection.

I went into the cottage. The fire still burned, and afforded me a genial warmth. I sat before it and began to ruminate on the state to which I was reduced, and on the measures I should next pursue. Day-light could not be very distant. Should I remain in this hovel till the morning, or immediately resume my journey? I was feeble, indeed, but by remaining here

should I not increase my feebleness? The sooner I should gain some human habitation the better; whereas watchfulness and hunger would render me, at each minute, less able to proceed than on the former.

This spot might be visited on the next day; but this was involved in uncertainty. The visitants, should any come, would come merely to examine and bury the dead, and bring with them neither the cloathing nor the food which my necessities demanded. The road was sufficiently discernible, and would, unavoidably, conduct me to some dwelling. I determined, therefore, to set out without delay. Even in this state I was not unmindful that my safety might require the precaution of being armed. Besides, the fusil which had been given me by Sarsefield, and which I had so unexpectedly recovered, had lost none of its value in my eyes. I hoped that it had escaped the search of the troop who had been here, and still lay below the bank, in the spot where I had dropped it.

In this hope I was not deceived. It was found. I possessed myself of the powder and shot belonging to one of the savages, and loaded it. Thus equipped for defence, I regained the road, and proceeded, with alacrity, on my way. For the wound in my cheek, nature had provided a styptic; but the soreness was extreme, and I thought of no remedy but water, with which I might wash away the blood. My thirst likewise incommoded me, and I looked with eagerness for the traces of a spring. In a soil like that of the wilderness around me, nothing was less to be expected than to light upon water. In this respect, however, my destiny was propitious. I quickly perceived water in the ruts. It trickled hither from the thicket on one side, and pursuing it among the bushes, I reach-

ed the bubbling source. Though scanty and brackish, it afforded me unspeakable refreshment.

Thou wilt think, perhaps, that my perils were now at an end; that the blood I had already shed was sufficient for my safety. I fervently hoped that no new exigence would occur, compelling me to use the arms that I bore in my own defence. I formed a sort of resolution to shun the contest with a new enemy, almost at the expence of my own life. I was satiated and gorged with slaughter, and thought upon a new act of destruction with abhorrence and loathing.

But though I dreaded to encounter a new enemy, I was sensible that an enemy might possibly be at hand. I had moved forward with caution, and my sight and hearing were attentive to the slightest tokens. Other troops besides that which I encountered, might be hovering near, and, of that troop, I remembered that one at least had survived.

The gratification which this spring had afforded me was so great that I was in no haste to depart. I lay upon a rock, which chanced to be shaded by a tree behind me. From this post I could overlook the road to some distance, and, at the same time, be shaded from the observation of others.

My eye was now caught by movements which appeared like those of a beast. In different circumstances, I should have instantly supposed it to be a wolf, or panther, or bear. Now my suspicions were alive on a different account, and my startled fancy figured to itself nothing but an human adversary.

A thicket was on either side of the road. That opposite to my station was discontinued at a small distance by the cultivated field. The road continued along this field, bounded by the thicket on the one side, and the open space on the other. To this space the be-

ing who was now descried was cautiously approaching.

He moved upon all fours, and presently came near enough to be distinguished. His disfigured limbs, pendants from his ears and nose, and his shorn locks, were indubitable indications of a savage. Occasionally he reared himself above the bushes, and scanned, with suspicious vigilance, the cottage and the space surrounding it. Then he stooped, and crept along as before.

I was at no loss to interpret these appearances. This was my surviving enemy. He was unacquainted with the fate of his associates, and was now approaching the theatre of carnage, to ascertain their fate.

Once more was the advantage afforded me. From this spot might unerring aim be taken, and the last of this hostile troop be made to share the fate of the rest. Should I fire or suffer him to pass in safety?

My abhorrence of bloodshed was not abated. But I had not foreseen this occurrence. My success hitherto had seemed to depend upon a combination of fortunate incidents, which could not be expected again to take place; but now was I invested with the same power. The mark was near; nothing obstructed or delayed; I incurred no danger, and the event was certain.

Why should he be suffered to live? He came hither to murder and despoil my friends: this work he has, no doubt, performed. Nay, has he not borne his part in the destruction of my uncle and my sisters? He will live only to pursue the same sanguinary trade; to drink the blood and exult in the laments of his unhappy foes, and of my own brethren. Fate has reserved him for a bloody and violent death. For how long a time soever it may be deferred, it is thus that his career will inevitably terminate.

Should he be spared, he will still roam in the wilderness, and I may again be fated to encounter him. Then our mutual situation may be widely different, and the advantage I now possess may be his.

While hastily revolving these thoughts I was thoroughly aware that one event might take place which would render all deliberation useless. Should he spy me where I lay, my fluctuations must end. My safety would indisputably require me to shoot. This persuasion made me keep a steadfast eye upon his motions, and be prepared to anticipate his assault.

It now most seasonably occurred to me that one essential duty remained to be performed. One operation, without which fire arms are useless, had been unaccountably omitted. My piece was uncocked, I did not reflect that in moving the spring, a sound would necessarily be produced, sufficient to alarm him. But I knew that the chances of escaping his notice, should I be perfectly mute and still, were extremely slender, and that, in such a case, his movements would be quicker than the light: it behoved me, therefore, to repair my omission.

The sound struck him with alarm. He turned and darted at me an inquiring glance. I saw that forbearance was no longer in my power; but my heart sunk while I complied with what may surely be deemed an indispensable necessity. This faltering, perhaps it was, that made me swerve somewhat from the fatal line. He was disabled by the wound, but not killed.

He lost all power of resistance, and was, therefore, no longer to be dreaded. He rolled upon the ground, uttering doleful shrieks, and throwing his limbs into those contorsions which bespeak the keenest agonies to which ill-fated

man is subject. Horror, and compassion, and remorse, were mingled into one sentiment, and took possession of my heart. To shut out this spectacle, I withdrew from the spot, but I stopped before I had moved beyond hearing of his cries.

The impulse that drove me from the scene was pusillanimous and cowardly. The past, however deplorable, could not be recalled; but could not I afford some relief to this wretch? Could not I, at least, bring his pangs to a speedy close? Thus he might continue, writhing and calling upon death for hours. Why should his miseries be uselessly prolonged?

There was but one way to end them. To kill him outright, was the dictate of compassion and of duty. I hastily returned, and once more levelled my piece at his head. It was a loathsome obligation, and was performed with unconquerable reluctance. Thus to assault and to mangle the body of an enemy, already prostrate and powerless, was an act worthy of abhorrence; yet it was, in this case, prescribed by pity.

My faltering hand rendered this second bullet ineffectual. One expedient, still more detestable, remained. Having gone thus far, it would have been inhuman to stop short. His heart might easily be pierced by the bayonet, and his struggles would cease.

This task of cruel lenity was at length finished. I dropped the weapon and threw myself on the ground, overpowered by the horrors of this scene. Such are the deeds which perverse nature compels thousands of rational beings to perform and to witness! Such is the spectacle, endlessly prolonged and diversified, which is exhibited in every field of battle; of which, habit and example, the temptations of gain, and the illusions of honour, will make us, not reluctant or in-

different, but zealous and delighted actors and beholders!

Thus, by a series of events impossible to be computed or foreseen, was the destruction of a band, selected from their fellows for an arduous enterprize, distinguished by prowess and skill, and equally armed against surprize and force, completed by the hand of a boy, uninured to hostility, unprovided with arms, precipitate and timorous! I have noted men who seemed born for no end but by their achievements to belie experience and baffle foresight, and outstrip belief. Would to God that I had not deserved to be numbered among these!

While engaged in these reflections, I perceived that the moonlight had begun to fade before that of the sun. A dusky and reddish hue spread itself over the east. Cheered by this appearance, I once more resumed my feet and the road. I left the savage where he lay, but made prize of his tomahawk. I had left my own in the cavern: and this weapon added little to my burthen. Prompted by some freak of fancy, I stuck his musquet in the ground, and left it standing upright in the middle of the road.

I moved forward with as quick a pace as my feeble limbs would permit. I did not allow myself to meditate. The great object of my wishes was a dwelling where food and repose might be procured. I looked earnestly forward, and on each side, in search of some token of human residence; but the spots of cultivation, the *worm-fence*, and the hay-rick, were no where to be seen. I did not even meet with a wild hog, or a bewildered cow. The path was narrow, and on either side was a trackless wilderness. On the right and left were the waving lines of mountainous ridges which had no peculiarity enabling me to ascertain whether I had ever before seen them.

At length I noticed that the tracks of wheels had disappeared from the path that I was treading; that it became more narrow, and exhibited fewer marks of being frequented. These appearances were discouraging. I now suspected that I had taken a wrong direction, and instead of approaching, was receding from the habitation of men.

It was wisest, however, to proceed. The road could not but have some origin as well as end. Some hours passed away in this uncertainty. The sun rose, and by noon-day I seemed to be farther than ever from the end of my toils. The path was more obscure, and the wilderness more rugged. Thirst more incommoded me than hunger, but relief was seasonably afforded by the brooks that flowed across the path.

Coming to one of these, and having slaked my thirst, I sat down upon the bank, to reflect on my situation. The circuitry of the path had frequently been noticed, and I began to suspect that though I had travelled long, I had not moved far from the spot where I had commenced my pilgrimage.

Turning my eyes on all sides, I noticed a sort of pool, formed by the rivulet, at a few paces distant from the road. In approaching and inspecting it, I observed the footsteps of cattle, who had retired by a path that seemed much beaten; I likewise noticed a cedar bucket, broken and old, lying on the margin. These tokens revived my drooping spirits, and I betook myself to this new track. It was intricate; but, at length, led up a steep, the summit of which was of better soil than that of which the flats consisted. A clover field, and several apple-trees, sure attendants of man, were now discovered. From this space I entered a corn-field, and at length, to my inexpressible joy, caught a glimpse of an house.

This dwelling was far different from that I had lately left. It was as small and as low, but its walls consisted of boards. A window of four panes admitted the light, and a chimney, of brick well burnt, and neatly arranged, peeped over the roof. As I approached I heard the voice of children, and the hum of a spinning-wheel.

I cannot make thee conceive the delight which was afforded me by all these tokens. I now found myself, indeed, among beings like myself, and from whom hospitable entertainment might be confidently expected. I compassed the house, and made my appearance at the door.

A good woman, busy at her wheel, with two children playing on the ground before her, were the objects that now presented themselves. The uncouthness of my garb, my wild and weather-worn appearance, my fusil and tomahawk, could not but startle them. The woman stopt her wheel, and gazed as if a spectre had started into view.

I was somewhat aware of these consequences, and endeavoured to elude them, by assuming an air of supplication and humility. I told her that I was a traveller, who had unfortunately lost his way, and had rambled in this wild till nearly famished for want. I intreated her to give me some food; any thing, however scanty or coarse, would be acceptable.

After some pause she desired me, though not without some marks of fear, to walk in. She placed before me some brown bread and milk. She eyed me while I eagerly devoured this morsel. It was, indeed, more delicious than any I had ever tasted. At length she broke silence, and expressed her astonishment and commiseration at my seemingly forlorn state, adding, that perhaps I was the man whom the men were looking after who had been there some hours before.

My curiosity was roused by this intimation. In answer to my interrogations, she said, that three persons had lately stopped, to inquire if her husband had not met, within the last three days, a person of whom their description seemed pretty much to suit my person and dress. He was tall, slender, wore nothing but shirt and trowsers, and was wounded on the cheek.

What, I asked, did they state the rank or condition of the person to be?

He lived in Solebury. He was supposed to have rambled in the mountains, and to have lost his way, or to have met with some mischance. It was three days since he had disappeared, but had been seen, by some one, the last night, at Deb's hut.

What and where was Deb's hut?

It was a hut in the wilderness, occupied by an old Indian woman, known among her neighbours by the name of Old Deb. Some people called her Queen Mab. Her dwelling was eight long miles from this house.

A thousand questions were precluded, and a thousand doubts solved by this information. *Queen Mab* were sounds familiar to my ears; for they originated with myself.

This woman originally belonged to the tribe of Delawares or Lenni-lennapee. All these districts were once comprised within the dominions of that nation. About thirty years ago, in consequence of perpetual encroachments of the English colonists, they abandoned their ancient seats and retired to the banks of the Wabash and Muskingum.

This emigration was concerted in a general council of the tribe, and obtained the concurrence of all but one female. Her birth, talents, and age, gave her much consideration and authority among her countrymen; and all her zeal and

eloquence were exerted to induce them to lay aside their scheme. In this, however, she could not succeed. Finding them refractory, she declared her resolution to remain behind, and maintain possession of the land which her countrymen should impiously abandon.

The village inhabited by this clan was built upon ground which now constitutes my uncle's barn yard and orchard. On the departure of her countrymen, this female burnt the empty wigwams and retired into the fastnesses of Norwalk. She selected a spot suitable for an Indian dwelling and a small plantation of maize, and in which she was seldom liable to interruption and intrusion.

Her only companions were three dogs, of the Indian or wolf species. These animals differed in nothing from their kinsmen of the forest, but in their attachment and obedience to their mistress. She governed them with absolute sway: they were her servants and protectors, and attended her person or guarded her threshold, agreeably to her directions. She fed them with corn and they supplied her and themselves with meat, by hunting squirrels, racoons, and hares.

To the rest of mankind they were aliens or enemies. They never left the desert but in company with their mistress, and when she entered a farm-house, waited her return at a distance. They would suffer none to approach them, but attacked no one who did not imprudently crave their acquaintance, or who kept at a respectful distance from their wigwam. That sacred asylum they would not suffer to be violated, and no stranger could enter it but at the imminent hazard of his life, unless accompanied and protected by their dame.

The chief employment of this woman, when at home, besides hoeing and grinding her corn and

setting her snares, was to talk. Though in solitude, her tongue was never at rest but when she was asleep; but her conversation was merely addressed to her dogs. Her voice was sharp and shrill, and her gesticulations were vehement and grotesque. An hearer would naturally imagine that she was scolding; but, in truth, she was merely giving them directions. Having no other object of contemplation or subject of discourse, she always found, in their postures and look, occasions for praise, or blame, or command. The readiness with which they understood, and the docility with which they obeyed her movements and words, were truly wonderful.

If a stranger chanced to wander near her hut, and overheard her jargon, incessant as it was, and shrill, he might speculate in vain on the reason of these sounds. If he waited in expectation of hearing some reply, he waited in vain. The strain, always voluble and sharp, was never intermitted for a moment, and would continue for hours at a time.

She seldom left the hut but to visit the neighbouring inhabitants, and demand from them food and cloathing, or whatever her necessities required. These were exacted as her due: to have her wants supplied was her prerogative, and to withhold what she claimed was rebellion. She conceived that by remaining behind her countrymen she succeeded to the government, and retained the possession of all this region. The English were merely aliens and sojourners, who occupied the land merely by her connivance and permission, and whom she allowed to remain on no terms but those of supplying her wants.

Being a woman aged and harmless, her demands being limited to that of which she really stood in need, and which her own industry

could not procure, her pretensions were a subject of mirth and good humour, and her injunctions obeyed with seeming deference and gravity. To me she early became an object of curiosity and speculation. I delighted to observe her habits and humour her prejudices. She frequently came to my uncle's house, and I sometimes visited her; but insensibly she seemed to contract an affection for me, and regarded me with more complacency and condescension than any other received.

She always disdained to speak English, and custom had rendered her intelligible to most in her native language, with regard to a few simple questions. I had taken some pains to study her jargon, and could make out to discourse with her on the few ideas which she possessed. This circumstance, likewise, wonderfully prepossessed her in my favour.

The name by which she was formerly known was Deb; but her pretensions to royalty, the wildness of her aspect and garb, her shrivelled and diminutive form, a constitution that seemed to defy the ravages of time and the influence of the elements; her age, which some did not scruple to affirm exceeded an hundred years, her romantic solitude and mountainous haunts, suggested to my fancy the appellation of *Queen Mab*. There appeared to me some rude analogy between this personage and her whom the poets of old-time have delighted to celebrate: thou perhaps wilt discover nothing but incongruities between them, but, be that as it may, Old Deb and Queen Mab soon came into indiscriminate and general use.

She dwelt in Norwalk upwards of twenty years. She was not forgotten by her countrymen, and generally received from her brothers and sons an autumnal visit;

but no solicitations or entreaties could prevail on her to return with them. Two years ago, some suspicions or disgust induced her to forsake her ancient habitation, and to seek a new one. Happily she found a more convenient habitation twenty miles to the westward, and in a spot abundantly sterile and rude.

This dwelling was of logs, and had been erected by a Scottish emigrant, who, not being rich enough to purchase land, and entertaining a passion for solitude and independence, cleared a field in the unappropriated wilderness, and subsisted on its produce. After some time he disappeared. Various conjectures were formed as to the cause of his absence. None of them were satisfactory; but that which obtained most credit was, that he had been murdered by the Indians, who, about the same period, paid their annual visit to the *Queen*. This conjecture acquired some force, by observing that the old woman shortly after took possession of his hut, his implements of tillage, and his corn-field.

She was not molested in her new abode, and her life passed in the same quiet tenour as before. Her periodical rambles, her regal claims, her guardian wolfs, and her uncouth volubility, were equally remarkable, but her circuits were new. Her distance made her visit to Solebury more rarely, and had prevented me from ever extending my pedestrian excursions to her present abode.

These recollections were now suddenly called up by the information of my hostess. The hut where I had sought shelter and relief was, it seems, the residence of *Queen Mab*. Some fortunate occurrence had called her away during my visit. Had she and her dogs been at home, I should have been set upon by these ferocious centinels,

and, before their dame could have interfered, have been, together with my helpless companion, mangled or killed. These animals never barked, I should have entered unaware of my danger, and my fate could scarcely have been averted by my fusil.

Her absence at this unseasonable hour was mysterious. It was now the time of year when her countrymen were accustomed to renew their visit. Was there a league between her and the plunderers whom I had encountered?

But who were they by whom my footsteps were so industriously traced? Those whom I had seen at Deb's hut were strangers to me, but the wound upon my face was known only to them. To this circumstance was now added my place of residence and name. I supposed them impressed with the belief that I was dead; but this mistake must have speedily been rectified. Revisiting the spot, finding me gone, and obtaining some intelligence of my former condition, they had instituted a search after me.

But what tidings were these? I was supposed to have been bewildered in the mountains, and three days were said to have passed since my disappearance. Twelve hours had scarcely elapsed since I emerged from the cavern. Had two days and an half been consumed in my subterranean prison?

These reflections were quickly supplanted by others. I now gained a sufficient acquaintance with the region that was spread around me. I was in the midst of a vale, included between ridges that gradually approached each other, and, when joined, were broken up into hollows and steepes, and spreading themselves over a circular space, assumed the appellation of *Norwalk*. This vale gradually widened as it tended to the westward, and was, in this place, ten or twelve

miles in breadth. My devious footsteps had brought me to the foot of the southern barrier. The outer basis of this was laved by the river, but, as it tended eastward, the mountain and river receded from each other, and one of the culturable districts lying between them was Solebury, my natal *township*. Hither it was now my duty to return with the utmost expedition.

There were two ways before me. One lay along the interior base of the hill, over a sterile and trackless space, and exposed to the encounter of savages, some of whom might possibly be lurking here. The other was the well frequented road, on the outside and along the river, and which was to be gained by passing over this hill. The practicability of the passage was to be ascertained by inquiries made to my hostess. She pointed out a path that led to the rocky summit and down to the river's brink. The path was not easy to be kept in view or to be trodden, but it was undoubtedly to be preferred to any other.

A route, somewhat circuitous, would terminate in the river road. Thenceforward the way to Solebury was level and direct; but the whole space which I had to traverse was not less than thirty miles. In six hours it would be night, and, to perform the journey in that time would demand the agile boundings and the indefatigable sinews of an elk.

My frame was in a miserable plight. My strength had been assailed by anguish, and fear, and

watchfulness; by toil, and abstinence, and wounds. Still, however, some remnant was left; would it not enable me to reach my home by night-fall? I had delighted, from my childhood, in feats of agility and perseverance. In roving through the maze of thickets and precipices, I had put my energies, both moral and physical, frequently to the test. Greater achievements than this had been performed, and I disdained to be out-done in perspicacity by the lynx, in his sure-footed instinct by the roe, or in patience under hardship, and contention with fatigue, by the Mohawk. I have ever aspired to transcend the rest of animals in all that is common to the rational and brute, as well as in all by which they are distinguished from each other.

I likewise burned with impatience to know the condition of my family, to dissipate at once their tormenting doubts and my own, with regard to our mutual safety. The evil that I feared had befallen them was too enormous to allow me to repose in suspense, and my restlessness and ominous forebodings would be more intolerable than any hardship or toils to which I could possibly be subject during this journey.

I was much refreshed and invigorated by the food that I had taken, and by the rest of an hour. With this stock of recruited force I determined to scale the hill. After receiving minute directions, and returning many thanks for my hospitable entertainment, I set out.



American Review.

ART. I.

A complete History of Connecticut, Civil and Ecclesiastical, from the Emigration of its first Planters from England in 1630, to 1713. By Benjamin Trumbull, D.D. Vol. i. 8vo. 2 dollars & 25 cents. Hudson and Goodwin. Hartford.

THE progress of the American States from small and obscure colonies to their present respectable station, as independent and confederated Republics, is an object of very just curiosity to all who take delight in contemplating the history of human society, in some of its most interesting aspects. In the pleasure of such contemplation, there are none who participate more than those who claim this new world as their native land. The author of this work, therefore, has made a present to his countrymen, which, from its very *subject*, will secure, we doubt not, a large share of their attention and patronage.

Though Connecticut is far from being one of those States which have been most famous for great national events, brilliant enterprizes, and what are usually esteemed magnificent subjects for the historian to dwell upon; yet there are few parts of our country which furnish matter for more instructive history, or more lucid examples and proofs of the importance of virtue and religion to the preservation of public tranquillity, and the promotion of public happiness. In this point of view, a good history of Connecticut has, for some time, been a desideratum in the literature of America; none having appeared deserving to be mentioned in this place. We rejoice that this deficiency has been so well supplied.

The author of the work before us seems justly to appreciate the importance, and the interesting nature, of the portion of history which he has given to the world. He writes with the honest exultation which a virtuous man might be expected to feel, in reviewing a race of ancestors so worthy of admiration and love. And if he sometimes fall into a style of eulogium rather too warm and indiscriminate, in giving us an account of the venerable men who began the natural, civil, and ecclesiastical cultivation of his native state, every candid reader will be almost ready to praise the error, if it deserve so harsh a name, when he reflects how much reason really existed for this mode of exhibiting their characters and labours.

Of the work before us, the marks of indefatigable industry, of great fidelity in investigating and exhibiting facts, and minuteness of detail, form the leading features. The author seems to have derived his materials from the most respectable sources, and to have discriminated, with a very judicious care, between vague tradition (which, young as our country is, has been too often relied on) and well-attested facts. An example which, we trust, will be followed by the future historians of America. We wish, indeed, that Dr. T. had been more attentive to arrangement and style. He has, in many instances, thrown together important materials in a method scarcely more digested than meagre annals; and his style, though sometimes remarkably happy, is too generally antiquated; and in a few cases so much so, as hardly to convey precise ideas to those who are not acquainted, in some measure,

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with the writings of the last century. But though Dr. T. does not paint with the hand of a master, he does what is much more important; he aims, and in the main, we think, with success, to give just and definite colouring. Though he has not completed a structure with that exquisite symmetry, and alluring polish, which modern readers are apt, perhaps unreasonably, to insist on, he has laid together a substantial and most valuable edifice, which succeeding artists may modify at their pleasure.

The volume under consideration is divided into nineteen chapters. The two first contain interesting details of the discovery, settlement, name, situation and boundaries of Connecticut. In the third the author gives a brief view of the condition in which the country was found, of its vegetable and animal productions, and of its savage inhabitants. This, though far from being a scientific or completely satisfactory view, we think a valuable part of the work. The ten succeeding chapters exhibit the difficulties with which the settlers had to contend—their purchases, disputes, and wars with the Indians, at different times—their final success in the organization of a regular government—and their progress in various improvements from 1630 to 1665. The thirteenth chapter contains a view of the churches of Connecticut and New-Haven, from their first settlement, until their union at the last mentioned period.—As it is plain the author intended to represent this period, when the two colonies united, as a grand epoch in his history, we could wish he had more distinctly marked it as such. Had this volume, for instance, been divided into two books—the first comprizing the first thirteen chapters, and the second the remaining—the former extending from the discovery and settlement

to the union; and the latter from the union to the period at which the volume closes, we think the chronological impression would have been more distinct and vivid, and the memory much assisted. There are, probably, few things relating to the *method* of historical composition, more important than a careful attention to *æras*, and making principal and subordinate divisions corresponding to them. The assistance which a due attention to this point affords to the mind of the reader, is much greater than would be readily imagined.

From the thirteenth to the nineteenth chapter, we have the civil and political history of forty-eight years—viz. from 1665, the close of the former period, to the year 1713, with which the volume ends; and the nineteenth and last chapter contains the ecclesiastical history of the same period. We highly approve Dr. T.'s plan of throwing the civil and ecclesiastical history into separate divisions of his work. This we think much preferable to the ordinary method of crowding so many different kinds of matter into the same narrative, by which means it is encumbered, loses its unity, and produces a confused impression on the mind.

Upon the whole, we esteem this a judicious and useful work. We congratulate our countrymen on such a very respectable addition to the number of American histories, which, in point of substantial merit, will, we think, bear a very honourable comparison with any of those which have preceded it. And we learn, with great pleasure, from the preface, that its reverend and worthy author has been for some time engaged in compiling an "History of the United States," upon a much more extensive plan. We heartily wish him success in his valuable labours, and anticipate the result with much satisfaction.

ART. II.

The Life of Ezra Stiles, D. D. L. L. D. President of Yale College, &c. &c. By Abiel Holmes, A.M. Pastor of the First Church in Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 403. Thomas and Andrews. Boston. 1798.

THE lives of distinguished men are, undoubtedly, among the most interesting and instructive objects of attention. Upon this principle, it has been said, that every great man owes it to society to leave them some account of the progress of his mind, and the most remarkable circumstances attending the various steps of his intellectual and moral course. If these elevated minds could always be faithful to themselves and the public, we have no hesitation in believing that such biography would be the most useful. But where such cannot be obtained, the surviving friends render a useful and acceptable service to their fellow creatures, when they, with fidelity, supply the defect.

President Stiles was an extraordinary man. We do not mean by this to express an opinion that he was a mind of transcendent original genius, or that he possessed those rare and invaluable powers of invention, combination, and deduction, in an eminent degree—we do not suppose him to have been very distinguished in these respects; but we believe that in diligence, learning, benevolence, amiableness of character, and fervent piety, he had few superiors in America. It cannot be doubted, therefore, that Mr. Holmes, in making such a life the subject of the respectable volume before us, will be fully justified by public opinion; especially when it is considered, that from his connection with the worthy man whose character he has recorded, and possessing the whole of his curious manuscripts, he was better enabled than any other person to undertake the task.

Mr. H. has chosen the chronological method of arranging his materials. He has given the events of each successive year as they arose, and interspersed the remarks and collateral facts which were judged pertinent. He seems to have been aware that the propriety and advantages of this plan were questionable. We are inclined to the opinion that a different one would have been better. It is difficult to exhibit a complex and diversified object with complete intelligence and satisfaction, without systematic division, without throwing the component parts into distinct groups. Perhaps if the annals, in chronological order, had been more contracted, and afterward a more distinct and systematic sketch given of his mode of study, his habits of life, his favourite pursuits, his foreign correspondence, &c. or, in other words, if his literary, christian, social, ministerial, and academic characters, had been thrown into separate chapters, and the materials which are now scattered had been brought into one view for the illustration of each, the work would have been more pleasing and impressive. Mr. H. however, has justly remarked, that it would have been difficult to find a plan embracing all advantages; and the one which he has chosen, is by no means destitute of its recommendations.

It may, perhaps, appear to some, that the quotations from President Stiles's letters and other compositions, introduced into the work before us, are too numerous, and unnecessarily burden the pages. We think otherwise. We believe that such extracts, if judiciously made, (which in this case we have no reason to doubt), present a more faithful picture of their author's mind, and furnish materials for a more just estimate of his character, than can be readily given by ano-

ther. The President's publications were few; and the admirers of his character will take pleasure in perusing the relics which this volume contains—relics which are the more characteristic and valuable, as they were written in the unaffected ease of private intercourse, without any view to publication; and, therefore, may be supposed more fully to develop the structure and tendencies of his mind.

Dr. Stiles's attainments in classical learning—in history, more particularly ecclesiastical, and in oriental literature, appear to have been uncommonly great for this country. His curiosity knew no ordinary bounds. His memory was remarkably tenacious; and, although this faculty seemed on some occasions to transcend his discriminating powers, and sometimes gave his compositions and his discourses an air which approached to pedantry, yet he was at the farthest removed from the haughtiness of self-sufficiency, and the dogmatism of learning. His foreign correspondence was unusually extensive and varied. He kept up a constant epistolary intercourse with learned men, in almost every quarter of the civilized world. Most of the distinguished literary characters in the United States were his familiar correspondents. But he did not rest here. With England and Scotland, with Germany, with France, with both the Indies, with Palestine, and with South-America, he was in habits of communication to an extent truly astonishing, and which can only be accounted for by recurring to his singular industry in all the pursuits in which he engaged.

But however respectable Dr. Stiles's intellectual attainments, no one can read the volume before us without being peculiarly interested in his character, in a social, moral, religious, and ministerial point of

view. His meekness, his humanity; his readiness to learn, even from the humblest sources; his liberality, his active benevolence; and his warm piety, were so conspicuous, that his biographer is entitled to the thanks of all good men, for making them so extensively known.

We take our leave of this work, by expressing a wish that it may be generally read. Though we think it liable to some objections in a literary and critical point of view, we have perused it with pleasure and instruction, and we have no doubt that every friend of virtue will rejoice to see such a character held up to public view.

ART. III.

Sermons on various Subjects, Doctrinal, Experimental, and Practical.
By Nathan Strong, Pastor of the North Presbyterian Church in Hartford, Connecticut. Vol. i. 8vo. pp. 396. 1 dollar & 50 cents. Hudson and Goodwin. Hartford. 1798.

THERE appears to be some justness in the remark, which has been frequently made, that there are few kinds of composition more difficult to execute well than discourses from the pulpit. The writer of such discourses finds himself called upon, at stated and very short intervals, to deliver his sentiments before an intelligent audience, on subjects which, though infinitely important, are trite, plain, and previously understood. Even these two circumstances of a stated task, and a beaten path, are calculated to blunt the edge, and cool the ardour of the mind; and, therefore, of themselves present a serious difficulty. But the christian divine has still greater difficulties to contend with. It is his business to unite powers which are rarely found to meet in any one man. He is called upon to be didactic, and yet,

more or less, declamatory—precise, and yet popular—guarded, and yet impassioned—inventive, and yet mindful of his revealed guide—to descend to the depths of metaphysic, and yet rise to the fervour and boldness of oratory. No wonder then, while so many other compositions, transcendantly excellent in their kind, are frequently given to the world, there are so few collections of sermons entitled to the praise of distinguished merit in all the various respects which have been mentioned. He who could approach to any thing like perfection in sermonizing, would be an extraordinary man indeed!

We are pleased, however, to find that American divines are beginning to vie with their European brethren in the production of very respectable and useful works of this kind. The volume before us is a specimen which we think calculated to do credit to its reverend author, and to his country.

These sermons are twenty-one in number, and relate to the following subjects: 1. On the goodness of God. 2. On the evidences of divine goodness. 3. On the justice of God. 4. On the sovereignty of God. 5. On God's acting for his own glory. 6 and 7. On man's depravity. 8. On the condemned state of sinners. 9. On the connection between sin and misery. 10. On regeneration. 11. On receiving Christ by faith. 12. On the life of faith. 13. On Evangelical repentance. 14. On the objects of christian love. 15. On the reasonableness of christian doctrines. 16. On the reasonableness of christian duties. 17. On christian resignation. 18. On the evidence of forgiveness. 19. On working out our own salvation. 20. On the sanctification of the sabbath. 21. On the benefits of the sabbath.

Mr. Strong is a rigid Calvinist; or, to speak more precisely, he

adopts, in substance, that modification and supposed improvement of Calvin's system, called Hopkinsonian divinity. We deliver no opinion as to the conformity of this system to the scriptures; but whatever mode of thinking on this subject the reader of these discourses may entertain, he will probably acknowledge that Mr. S. has stated and defended his sentiments with considerable acuteness and force of reasoning. Though we observe little that deserves the character of *novelty* or *originality* in the views which he has given of christian doctrines; yet, in most of the discourses, the features of perspicuity, conciseness, and comprehension, are remarkably prominent. We have seldom seen pulpit compositions which exhibited the preacher's opinions in a more luminous and definite manner, in the same compass, than those which constitute the volume before us.

After the above remarks, it is scarcely necessary to add, that we think the style and manner of our author highly respectable. But though this be our general opinion, we cannot bestow upon them unqualified approbation. We think he carries his concise mode of expression to a faulty length, considering these sermons as addresses to a popular assembly, designed to instruct the learner and to impress the careless, as well as to edify the enlightened, serious, and attentive hearer. We mark also, in the style, some deviations from grammar, and not a few from classical purity. There is much force; but, oftentimes, a want of smoothness: much seriousness and solemnity, but a deficiency of the pathetic and persuasive: much sensible reasoning, but, perhaps, too little of the warmth and fire of the orator. It is evident, however, from the whole structure of these discourses, that the author was more concerned

about *sentiment* than *manner*; and more anxious to instruct, convince, and edify, than to please the critical auditor. We approve of his preference, as becoming a christian minister; and where we cannot have both united, in all the extent that could be wished, we had rather see the latter somewhat neglected than the former.

It would appear from this volume being marked in the title-page as the *first*, that we are to expect at least another volume, of a similar kind, from the same author. How soon its appearance may be looked for we are not informed: but we doubt not that all who relish the theological opinions of this very respectable divine, and who relish able specimens of this species of composition in general, will look forward to its publication with much pleasure.

ART. IV.

An Eulogium on the late Dr. Samuel Cooper. Delivered before the Medical Society of Philadelphia, on the 4th March, 1799. By Charles Caldwell, A.M. M.D. &c. 8vo. pp. 48. Philadelphia. Carey. 1799.

THIS oration is designed to do honour to the memory of a young physician, who died last summer, a victim to the pestilence by which Philadelphia was laid waste. It is written by one who enjoyed his friendship and intercourse; a member of the same profession, and an associate in the same studies and amusements. These circumstances, no doubt, induced the Medical Society to select him as the eulogist or biographer of Samuel Cooper. It was not unreasonable to expect the amplest information, with regard to the merits and demerits of the dead, from one thus qualified; and, if these were the only qualifications

required, our hopes had not been disappointed by the present production.

Unluckily, however, it is found that, to estimate justly and depict truly the actions and motives of another, it is not sufficient that the describer should merely be the witness of his actions and the sharer of his confidence. Opportunities of observation cannot be dispensed with; but every observer is not endowed with sagacity to discriminate and candour to weigh the merits of him who is the subject of his observation. His penetration may be obscured by envy or affection, or he may be wholly destitute of penetration. His picture may be perverted or distorted by his prejudice and folly, and his veneration for his friend, and devotion to truth, may be swallowed up by a passion for himself and his own reputation. His chief or only end may be, not to pourtray the character of another, but to produce a dazzling specimen of his own ingenuity and eloquence.

Since mankind are mostly infected by these errors, since a funeral oration is commonly no more than a tissue of praises, and one eulogy is found to differ from another chiefly in the different degrees of adroitness and fertility with which the orator deduces and amplifies his encomiums, the reader will not be surprized to find the present performance no exception to the rule. That this writer should consider the request of the Medical Society merely as affording him an opportunity to exhibit his own talents, in weaving metaphors and adjusting epithets, is scarcely a subject of reproach; but, whether honourable or reproachful, we fear no other opinion can be formed from the perusal of this essay.

Those who had some knowledge of the deceased may desire to enlarge that knowledge. They may

wish to know not only the particulars of his progress in literature and science, but the tenour of his moral and social conduct, and the grounds of his decisions. His domestic and studious habits, his employments in solitude, and deportment in society, his style of conversation, his observance of forms and customs, are all particulars that would gratify our curiosity. Whatever constituted the social, moral, and intellectual being called Samuel Cooper, may deserve to be known; but this knowledge will not be gained from this pamphlet. Times and places are, indeed, noticed; the place and date of his birth, and of his scholastic and medical education, are mentioned; but, beyond these, no satisfactory information is communicated.

The medical opinions of Dr. Cooper are, perhaps, generally known. It was, therefore, of less importance to explain his opinions than to show the progress of his mind in forming them. His choice of books and companions, his methods of study, meditation, and converse, were circumstances which his friends only could know, and for which, therefore, it was natural to inquire of the friend who undertakes to pourtray his life and character. We are sorry to say that none of these inquiries are answered in this performance.

After having said what is not to be found in this pamphlet, it may be asked what it contains? Though it afford us no knowledge of Dr. Cooper, yet it must be allowed, like most other eulogies, to convey a very accurate conception of the character of the eulogist himself. Those who are curious on this head, will be completely satisfied with the picture that is here drawn. All questions relative to the taste, genius, and sagacity of Dr. Caldwell, will be solved by reading a page or two of this oration.

What conclusions the perusal has suggested to us respecting the talents and accomplishments of the writer, it is needless to mention. The merits of the composition will, of course, be differently estimated by different readers. Rhetoric is a wavering and ambiguous phantom, and wears, to no two observers, the same form. What one shall esteem luxuriant and magnificent, another may despise as puerile, jejune, and flat. On this subject, those who have curiosity will read, and will not desire their opinions to be precluded or biased by the representations of others. To those who want the curiosity, the information would be unseasonable and impertinent.

Subjoined to the oration is the will of Dr. Cooper. This instrument generally illustrates, in some degree, the character of him that makes it. By this will, all his property, and it was not small, is left to the Pennsylvania hospital; in which Dr. Cooper resided during several years. B.

Account of American Editions of Foreign Publications.

ART. I.

STUDIES OF NATURE. By James Henry Bernardin de St. Pierre. Translated by Henry Hunter, D. D. Minister of the Scots Church London Wall.

THE first American edition of this work has been lately printed by Mr. Thomas, of Worcester, Massachusetts, for Joseph Nancrede, Boston, in three vols. large 8vo. The edition is well executed, on a good paper, and with a handsome type.

We presume the most of our readers are acquainted with the nature, design, and merit of this celebrated performance; we shall, there-

fore, content ourselves with a few general remarks respecting it. It enters deeply into the philosophy, both of mind and of matter; and develops many subjects in a manner equally original, striking, and beautiful. And although the ingenious author philosophizes on some points in a way which, to the disciples of Newton, will appear at least questionable; yet he advances his novel opinions with modesty, defends them with ingenuity, and, while he opposes the doctrines of great names, does homage to their talents and their virtues. In short, so amiable and fascinating is this writer, that we will venture to say that his readers will peruse, with delight, even those parts of his work in which he differs from them most diametrically in opinion.

We cannot convey to the public a character of this work in more appropriate or expressive language than the following, by the very respectable translator;—"I have read few performances with more complete satisfaction and with greater improvement, than the *Studies of Nature*; in no one have I found the useful and the agreeable more happily blended. What work of science displays a more sublime theology, inculcates a purer morality, or breathes a more ardent and expansive philanthropy? *St. Pierre* has enabled me to contemplate the universe with other eyes, has furnished new arguments to combat atheism, has established beyond the power of contradiction the doctrine of an universal Providence, has excited a warmer interest in favour of suffering humanity, and has disclosed sources unknown before, of moral and intellectual enjoyment. Unfettered by system, unawed by authority, he looks immediately into nature; he observes, he thinks, he reasons for himself, and teaches his reader thus to observe, think and reason."

ART. II.

The ECONOMY of the COVENANTS between God and Man. Comprehending a complete Body of Divinity, by Herman Witsius, D. D. &c. &c.

WE believe this is the first American edition of this very valuable work. It is printed in New-York, by *George Forman*, No. 64 Water-street, for *Lee and Stokes*, No. 25 Maiden-lane. It is comprized in three volumes large octavo, and respectably executed. Two volumes of the work are already finished.

The author of the *Economy of the Covenants* was a professor of divinity in Holland; very eminent for his piety, and justly celebrated as a writer of extended views, accurate judgment, and refined taste. Among his works, which are all held in high estimation among the learned and pious, there is none more interesting and more generally admired, than this systematic exhibition of the scripture doctrines. Great erudition, solid argument, and accurate criticism, are here happily employed in establishing and vindicating the peculiar truths of the gospel.

This work was originally written in Latin, and the style has always been considered, by persons skilled in that language, as uncommonly elegant. There have been two translations of it made. The one from which the American editors have selected their copy, is the later and better. Those who can peruse the original, will discover a beauty and sublimity which the translator has not been able to reach. The version, however, is sufficiently accurate to convey the ideas with abundant clearness, and sufficiently neat to please a candid reader. There are probably few books more worthy the attention and study of candidates for the ministry; and we

doubt not that every pious mind will peruse it with much profit and gratification.

The late Rev. JAMES HERVEY, in his *Theron and Aspasio*, speaks of Dr. Witsius's work in the following terms:—"The *Economy of the Covenants* is a body of divinity in its method so well digested; in its doctrines so truly evangelical; and (what is not very usual with our systematic writers) in its language so refined and elegant; in its manner so affectionate and animating, that I would recommend it to every student of divinity, and to every christian. I would not scruple to risk all my reputation upon the merits of this performance, which has such a delicacy of composition, and such a savour of holiness, that I know not any comparison more proper to represent its true character than the *golden pot which had manna*; and was outwardly bright with burnished gold, inwardly rich with heavenly food."

ART. III.

An ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, Ancient and Modern, from the birth of Christ to the beginning of the present Century. By the late

learned JOHN LAWRENCE MOSHEIM, D. D. and Chancellor of the University of Gottingen. Translated from the original Latin, and accompanied with Notes and Chronological Tables, by ARCHIBALD MACLAINE, D. D.

AN American edition of the above work has been, for the first time, lately undertaken by Mr. Stephen C. Ustick, No. 79 North Third-street, Philadelphia, who is the printer and publisher. This edition is in six volumes 8vo. We think the manner in which it is executed does great credit to Mr. Ustick. It vies in almost every respect with any European edition we have seen. Four volumes of it are already published.

We think it unnecessary to say a word in recommendation of this celebrated work; because we presume few who have any taste for ecclesiastical history are ignorant of its value. The best judges have pronounced, that no work of the kind hitherto published, stands in competition with it. The late bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Warburton, who was himself a giant in learning, used to say that he knew of no work which deserved the name of an ecclesiastical history in comparison with Dr. Mosheim's.

SELECTIONS.

Summary of the late Improvements in Astronomy. From the Journal de Physique for 1798.

HERSCHEL, who has paid great attention to the spots of the sun, considers that luminary as similar to the planets, and not a flaming body. It contains mountains, some of which he supposes to be 200 leagues in height. Its atmosphere is composed of different elastic fluids, some of which are

luminous or phosphoric, and others only transparent. The former make the sun appear like a mass of light or fire; but the parts of that atmosphere which are only transparent, suffer his body to be seen. These are the spots. He believes the sun to be inhabited like the other planets.

Lalande, on the other hand, thinks that the sun is really a solid body, but that his surface and part of his mass are composed of an incande-

scent fluid. This fluid, by any movement, leaves uncovered sometimes a portion of the body of the sun or his mountains, and these are the spots. Wilson considers the spots of the sun as eruptions or volcanoes.

Shroeter has shown that in Venus there are very high mountains, as is the case on the earth and in the moon. The greater part of these mountains in Venus, like those of the moon, are in the southern part of that planet, while on the earth the greater part of the mountains are towards the north. The day in Venus, appears to that astronomer to be 23 hours 21 minutes. It differs therefore very little from the sidereal day of the earth, which is 23 hours 56 minutes 4 seconds.

The volcano of the moon has been seen several times by the naked eye. Caroché saw it at Paris on the second of March, 1797. It exhibited the appearance of a candle just going out. It resembled a brilliant spot less sensible than the greatest satellite of Jupiter, but larger. Its existence therefore can no longer be doubted.

La Place has published an excellent memoir on the movements of the moon.

Hennert says that the diurnal movement of the earth may undergo some variations; but that its variations are compensated in such a manner, that they may be considered as uniform.

Herschel has observed around Saturn, a quintuple belt of spots. By these means he has shown the length of the day of that planet, and determined its diurnal rotation, which he estimates at 12 hours 16 minutes 2 seconds.

Lalande calculated the orbit of the 83d comet to the month of December, 1793; but an 84th comet was seen by Bode at Berlin, on the 11th of November, 1795, near the constellation of Hercules. It was

seen also by Bouvard, at Paris, on the 14th of the same month. It was small, had no tail, and was not visible to the naked eye. Its orbit has been calculated by Zach. It was in its perihelion on the 14th of December, at 15 hours 32 seconds, mean time at Gotha. Its distance then from the sun was 0,22

An 85th comet was discovered in Virgo, by Olbers, at Bremen, who calculated its orbit.

An 86th was discovered from the observatory at Paris, by Bouvard, on the 14th of August, 1797, at ten o'clock at night. It was seen next day at Leipsic, by Rudiger. It was seen also by various astronomers in other places. It passed the earth six times nearer than the sun, which was the cause of its apparent motion being very rapid. It was small, appeared only like a faint white spot, and had no tail. Zach, at Gotha, makes the number of the comets now known to be 90.

One of the most difficult labours of astronomy is what relates to the stars. Their immense number, indeed, is sufficient to deter any one from the task of numbering them; for those which we see, and we are far from seeing them all, may be estimated at more than a hundred millions. Many of these, it is well known, have peculiar motions; some of which are very considerable. It is to them, however, that we are obliged to refer all the motions of the sun, the planets, and the comets. It is of importance then to endeavour to determine the motions of the stars; and this object has at all times engaged the attention of astronomers. Maskelyne has determined with the utmost precision, the position of 34 stars. Zach has accomplished the same thing in regard to 1200. Lalande, with his nephew and niece, have undertaken a labour far greater, to determine the position of more than 40,000 stars, from the arctic

pole to the tropic of Capricorn. This sublime task is already very much advanced, as the positions of 42,700 are already known.

An Account of two singular Meteors.

A LUMINOUS body was observed in the canton of Calvire, on the evening of the 8th of March, 1798. It appeared to direct its course from the east to the west, traversing the heavens from Calvire to Mont-d'Or, where it fell. It made itself be distinguished in its course by a noise like that of a long and violent discharge of musquetry. Lalande has published the following note respecting these singular meteors:

"One frequently observes," says he, "globes of fire in the atmosphere. I have mentioned above 36 instances of that kind in the *Connoissances des Temps* for the year 1779. That observed on the 18th of Ventose (March 8) in the department of Ain, at seven in the evening, was attended with some singular circumstances. The heavens were serene, and a large globe, as big as the moon, was seen to proceed from the east, and to advance with a rapid motion towards the west. It was followed by a train of light, the rays of which, collected into bundles, were terminated by small globes. Six or seven sprigs of stars were seen on each side of the train. At the end of some seconds there was an explosion like a lengthened clap of thunder, or the loud report of a cannon. This meteor diffused such a light that day seemed to have returned, and people in dark apartments could see each other.

"This globe was at such a distance, that it could be seen, at the same time, in places seven or eight leagues asunder. A description of

it was sent to me by citizen Riboud, at Josseran, and citizen Langeron, at Thorsey. Had it been at a greater distance it would have appeared only like those falling stars which are observed so frequently. The common cause of these phenomena appears to be hydrogenous gas set on fire, by some means, in the atmosphere."

On the 25th of March the following curious phenomenon was observed at Niort: between the hours of six and eight in the morning the sun appeared accompanied by two radiant circles, resembling two other suns, one on the right and the other on the left; and which, with the real sun as a base, seemed to compose a triangle. These two supernumerary suns were so exceedingly bright, that it was impossible to keep the eyes fixed on them for any length of time. They disappeared gradually; that on the east disappeared first, and at the end of two hours they were both invisible.

The wind for ten days had been E. N. E. and a cold, much greater than usual for the season, had some days before succeeded mild weather, accompanied with a little rain. On the 18th of March, the mercury in the barometer had fallen to 26.8. On the 20th of the same month, there were several heavy showers of large hail at different times. On the 24th the electrical machine emitted very strong sparks almost without being solicited; and at the time when the phenomenon appeared, a few clouds scarcely perceptible, were to be seen in the high regions of the atmosphere.

Phenomena of the above kind, though not frequent, have been seen at different periods. Augustine takes notice of two mock suns which were seen before the christian æra. Zonaras mentions two seen after the death of Christ. Palmerius three, seen in 1466. Sirius

three suns, i. e. two parhelia seen at Wirtemberg in 1514. Fromundus three suns, seen in 1619. Cardan three at Venice, in 1532.

In Britain, if we may credit our old chronicles, five suns were plainly seen at one time, and a great distance from one another, in the year 346: three were seen in 812; three in 953; and five in 1233. Lilly mentions three seen on the 19th of November, 1644; and three seen on the 28th of February, 1648. A most remarkable phenomenon of this kind, where five parhelia were seen at once, is mentioned in the 8th volume of the *New Transactions of the Imperial Academy at Petersburg*.

Account of two Elephants now exhibited at Paris.

THE place for their reception had been long prepared. It is a spacious hall in the Museum of Natural History, well aired and lighted. A stove is placed in it to warm it during the winter, and it is divided into two apartments, which have a communication with each other by means of a large door resembling a portcullis. The enclosure round these apartments consists of rails made of strong thick beams, and a second enclosure, breast-high, runs round them, to keep the spectators at some distance, and preserve them from accidents.

The morning after their arrival, these animals were put in possession of their new habitation. The first conducted to it was the male, who issued from his cage with precaution, and seemed to enter his apartment with a degree of suspicion. His first care was to reconnoitre the place. He examined each bar with his trunk, and tried their solidity by shaking them. Care had been taken to place on the outside

the large screws by which they are held together. These he sought out, and having found them, tried to turn them, but was not able. When he arrived at the portcullis, which separates the two apartments, he observed that it was fixed only by an iron bar, which rose in a perpendicular direction. He raised it with his trunk, pushed up the door, and entered into the second apartment, where he received his breakfast. He ate it quietly, and appeared to be perfectly easy.

During this time people were endeavouring to make the female enter. We still recollect the mutual attachment of these two animals, and with what difficulty they were parted and induced to travel separately. From the time of their departure they had not seen each other; not even at Cambray, where they passed the winter. They had only been sensible that they were near neighbours. The male never lay down, but always stood upright, or leaned against the bars of his cage, and kept watch for his female, who lay down and slept every night. On the least noise, or the smallest alarm, he sent forth a cry to give notice to his companion.

The joy which they experienced on seeing each other after so long a separation, may be readily imagined.

When the female entered, she sent forth a cry expressive only of the pleasure which she felt on finding herself at liberty. She did not at first observe the male, who was busy feeding in the second apartment. The latter also did not immediately discover that his companion was so near him; but the keeper having called him, he turned round, and immediately the two animals rushed towards each other, and sent forth cries of joy so animated and loud, that they shook the whole hall. They breathed also through their trunks with such

violence, that the blast resembled an impetuous gust of wind. The joy of the female was the most lively: she expressed it by quickly flapping her ears, which she made to move with astonishing velocity. She drew her trunk over the body of the male with the utmost tenderness. She in particular applied it to his ear, where she kept it a long time; and after having drawn it over the whole body of the male, she would often move it affectionately towards her own mouth. The male did the same thing over the body of the female; but his joy was more concentrated. He seemed to express it by his tears, which fell from his eyes in abundance.

Since that moment they have never been separated, and they occupy together the same apartment. The society of these two animals, their habits, their mutual tenderness, and their natural attachment, still excited by the privation of liberty, will furnish curious observations for the history of their species.

These two elephants, which are natives of Ceylon, were brought to Holland when very young. They are about fifteen years of age. Their height is seven feet and some inches. Their tusks, which are very short, have been broken, but they will grow up again as they become older. The tail of the male hangs down to the ground; that of the female is much shorter.

Observations on a Junction of the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. From the Journal de Physique for 1798.

IT is needless to attempt to prove of how much importance it would be to form a junction between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Every one is sensible that it might produce invaluable ad-

VOL. I. No. 1.

vantages in regard to the civilization of Asia and Africa; the reciprocal commerce both between these two parts of the world, and between them and the whole of Europe; and particularly in regard to France; especially when it shall have joined the Mediterranean to the German sea, as I proposed in 1786, when I published the junction of the Rhone with the Rhine.

It would be useless also to examine every thing that has been said by ancient historians, respecting the great works that may have been executed, or only undertaken, for that purpose, by the kings and other sovereigns or governors of Egypt, from Sesostris or Psammeticus down to Trajan or Adrian, since no traces or certain descriptions of them are remaining; and since so many efforts made so often, and in such various ways, from time to time immemorial, only serve to prove the great importance that has always been attached to this enterprize, even when it could have been attended only with a local or very limited utility in comparison of what it holds out at present.

It is however certain, that an able engineer, by examining the country with attention, would there discover remains sufficient to convey just ideas respecting the vague and contradictory accounts of the situation, the direction, entrance, and exit of these several canals. But all this would be of little benefit. He would doubtless perceive, that if some, or a part of these works, have been effaced or destroyed by the hand of time, or abandoned on account of wars, or through the policy or instability of governments, none of them were planned or executed in such a manner as to answer fully the end that ought to be proposed at present. They cannot, therefore, be assumed as models or helps for any new work of the same kind; which, however, as will here be

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seen, could be executed with much ease and simplicity, supposing the undertakers had entire and peaceable possession of the isthmus and western coast of the Arabic gulph, as well as of the course of the Nile, and all the intermediate country, advancing a great way towards the south.

Without giving credit to a pretended higher level of the Red Sea than of the Mediterranean, which is not probable, we must, according to the account of all travellers, admit their periodical tides and accidental elevations, amounting from five to fifteen feet; and this is sufficient to prevent every plan of a communication between these two seas, constructed on a perfect level, and always navigable for the largest vessels, since an influx of waves so great would ravage it from the one end to the other, and certainly be followed by an ebbing so low as to render the Mediterranean higher and destructive in its turn. But what would oblige the undertakers to renounce this task, is the impossibility of digging a long and continued bed, to the depth of twenty feet below the level of the two adjacent seas, in a district which no doubt rises much more above that level, and which is said to consist entirely of hills and downs of exceedingly moveable sand, where the construction and preservation of a canal would be like the labour of Penelope.

We must not, therefore, think of joining these two seas but by a river navigation for barks or boats drawing six or eight feet of water at most, and between two ports, such as Suez on the one side, and Grand Cairo, Fostat or Boulac on the other, which seem to have been destined for that purpose, since their direct distance is only twenty-five leagues, and since the eastern branch of the Nile below Cairo is

as deep as the sea itself at Damietta, Zan, &c.

But it is necessary not only to give the new canal the least length, but also the smallest elevation possible. But according to every account, the nature of the ground will oppose the full execution of these two objects, and seems to show that they might thwart each other. The only method then is to weigh them both together, taking matters even in the worst light; and to determine the question, I propose the following preliminary considerations:

1. The least elevation which the canal ought to have from one end to another, should be equal to that of the greatest tides or swellings of which the Red Sea is susceptible. The level of the canal would be thus fixed, and all the differences from the highest to the lowest rising of the sea, would be counteracted by one or two locks, as it might be possible to counteract at the other end all the overflowings of the Nile, which probably rise higher, and which, in that case, would require flood-gates.

2. There are two other methods which might be adopted in the like case, but which would be far less advantageous. One of these, which would save the necessity of locks both towards the sea and towards the Nile, is, not to allow boats or other vessels to come from or enter the sea but twice a day, at the times of the tides, and not to come from or enter the Nile but when it is at its greatest heights. But this would lay too great a restraint on commerce, particularly at Cairo, where the transportation of goods would not be possible but during two or three months: but still the level would become doubtful and variable, like all tides and inundations; and there would necessarily be alternate currents, which would ren-

der the water brackish and unhealthful, not only in the canal, but also in the Lower Nile.

3. The other method, in order to exclude locks altogether, or at least in part, would be to depress more the bed and level of the canal, taking care to guard it at each end by the flood-gates, which would permit vessels to enter the sea or the river at the times of their greatest elevation. But, though this method might render the course of the navigation freer and less interrupted, it would not prevent the mixture of the fresh and salt waters. It would save nothing either in constructing or the labour of managing the locks: in short, it would increase, in a prodigious degree, the solid content of the excavations and the general expence of the works.

4. The smallest elevation which the canal ought to have, would be fixed then by the greatest height of the waters either of the sea or the river. But, in such an extent, it is probable that several eminences might oppose this general level; and even in carrying the canal round these, the labour would undoubtedly be increased. In short, it would be impossible to avoid the necessity of making the canal begin on a ridge or eminence; by which means it would descend by two inclined planes, one on the east towards the sea, and the other on the west towards the Nile.

5. In that case, the question would be to determine the *maximum* and the place of the elevation, which could be done only after a long examination of the spot, and an exact survey of the highest part of the ground, by means of leveling. The essential object of this examination will be, 1. To avoid both the sands which are to the north, and the rocks or mountains that abound in the south. 2. To find on the ridge of the latter, that spot which would correspond best

with the following conditions, viz. that the canal might be rendered as short and as little exposed to windings as possible; and that its point of departure should be so low that vessels might ascend to it by the fewest possible number of locks, and yet give occasion to as little digging as possible. 3. And as these three conditions will often be unattainable at the same time, to balance them, and to make them reciprocally give way, and prevail in such a manner that the *medium* may ensure the most advantageous result in the greatest number of respects.

6. Having thus determined the summit or highest point of departure, with the length and depth of the canal, we may easily find, and without any doubt, the means of filling it, and of feeding it abundantly by the waters of the Nile, by going up the river beyond Cairo as far as the spot where its general height is greater than the level already fixed; and from which it will be necessary to draw off on the right bank a large stream or branch of water, defended by strong gates against muddy water or extraordinary inundations, and to conduct it gradually in an inclination of fifteen or eighteen lines in a hundred fathoms, and to make it end by the shortest passage towards the western extremity of the point of departure. This, however, supposes that the mountains situated to the east, cannot supply water in sufficient abundance and by a shorter passage, which would be extremely desirable, and which ought to be carefully examined; for it appears certain that the Nile has very little inclination below its cataracts, which are nearly two hundred leagues from Cairo; and consequently the place where the water is drawn off, ought to be taken at a sufficient distance to be higher than the point of departure of the canal, however little

it may have been established above the level of the highest tides and inundations.

7. According to the best and latest descriptions of that country, we may however believe that this point of departure will neither require deep excavation below the surface of the ground, nor a great elevation above the mouths of the canal, either at the Nile or the Red Sea; for it appears certain on the one hand, that the last of all the ancient canals, that ascribed to Amron the Arabian, was dug in a perfect level, and even open from one end to the other, proceeding from the Nile to Fostat; and on the other, that an ordinary rise of sixteen cubits will be sufficient that the river may enter there at present, for a length of four leagues, traversing Grand Cairo. There is no reason then to doubt that this rise would proceed to the Red Sea, and would there make some fall, if the remains of the canal had not been filled up either by the hand of time, or by wars between those nations separated by the Adriatic.

8. It is probable then that this grand communication might be re-established by simple cleansing or by some amendment, but with sluices and other necessary works at both the mouths, that navigation might at all times be there possible, whatever might be the variable height of the waters in the river and the sea; the latter of which, notwithstanding what has been said on the subject, will be found constantly lower than the former, even at the time of the highest tides. The highest risings of the Nile, therefore, which at Fostat are said to be from twenty to twenty-two cubits, must determine the general level of the canal, that is to say, the height of the locks necessary to descend towards each of its extremities when the waters are at their lowest, and also the distance and

height of the place from which the water of the Upper Nile must be drawn off to feed this canal, coasting along the slope of the mountain as far as the northern cape or promontory of Mokattan, or from a bason raised about thirty feet above Grand Cairo. It would also be attended with the valuable advantage of fountains and great embellishments to that city, and become the central mart or repository of the ancient world. Besides, it would be a powerful preservative against insalubrity, and that contagion, which so frequently afflicted that immense city, on account of the drought and excessive filthiness which prevail there.

It may be readily seen, then, that this plan does not present nearly so many physical difficulties, and is not such an immense enterprize as some have imagined; since the distance either from Cairo to Suez, or to Colzoum, or to any other port more to the south or more convenient, does not exceed twenty-five leagues; for that of Suez seems difficult, and to be threatened with being speedily choked up at the point of the gulph, which is the narrowest, and which becomes narrower every day—a new reason for abandoning a canal, though perhaps the shortest, which should proceed directly from Suez to the Mediterranean, particularly when we consider the impossibility of conducting so far, and amidst such a soil, a stream from the Nile, which however would be indispensably necessary to feed it, since it ought not, and even could not be dug to the bottom, or to the level of the two seas.

There is however one important remark still to be made, which is, that the present trade of Egypt with Asia is carried on merely by caravans, and by two different ways, one entirely over land across the isthmus and sands for fifty or sixty

leagues, even to Syria; and another by a defile among the mountains of Upper Egypt, for twenty-five or thirty leagues only, from Cophtos to Coseir, which is a port of the Red Sea much easier of access than Suez, because the sea there is broader and much less dangerous. But as this defile seems to be favourable to a canal, which might be fed equally well and with more ease from the Upper Nile; and as that river is navigable to Cophtos as well as to Grand Cairo, there is every appearance that a canal in the latter situation, planned with the same care, would be more sure as well as more advantageous to the nation that might have the sovereign possession of Upper as well as Lower Egypt, especially as it is absolutely necessary that it should be sufficiently powerful to subdue the Bedouins who infest the whole country, and who would soon render the canal of Cairo as impracticable as that of Cophtos.

Method to destroy or remove Earth-worms and Insects hurtful to Fields and Gardens.

THOUGH it is certain that earth-worms occasion great destruction by gnawing the tender roots of shrubs and plants, and that other insects, such as caterpillars and locusts, are exceedingly hurtful both to fields and gardens, few have given themselves the trouble to devise any remedy for this evil. I flatter myself, therefore, that I shall do a service to the public if I point out an easy and sure method, certified by experience, of either killing or driving away from fields and gardens all noxious vermin.

As the destructive power of quick-lime, heightened by a fixed alkali, which corrodes, dissolves, and destroys all the tender parts of

animals, has been long known, I thought this mixture would be the best means for accomplishing the object I had in view. I took three parts, therefore, of quick-lime, newly made, and two parts of a saturated solution of fixed alkali in water, and thence obtained a somewhat milky liquor, sufficiently caustic, highly hostile and poisonous to earth-worms and other small animals; for, as soon as it touched any part of their bodies, it occasioned in them violent symptoms of great uneasiness. If this liquor be poured into those holes in which the earth-worms reside under ground, they immediately throw themselves out as if driven by some force; and, after various contortions, either languish or die. If the leaves of plants or fruit-trees, frequented by the voracious caterpillars, which are so destructive to them, be sprinkled over with this liquor, these insects suddenly contract their bodies and drop to the ground. For, though nature has defended them tolerably well by their hairy skins from any thing that might injure their delicate bodies, yet, as soon as they touch with their feet or mouths, leaves which have been moistened by this liquor, they become, as it were, stupified, instantly contract themselves and fall down.

I had not an opportunity of trying a like experiment on locusts; yet we may conclude, and not without probability, from their nature and the general destructive qualities of the above liquor, that they, in the like manner, may be driven from corn-fields, if it be possible to sprinkle the corn with the liquor by means of a machine.

With regard to plants or corn, these sustain no injury from the liquor, because it has no power over the productions of the vegetable kingdom, as I have fully learned from experience; or, if any hurt is

to be suspected, all the danger will be removed by the first shower that falls. This liquor may be procured in abundance in every place where lime is burnt. If the lime be fresh, one part of it infused in about seventy parts of common water, will produce real lime-water. The want of the fixed alkali may be supplied by boiling wood-ashes in water, and thickening the ley by evaporation.

This liquor might be employed also to kill bugs and other domestic insects which are noxious and troublesome; but, on account of its strong lixivious smell, which disposes the human body to putridity, I dare not recommend the use of it in houses that are inhabited. Besides, bugs may be easily got rid of, as I have repeatedly found from experience, by the oily pickle that remains in casks in which salted herrings have been packed. To this liquor they have a strong aversion; and, if they are moistened with it, they die in a very short time.

*An Account of Mr. PARK's Journey
into the Interior Parts of Africa.
From the Proceedings of the African
Association, 1798.*

THE account of the proceedings of the African Association from which the following extract is taken, though it abounds with many curious particulars which we have been obliged to omit, contains but a small part of the information obtained by Mr. Park during the course of his peregrinations in the wild regions of Africa. A detailed relation of this enterprising traveller's journey, and of the discoveries he made, is reserved for a large volume, to be published by subscription, which we are happy to find announced; and we have no doubt that the author will meet with that reward from the public

to which he is so justly entitled by his fortitude and perseverance. We cannot help observing also, that great thanks are due to the African Association, for their exertions to procure information respecting the continent of Africa, and thus to pave the way for the civilization of its inhabitants. The Report printed for the use of the members, does great credit to the literary talents of Bryan Edwards, Esq. by whom it was drawn up.

On the 22d of December, 1795, Mr. Park took his departure from the house of his friend Dr. Laidley, at Pisanía, on the banks of the river Gambia, and directed his course easterly, for the kingdom of Woollí. He was accompanied by two negro servants, natives of the country, one of whom spoke English tolerably well, and served him as interpreter; the other was a boy presented to him by Dr. Laidley. He had also a horse for himself, and two asses for his servants. His baggage consisted chiefly of provisions for two days, a small assortment of beads, amber and tobacco, for the purchase of a fresh supply as he proceeded; a few changes of linen and other necessary apparel, an umbrella, a pocket sextant, a compass, and a thermometer, together with two fowling-pieces, two pair of pistols, and some other small articles.

Mr. Park reached Medina, the capital of Woollí, on the third day, and was received by the sovereign or chief, named Jatta, with much kindness. This prince wished to persuade Mr. Park not to prosecute his journey any farther, by pointing out the dangers and difficulties he would have to encounter; but finding his remonstrances had no effect, he furnished him with a guide to Bondon, and suffered him to depart.

Leaving Medina, Mr. Park proceeded onwards, and, on the 21st

of December, reached Fatteconda, the capital of the kingdom of Bondon. The king of this country was a Pagan, like that of Woolli; but he had adopted the Moorish name of Almami, and seems also to have imbibed somewhat of the Moorish disposition; for, though Mr. Park presented to him his umbrella and some other articles, he compelled him to strip in his presence and surrender his coat, which he said he should reserve for his own wearing on great and public festivals. In return, however, he gave our traveller five drachms (*minkallies*) of gold dust, and loaded him with provisions.

Departing from Fatteconda on the 23d of December, Mr. Park proceeded the two following days to a place called Joag, in the kingdom of Kajaaga; a country bounded on the north by the Senegal river. The natives are called *Sera-Wollies*, and seem to be pure negroes. The appearance of a white man among them excited great curiosity. The king commanded that he should be brought before him; and it was with some difficulty that Mr. Park, who had been cautioned to avoid him, declined the interview, and got out of his dominions with the loss of about one half of his goods and apparel.

The name of this rapacious chief was Bacheri. He had recently fallen out with a neighbouring prince, the sovereign of Kasson, a country to the north-east; and it happened that the king of Kasson's nephew was in Bacheri's capital, endeavouring, but in vain, to effect a reconciliation at the time of Mr. Park's arrival at Joag. This young man, finding that our traveller proposed proceeding to Kasson, kindly offered to take him under his protection. They accordingly set out together, and, after a journey of two days, crossed the river Senegal at Kayee, the frontier village of the

king of Kasson's dominions, near which that river ceases to be navigable. From Kayee Mr. Park was led by his friendly conductor to Teesee, the place of his abode, and the residence of the king's brother Tigetee-Sego, an old man of a venerable aspect, but of a selfish disposition. He had never seen, he said, but one white man before, and, on describing him, it was known to be Major Houghton. The circumstance of having a white man under his roof, was highly gratifying to the vanity of Tigetee-Sego, on account of the great number of the natives who resorted to see him. He therefore compelled our traveller to remain with him twelve days, and afterwards to take a journey of two days more to present himself to the king at his capital of Kooniakary, who detained him another fortnight, but in other respects behaved to him with great kindness and hospitality. Of this prince, whose name was Demba Sego Jalla, Mr. Park received the first certain account of Major Houghton's death.

Being permitted at length to leave the capital, Mr. Park prosecuted his journey eastward, and in five days arrived at Kemnoo, a large and populous town (since destroyed), at that time the metropolis of Kaarta. The sovereign, whose name was Dayfi Koorabbarri, received Mr. Park with great kindness. Major Houghton was the only European he had ever before seen, and he had conceived the highest idea of the superiority of the whites to the blacks in all possible respects. The language of the country seemed to Mr. Park to be a mixture of the Mandingo and *Sera-Woolli*: but the pure Mandingo, in the attainment of which Mr. Park by this time had made considerable proficiency, was very generally understood, and with very little assistance from his in-

terpreter he found no difficulty in conveying his own sentiments and comprehending others.

Having informed the king that he proposed going to Bambara in search of the Joliba river, which was believed to take its course through the center of that extensive kingdom, he was told that the Bambarans being at that time in a state of warfare with the Kaartans, he could not, without extreme personal danger, venture into the Bambaran country. His only safe route was a northerly course to Ludamar, a territory of the Moors in alliance with Mansong the king of Bambara; from whence, passing as a traveller from the Moorish country, he might venture, by a circuitous journey, to Bambara. To this advice being obliged to submit, or give up all thoughts of prosecuting his journey in search of the Niger, the king, as the last proof of his kindness, sent eight horsemen to convey him in safety to Jarra, the frontier town of the Moors, where he arrived on the 18th of February, 1796. In the course of his journey he passed through a village not far from Jarra, called Simbing, from whence Major Houghton wrote his last dispatch with a pencil.

The territories which our traveller had hitherto explored, being very generally clothed with native woods, presented to the eye the appearance of great uniformity. In his progress eastward, the country rose into hills, and the soil varied to a considerable degree; but wherever the land was cleared, great natural fertility was observed. Bondou in particular, may literally be pronounced "a land flowing with milk and honey." Both these articles, together with rice and Indian corn of two or three species, were to be obtained at a small expence. Of their honey, the Pagan natives make an intoxicating liquor, much

like the mead of Europe. The price of a fowl in Bondou was a button, or a small bit of amber; goat's flesh and mutton were proportionably cheap; and for six or eight amber beads Mr. Park might at any time have purchased a bullock. The domestic animals are nearly the same as in Europe: the Guinea fowl and red partridge abound in the fields; and the woods furnish a small species of antelope, of which the venison is highly and deservedly prized.

Of the other wild animals in the Mandingo countries, the most common are, the hyæna, the panther, and the elephant. But the natives of Africa have not yet acquired the art of taming the last-mentioned animal, notwithstanding his strength and docility, so as to render him serviceable to man; and when Mr. Park told some of them that this was actually done in the countries of the east, his auditors laughed, and exclaimed, "*Tobaudo fonnio!*" A white man's lie!—The negroes frequently find means to destroy the wild elephant with fire-arms; they hunt it principally for the sake of its teeth, which they transfer in barter to those who sell them again to the Europeans.

The pastures of Bondou furnish an excellent breed of horses, but the usual beast of burthen in all the negro territories is the ass. The application of animal labour to the purpose of agriculture is wholly unknown. The chief implement used in husbandry is the hoe, which varies in form in different districts; and the labour is universally performed by slaves. Besides the grains proper to tropical climates, the Mandingoes cultivate, in considerable quantities, ground-nuts, yams, and pompions. They likewise raise cotton and indigo, and have sufficient skill to convert these materials into a tolerably fine cloth of a rich

blue colour; and they make good soap from a mixture of ground-nuts and a ley of wood-ashes.

The town of Jarra, at which Mr. Park had now arrived, is situated in the kingdom of Ludamar, a Moorish country, of which it is not known that any account has ever been given in any of the languages of Europe. The town itself is extensive, and the houses are built of clay and stone intermixed; but the major part of the inhabitants are negroes from the borders of the Southern States, who prefer a precarious protection under the Moors, which they purchase by a tribute, to being continually exposed to their predatory hostilities.

During his stay at Jarra, Mr. Park resided at the house of a Slattee trader, named Daman, who was known to Dr. Laidley. By him Mr. Park was informed that he could proceed no farther on his way to Bambara, without leave from Ali, the Moorish chief or king of the country, who was then encamped at a place called Benowm; and that it was absolutely necessary that a present should accompany the application by which permission was to be obtained. Mr. Park therefore purchased five garments of country cloth, by the sale of one of his fowling-pieces. Daman undertook to negotiate the business; and at the end of a fortnight permission arrived from Benowm.

This permission was brought by one of Ali's own slaves, who said he was ordered to serve Mr. Park as a guide to Bambara; and on the 27th of February he took his departure from Jarra, accompanied by this slave, his own faithful boy, and a negro belonging to Daman; the interpreter refusing to proceed any farther.

On the third day after his departure from Jarra, they reached a large town called Deena; on entering which Mr. Park was surround-

ed by many of the Moorish inhabitants, who harrassed him with shouts of insult, spit in his face, and seized his baggage; which they robbed of what things they fancied. He got refuge, at length, in the house of a negro; and after experiencing much difficulty in persuading his attendants to proceed any farther, he set out on the second day for Sampaka. Here he procured lodging at the house of a negro, who understood the art of making gunpowder. The nitre was obtained in considerable quantities from the swamps or ponds, which are filled in the rainy season, and to which the cattle resort in the heat of the day for coolness. As the water of these ponds is slowly exhaled by the sun, the nitre appears in a white efflorescence on the mud, and is carefully scraped off in the form of small crystals. Sulphur is purchased of the Moors, and the several ingredients are blended together in such proportions as experience has shewn will answer the purpose; though the powder thus made is far inferior to that of Europe.

On the morning of the 7th of March Mr. Park had reached a small village called Sami, within two days journey of Goomba, the frontier town of Bambara; and was resting himself in the hut of a friendly negro, pleased with the hopes of being soon out of danger, when he was alarmed by the arrival of two Moors, who announced that they came by order of Ali to convey him to the camp at Benowm. They added, that if he consented to go with them peaceably, he had nothing to fear; but that, if he refused, they had orders to carry him by force.

Finding intreaty and resistance equally fruitless, for the messengers were joined by others, all of them armed, our traveller, guarded by the Moors and accompanied by the

negro boy (Daman's negro having made his escape on seeing the Moors, and the slave sent by Ali having previously left him on the road), set out on the evening of the same day for the camp at Benownm, which, after a distressing journey, they approached on the 12th. It presented to the eye a multitude of dirty-looking tents, scattered, without order, over a large space of ground; and among the tents were seen herds of camels, bullocks, and goats.

The arrival at the camp of a white man was no sooner made known, than all the people who were drawing water at the wells, threw down their buckets, those in the tents mounted their horses, and men, women and children came running or galloping towards him. He soon found himself surrounded with such crowds that he could scarcely walk;—one pulled off his clothes—another took off his hat—a third stopped him to examine his waistcoat buttons—and a fourth called out "*La illa ill Allahi, Mahomed rasowl Allahi,*"* and signified, in a threatening manner, that he must repeat those words. He at length reached the tent of the king, whom he found sitting upon a black leather cushion, clipping a few hairs from his upper lip, while a female attendant held up a looking-glass before him: there were many other females in the tent. The king appeared to be an old man of the Arab cast, with a long white beard. He had a sullen and indignant aspect, and looking at our traveller with attention, inquired of the Moors if he could speak Arabic; but being answered in the negative, he appeared much surprized, and continued silent.

The surrounding attendants, and particularly the ladies, were far more curious and inquisitive. They

asked a thousand questions, inspected every part of Mr. Park's apparel, searched his pockets, and obliged him to unbutton his waistcoat and display the whiteness of his skin, &c. They even counted his toes and fingers, as if they doubted whether he was in truth a human being. When the curiosity of the ladies was in some measure satisfied, he was conducted to the tent of Ali's chief slave; into which, however, he was not permitted to enter, nor allowed to touch any thing belonging to it. He requested something to eat, and some boiled corn, with salt and water, was at length sent him in a wooden bowl; and a mat was spread out on the sand before the tent, on which he passed the night, surrounded by the curious multitude. A hut was afterwards erected, in which he was confined and strictly guarded.

Some time after a ludicrous circumstance took place, which would not deserve attention did it not tend to throw some light on the national manners of the people among whom our traveller resided. Hearing one morning the sound of drums, Mr. Park was informed that the noise was occasioned by the celebration of a wedding in one of the neighbouring tents. Soon after an old woman entered his hut with a bowl in her hand, and signified that she had brought him *a present from the bride*. Before he could recover from the surprise occasioned by this message, the woman discharged the contents of the bowl full in his face. Mr. Park finding that it was the same sort of *holy water* as that with which the priest among the Hottentots is said to besprinkle a new-married couple, he began to suspect that the old lady was actuated by mischief or malice; but she gave him seriously to understand that it was

* "There is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

a nuptial benediction from the bride's own person, and which, on such occasions, is always received by the young unmarried Moors as a mark of distinguished favour.

The Moorish ladies seemed indeed to commiserate his condition, and one of them once privately sent him a small supply of meal and milk; but their kindness extended no farther. If they pitied his situation, it is probable that they dared not administer to his wants; and his distress at length became almost insurmountable. He was allowed a single meal of *kouscous*, a preparation of boiled corn, once in twenty-four hours. All his effects were taken from him, and he was not even indulged with a change of linen out of the few shirts he had brought in his portmanteau: oppressed at the same time with a burning fever, his situation was truly deplorable. "In this condition, from sun-rise to sun-set," says he, "was I obliged to suffer with an unruffled countenance, the insults of the rudest savages on earth."

In eight or ten weeks, however, circumstances occurred, which, contrary to their first appearance, changed our traveller's situation for the better, and in the end produced his deliverance. In the war which prevailed between the kings of Bambara and Kaarta, the Moors at first took no active part; but Ali having afterwards engaged to send two hundred horse to the assistance of the fugitive Kaartans, he became panic-struck at the approach of the king of Bambara towards Benowm; broke up his camp, and fixed his tent in a country to the north. Mr. Park was compelled to follow him, and, after a month's confinement at the new camp, was led by Ali to Jarra. At this place he had the mortification to see the poor boy

who had attended him from the Gambia, taken from him by Ali's command, for the avowed purpose of being sold into slavery. After this cruel circumstance, and the certain information which he received from Ali's own son (a youth of ten years of age, who had conceived something like friendship for Park, or pity for his misfortunes), that it was in contemplation to deprive Park himself of his life, or put out his eyes, he determined rather to risk perishing in the woods, of hunger, or by the fury of the wild beasts, than to remain any longer with a horde of faithless barbarians, whose tenderest mercies were cruelly, and from whose caprice or fanaticism he was in hourly danger of destruction.

[To be continued.]

*On the Invention of the Telegraph,
with a Description of that proposed
by Dr. HOOKE.*

THE idea of conveying intelligence by means of signals, both during the day and in the night-time, is of very great antiquity, as appears by the testimony of several ancient authors; and there is reason to believe, that some sort of telegraph was in use even among the Greeks. The destruction of Troy was certainly known in Greece very soon after it took place, and before any person had returned from it. A Greek play begins with a scene, in which a watchman descends from the top of a tower in Greece, and gives information that Troy is taken; "I have been looking out these ten years," says he, "to see when that would happen, and this night it has been done." A night telegraph is also expressly mentioned by Polybius,* who, in his tenth book,

* Lib. x. cap. 40.

gives a very circumstantial account in what manner the letters of the alphabet may be expressed by means of torches.

It does not appear, however, that this or any other method of the ancients was ever brought into general use, or that any of the moderns had thought of such a machine as the telegraph, till the year 1663, when the Marquis of Worcester, in his *Century of Inventions*, affirmed, that "he had discovered a method by which, at a window, as far as the eye can discover black and white, a man might hold discourse with his correspondent without noise made, or notice taken; being according to occasion given or means afforded, *ex re nata*, and no need of provision beforehand, though much better if foreseen, and course taken by mutual consent of parties." This could be effected only by a telegraph, which, in the next sentence, is declared to have been rendered so perfect, that, by means of it, the correspondence could be carried on "by night as well as by day, though as dark as pitch is black."

Forty years after, M. Amontons, an ingenious French mechanic, born at Paris in 1663, and who died in 1705, at the age of forty-two, proposed the following method: "Let there be people placed in several stations, at such a distance from one another, that, by the help of a telescope, a man in one station may see a signal made in the next before him: he must

immediately make the same signal; that it may be seen by persons in the station next after him, who are to communicate it to those in the following station, and so on. These signals may be as letters of the alphabet, or as a cypher, understood only by the two persons who are in the distant places, and not by those who make the signals. The person in the second station making the signal to the person in the third, the very moment he sees it in the first, the news may be carried to the greatest distance in as little time as is necessary to make the signals in the first station. The distance of the several stations, which must be as few as possible, is measured by the reach of a telescope."—Amontons tried this method on a small tract of land, before several persons of the highest rank at the court of France.

Whether the telegraph be a French invention, as that nation asserts,* or whether Amontons' plan for conveying intelligence was founded on the hint thrown out by the Marquis of Worcester, we shall not here examine; but it is certain that the idea of a telegraph, upon a similar construction to those used at present, was suggested by Dr. Hooke, towards the end of the last century, and that he gave the first complete description of such a machine, as appears by the following extract from a paper of his, read before the Royal Society on the 21st of May, 1684.† "I proposed (says he) some years since,

* In *Rapport general des Travaux de la Société Philomatique*, p. 35, the author, speaking of the papers read before the society, says: "Citizen Chappe has, at different times, given you an account of his experiments, and of the result of those labours by which he has been able to bring the telegraph to its present degree of perfection. At first his discoveries were doubted, and soon after they were carried into execution it was pretended that traces of this invention were to be found in the works of several ancient authors. Experience, however, has already done justice in regard to the first assertion; time will do the same in regard to the second; and the glory of this invention will remain to its authors, and to the nation to which he has had the honour of presenting it."

† The whole paper may be seen in "*Philosophical Experiments and Observations of the late eminent Dr. Robert Hooke*," published by Mr. Derham. London, 1726.

a method of discoursing at a distance, not by sound, but by sight. I say that it is possible to convey intelligence from any one high and eminent place to any other that lies within sight of it, though thirty or forty miles distant, in as short a time almost as a man can write what he would have sent; and as suddenly to receive an answer as he that receives it hath a mind to return it, or can write it down on paper. Nay, by the help of three, four, or more of such eminent places, visible to each other, lying next in a straight line, 'tis possible to convey intelligence, almost in a moment, to twice, thrice, or more times that distance, with as great a certainty as by writing.

"For the performance of this, we must be beholden to a late invention, which we do not find any of the ancients knew; that is, the eye must be assisted with telescopes, that whatever characters are exposed at one station, may be made plain and distinguishable at the other.

"1st. For the stations: if they be far distant, it will be necessary that they should be high, and lie exposed to the sky—that there be no higher hill or part of the earth beyond them, that may hinder the distinctness of the characters, which are to appear dark, the sky beyond them appearing white. By which means, also, the vapours near the ground will be passed over and avoided.

"Next, in choosing of these stations, care must be taken, as near as may be, that there be no hill that interposes between them, that is almost high enough to touch the visible ray; because, in such cases, the refraction of the air of that hill will be very apt to disturb the clear appearance of the object.

"The stations being found convenient, the next thing to be considered is, what telescopes will be

necessary for each station. One of these telescopes must be fixed at each extreme station, and two of them in each intermediate; so that a man for each glass, sitting and looking through them, may plainly discover what is done in the next adjoining station; and with his pen write down on paper the characters there exposed, in their due order; so that there ought to be two persons at each extreme station, and three at each intermediate; that, at the same time, intelligence may be conveyed forwards and backwards.

"Next, there must be certain times agreed on, when the correspondents are to expect; or else there must be set at the top of the pole, in the morning, the hour appointed by either of the correspondents for acting that day.

"Next, there must be a convenient apparatus of characters, at least as many distinct characters as there are necessary letters in the alphabet made use of: and those must be either day characters or night characters. If they are to be made use of in the day-time, they may all be made of deals, and of bigness convenient for the several distances. Any one of which characters may signify any one letter of the alphabet, and the whole alphabet may be varied ten thousand ways; so that none but the two extreme correspondents shall be able to discover the information conveyed. If the characters are for the night, then they may be made with links or other lights, disposed in a certain order, which may be covered and uncovered according to the method agreed on. There will be also requisite several other characters, which may, for expedition, express a whole sentence; such as, 'I am ready to communicate,' 'I am ready to observe,' &c.

"I could instance a hundred ways of facilitating the method of

performing this design with the more dexterity and quickness, and with little charge; but that, I think, will be needless at present, since, whensoever such a way of correspondence shall be put into practice, those, and many more than I can think of at present, will, of themselves, occur; so that I do not in the least doubt, but that, with a little practice, all things may be made so convenient, that the same character may be seen at Paris within a minute after it has been exposed at London; and that the characters may be exposed so quick after one another, that a composer shall not much exceed the exposor in swiftness; and this not only at the distance of one station, but of a hundred; for, supposing all things ready at all those several stations for observing and exposing, as fast as the second observer doth read the characters of the first exposor, the second exposor will display them to the observer of the third station, whose exposor will likewise display them for the fourth observer, as fast as his observer doth name them to him, or write them down.

“There may be many objections brought against this way of communication, because it has not yet been put in practice—but hardly any that may not be easily answered and obviated.”

Of an Attempt to make the Maple Sugar above an hundred Years ago.
By Dr. THORNTON, Lecturer on Medical Botany at Guy's Hospital, &c.

IT appears, by the following correspondence between Dr. Robinson and Mr. Ray, that the property of the American maple of

yielding a saccharine juice was known above a century ago, and that attempts were even made to produce sugar from it.

Dr. ROBINSON to Mr. RAY.

“London, March 10, 1684.

“Dear Sir,

“I have enclosed you some sugar of the first boiling, got from the juice of the wounded maple. Mr. Ashton, Secretary to the Royal Society, presented it to me. ’Twas sent from Canada, where the natives prepare it from the said juice; eight pints yielding commonly a pound of sugar. The Indians have practised it time out of mind; the French begin now to refine it, and to turn it to much advantage. If you have any of these trees by you, could you not make the trial, proceeding as with the sugar-cane?”

Answer to Dr. ROBINSON.

“Black Notley, April 1, 1684.

“Yours of the 10th instant I received, and therein an inclosed specimen of the Canada sugar, a thing to me strange and before unheard of. It were well worth the experiment you mention. I therefore engaged a friend and neighbour of mine, an ingenious apothecary, whom I employed yesterday to boil the juice of the greater maple, a tree which grows freely half a mile off from my residence. Having made an extract, he found a whitish substance, like to brown sugar, and tasting very sweet, immersed in a substance of the colour and consistency of molasses. Upon curing, I have no doubt it will make perfect sugar. When it is cured I will give you a farther account of it.”

The last Hours of Louis XVI.

The following simple, but affecting Narrative, is taken from the Journal of Occurrences during the Imprisonment of the late King of France, drawn up by Cléry, his Valet-de-Chambre. These Incidents took place on the Day of his Execution.

AT seven o'clock, the King, coming out of his closet, called to me, and taking me within the recess of the window, said, "You will give this seal to my Son—this ring to the Queen, and assure her that it is with pain I part with it—this little packet contains the hair of all my family, you will give her that too. Tell the Queen, my dear children, and my sister, that although I promised to see them this morning, I have resolved to spare them the pangs of so cruel a separation: tell them how much it costs me to go without receiving their embraces once more!" He wiped away some tears; then added, in the most mournful accent: "I charge you to bear them my last farewell!" He returned to the turret.

The municipal officers, who had come up, heard his Majesty, and saw him give me the things, which I still held in my hands. At first they desired to have them given up; but one of them proposing to let them remain in my possession till the Council should decide what was to be done, it was so agreed.

In a quarter of an hour after, the King again came out: "Inquire," said he to me, "if I can have a pair of scissors." I made the request known to the commissioners. "Do you know what he wants to do?"—"I know nothing about it." "We must know." I knocked at the door of the closet, and the King came out. The municipal officer who had followed me, said to him: "You have desired to have a pair of scissors; but, before the request is

made to the council, we must know what you want to do with them." His Majesty answered: "It is that Cléry may cut my hair." The municipal officer retired; one of them went down to the council chamber, where, after half an hour's deliberation, the scissors were refused. The officer came up and acquainted the King with the decision. "I did not mean to touch the scissors," said his Majesty; "I should have desired Cléry to cut my hair before you: try once more, Sir; I beg you to represent my request." The officer went back to the council, who persisted in their refusal.

It was at this time that I was told to prepare myself to accompany the King, in order to undress him on the scaffold. At this intelligence I was seized with terror; but collecting all my strength, I was getting myself ready to discharge this last duty to my master, who felt a repugnance to its being performed by the executioner, when another municipal officer came and told me that I was not to go out, adding, "The common executioner is good enough for him."

All the troops in Paris had been under arms from five o'clock in the morning. The beat of drums, the clash of arms, the trampling of horses, the removal of cannon, which were incessantly carried from one place to another, all resounded at the Tower.

At half after eight o'clock the noise increased, the doors were thrown open with great clatter, when Santeere, accompanied by seven or eight municipal officers, entered at the head of ten soldiers, and drew them up in two lines. At this movement the King came out of his closet, and said to Santeere: "You are come for me?"—"Yes," was the answer.—"A moment," said the king, and went to his closet, from which he instantly re-

turned, followed by his confessor. His Majesty had his will in his hand, and addressing a municipal officer, (named *Jacques Roux*, a priest), who happened to stand before the others, said: "I beg you to give this paper to the Queen—to my wife."—"It is no business of mine," replied he, refusing to take it; "I am come here to conduct you to the scaffold." His Majesty then turning to *Gobeau*, another municipal officer; "I beg," said he, "that you will give this paper to my wife; you may read it; there are some particulars in it I wish to be made known to the commune."

I was standing behind the King, near the fire-place; he turned round to me, and I offered him his great coat. "I don't want it," said he, "give me only my hat." I presented it to him—his hand met mine, which he pressed once more for the last time. "Gentlemen," said he, addressing the municipal officers, "I should be glad that *Cléry* might stay with my son, as he has been accustomed to be attended by him: I trust that the commune will grant this request." His Majesty then looked at *Santeere*, and said: "Lead on."

These were the last words he spoke in his apartments. On the top of the stairs he met *Mathey*, the warden of the Tower, to whom he said: "I spoke with some little quickness to you the day before yesterday, do not take it ill." *Mathey* made no answer, and even affected to turn from the King while he was speaking.

I remained alone in the chamber, overwhelmed with sorrow, and almost without sense of feeling. The drums and trumpets proclaimed his Majesty's departure from the Tower.—An hour after, discharges of artillery, and cries of *Vive la Nation! Vive la République!* were heard.—The best of Kings was no more!

Description of the Palace and Forms of Audience of the French Directory. From "A Sketch of Modern France."

ARRIVING at the Luxembourg some time before the hour of admittance à l'audience du *Directoire*, we took a survey of the principal buildings that compose this superb palace, appointed for the residence of the five Directors. Workmen of every description were busy in repairing and embellishing it; and, till their labours are completed, the Directory can inhabit only part of the building, or, more properly, a continuation of the Luxembourg, formerly called *les petits appartements*.

Fearful of tiring your patience by my prolixity, I shall take you, with all possible speed, to the door of admittance; in our way to which we must pass by the *petits appartements*, which, as I have said, the Directors at present inhabit. These form as many detached mansions of no inconsiderable size, with a garden to each, in the English style. This part of the Luxembourg is separated from the other by a large square court, in the middle of which is a *faisceau d'armes*, surrounded by a cap of liberty. This emblem of the French indivisibility is supported by two twelve-pounders, and further in the same court are four more of the same calibre, which are guarded by a detachment of artillery regularly relieved.

"At the outward gate stand two hussars, completely caparisoned, on horseback, with drawn swords, whilst two grenadiers, with bayonets fixed, parade backwards and forwards. In the different avenues leading to the palace, the number of the military daily on duty, we have been told, is not less than 600, including cavalry and infantry. Now, my friend, what say you to this? Does it not savour a

little of the pomp and state of the ancient regime? and may we not infer from hence, that a considerable degree of fear and suspicion pervades the rulers of this government?

As the hour of admittance drew nigh, we found the concourse of people much greater than we had expected; but this, we were told, was only what was usual, and repeated daily, except on the *Decades*, or the tenth day of every month, which are regularly kept as holidays by the government and public offices, and by them only. One thing, however, which might apparently increase their number is, that not being permitted to enter even the outward court until the clock strikes the given hour, the people are under the necessity of assembling in the street contiguous to the palace, which, from not being very wide, is soon filled; so that, in order to be gratified, we were forced to mingle with the crowd, composed of the poorest class, and chiefly females.

During this scene, which was truly novel, we were much amused at hearing the different opinions that spontaneously issued from these fair petitioners, relative to their present situation, the whole of which was uttered with the greatest degree of French volubility. One in particular, a miserable looking woman, with an infant in her arms, who, doubtless, fatigued at waiting, had been provoked to push by those who were before her, in the hope of getting in sooner, was thus jeered at by the others, who, turning round, and looking at her with contempt, said, "Regardez, comme cette Citoyenne pousse avec son petit dauphin dans ses bras—

Ne droit-on pas qu'elle va à la séance de Louis XVIII.? Pour nous," continued they, "nous ne nous donnerons pas cette peine; car il faut bien qu'on nous reçoivent. N'est-ce pas les magistrats de notre fabrique?"* These words were scarcely uttered, than admittance was announced, and the impatient throng rushed in like an impetuous torrent, making their way to the grand staircase helter skelter, whilst we, at humble distance, followed their steps, passed through the anti-room, and entered the *salle d'audience*.† These apartments, as well as the staircase, are lined with guards.

Here I was truly astonished; for though the Director had not made his appearance, the contrast was striking between the behaviour of the audience *without*, and that which they put on *within*; for all was silence and respect. The petitioners are admitted within a kind of barrier, which divides the room by the huissiers, (who are dressed in a costume truly *Vandyke*,) and there seat themselves on *fauteuils*, or arm-chairs ranged in a circular form, whilst the lookers-on are only permitted to stand in the back-ground; but being introduced as a stranger, I had *l'honneur de la séance*,‡ and was consequently admitted within the circle.

In a few minutes the Director§ entered the apartment, wearing the grand costume, also à la *Vandyke*, superb and extremely costly. As soon as he presented himself the men uncovered, and a kind of silent respect seemed to diffuse itself round the room; which could scarcely have been carried to greater lengths in the old regime; the ap-

* "Look," said they, "how that *Citizenefs* pushes with her little brat in her arms. Would not one say that she was going to the sitting of Louis XVIII.? As for us," continued they, "we will not give ourselves that trouble; for they are obliged to receive us. Are they not magistrates of our own making?"

† Audience chamber.

‡ The honour of the sitting.

§ Carnot.

pearance of state, and the number of the military dispersed in various parts of the apartments, may probably, in some degree, influence the minds of the people. Splendor and magnificence commonly produce this effect; and hence results the propriety of a magistrate wearing an appropriate dignified dress when in the execution of his high office. The impressions of respect stamped on the mind of the vulgar by the same person, in scarlet robes trimmed with ermine, and in a brown coat, bob-wig, and dirty boots, would be very different.

The petitioners draw near the Director, and are presented by the principal huissier, one by one. He takes the petitions, reads a part, inquires into the cause of their grievances, and the answer, a week after, is found in an office erected for that purpose at the bottom of the grand staircase, called *l'Office des Resignemens*.* As soon as the whole of the petitions have been received, one of the huissiers demands aloud, whether there be any person desirous of speaking to the Director, when being answered in the negative, he retires, and the people disperse.

One trait which gave me singular satisfaction, was the manner in which he attended to all, though more particularly to the sorrowful tale of a wretched looking woman, who had two children with her, and one at the breast. This poor creature was the widow of a soldier who had lately fallen for his country, and left her destitute. Twice he heard her melancholy story, and then bade her seat herself near the fire, until he could determine something in her favour. This I thought

foreboded a good heart, and I was pleased with the man: but the appearance of the woman was, in one respect, truly risible, forming a singular contrast, by her rags and tatters, with the beautiful ornaments that surrounded her; for the apartment is precisely the same as when inhabited by Monsieur, not any of the furniture having been removed.

The hangings are of crimson damask, with a gold border, curtains, sofa, and *fauteuils* the same, with the addition of a deep gold fringe. The glasses are elegant; two of the doors have looking-glass in the pannels; a noble chandelier graces the middle of the room, while others of less size hang near the chimney; the whole displaying vast taste and elegance. Thus much for the Directory and their palace.

Accommodations of the two Councils.

[From the same.]

THE Council of *Five Hundred* holds its sittings in an extensive saloon,† about an hundred paces long and fifty wide, which formerly made part of a *manège*, or riding-house, built during the minority of Louis XV. and which stands contiguous to the *Terrace des Feuillans*. Its form is a double square, has no windows, but admits light from the top by means of a sky-light. The president, who was *Cambaceres* the day we were there, was seated in a kind of raised chair, at one of the extremities of the room; *sa petite cloche sur la table à côté de lui*;‡ his secretaries on each

* Office for Information.

† This is merely temporary, as the *emplacement*, on which stood a part of the ci-devant palace of the Prince of Condé, is now taken, in order to erect a Council Chamber for the Five Hundred, which, when completed, will be very elegant, as can easily be judged from what is already finished.

‡ His little bell standing by him on the table.

side, and the oratorical tribune in front, though rather lower than himself, whilst the rest of the members were indiscriminately seated on ranges of seats placed one above another round the saloon, describing *un fer à cheval*, or the form of a horse-shoe. As there is no longer a *côté droit* and *côté gauche** amongst them, the members draw for their places, and consequently seat themselves according to the number thus drawn, by which means the commotions of party, that for a time raged with such violence, are at present avoided.

The tribunes for strangers are opposite to the president, at the other extremity, and are divided into three compartments, each forming as many rows or galleries. The *first* and *lowest*, in which we were, is the most convenient, and not only requires a ticket of admittance, signed by the president, but to be introduced by a deputy or member: the *second* is, in general, appropriated to the journalists, who take down the speeches: and the *third*, which is the highest, to the people; of course free, and requires no ticket; but this last becomes unpleasant to attend, from the number being limited, which must be within two hundred; so that, in order to prevent thronging and confusion, the avenue or passage that leads thereto, is made to admit one person at a time only, which makes it so extremely tiresome, that the Parisians, when going in that way, call it *faire queue*. Once admitted within the council chamber, the auditors are expected to uncover, and behave with decorum; but if remiss, or wanting in any one particular, they are called to order, and obliged to conform, by the *sergeant at arms*, of which there are several, here called *huissiers*. Besides these, we perceived that the different avenues

are guarded by grenadiers with fixed bayonets; and without the walls, a strong detachment of guards, similar to the others, extremely well dressed, and, we are also told, extremely well paid. Several pieces of cannon, ready *charged*, with their cannoniers, are also at hand, in case of necessity; so that you need not in the least wonder that order is so well maintained with respect to strangers.

As for the members themselves, I cannot, with equal truth, bear testimony to *their order* and *decorum*. Many of the speakers were so vehement in their oratory, as frequently to occasion the greatest irregularity and confusion. Those, however, who are not engaged in the debates, display great indifference, conversing among themselves as if the affairs of their country were not under discussion, and no otherwise evince their sentiments or party, than by their *yes* or *no*.

The Council of *Ancients*, or *Two Hundred and Fifty*, is on the right on entering the *Thuilleries* from the *Place du Carrousel*, and is held in one of the rooms ci-devant called *Salon des Machines*, from having served in 1764 as a work-shop to the artists belonging to the opera; and since, as a concert room, it being *there* where the much admired *concert spirituel* was performed. It is an oblong square, admitting light from the top, in the like manner as the Council Chamber of Five Hundred. The seats also describe a direct semi-oval; but the president, instead of being placed at the extremity of the room, is here seated in the centre of the chord that subtends the curve of the above figure, in a raised chair, large, handsome, and extremely well decorated. The secretaries are likewise on each side, and the oratorical tribune the same as in the other. The Council Chamber altogether is more com-

* A right and left side.

paßt, elegant, and, at the same time, infinitely better adapted for the purpose than that of the Five Hundred.

More order and regularity reign also here. The members are extremely well dressed, all wearing a *tri-coloured* scarf; some having it thrown across the shoulders, and others *en ceinture*: in short, they make a respectable appearance, and we were astonished at the form and propriety maintained throughout.

The manner in which they receive the *Messagers du Directoire*, (or those who carry the messages from the Directory to the two Councils), is very ceremonious.—These persons have a carriage allotted for the purpose of taking them from one Council to the other, and *two* were admitted whilst we were at the Ancients. They are dressed in a kind of costume, and received at the door of the Council by *two* of the huissiers, who take them to the president, where they deliver their message, and then return in the same way.

The tribunes for strangers consist of three or four rows, one above the other, and separated from the members by a passage only, with a balustrade; by this passage the members go to their seats. Curiosity has already led us there three times; but I cannot say that the debates have to us, as strangers, afforded much amusement, or been in the least interesting, as they have hitherto related to the finances and regulation of specie.

Anecdotes of distinguished Characters.

KOTZEBUE,

AS a dramatic writer, stands almost unrivalled among the Germans. He is a native of *Weimar*, in Saxony, a small but highly polished city, which has frequently

been called "*Paris in miniature*." Here he cultivated an early acquaintance with the Muses, by his unremitting attention to the dramatic performances of that place, then in eminent repute, on account of the refined taste and correct judgment of the actors and audience. Kotzebue's decided predilection for the drama, in theory as well as in practice, is obvious from several passages alluding to this subject, in his own works. Yet, it is certain that he never condescended to perform on a public stage; and that all his attempts as an actor were confined to private theatres, established among select parties of literary friends. Thus he obtained the double advantage of indulging himself in his favourite amusement, and, at the same time, of performing dramatic pieces of his own composition, and deciding on their merits in a contracted circle of candid, discerning critics, before he ventured to present them to the public.

Kotzebue was educated for the law, which he practised for a considerable number of years, in various eminent stations, till he was appointed president of the high college of Justice in the Russian province of Livonia. Here he wrote the greater number of his dramatic works, as well as his miscellaneous compositions in the department of the *Belles Lettres*. His numerous performances are the more surprizing, as his leisure time, till lately, must have been remarkably short, on account of the multiplicity and importance of his other avocations, which required the whole of his attention, while he held the distinguished office before mentioned. Fortunately, however, for the Muses, and particularly those of the German stage, he met with a number of invidious opponents in Livonia, who magnified every trifling foible of his private conduct into a crime of the first

magnitude, and persecuted him with such unrelenting malignity, that he thought proper to retire from his splendid office of state, and to devote the remainder of his life to the service of a more grateful public. Hence he betook himself entirely to literary pursuits; and, having left the Russian dominions, he repaired to the court of Vienna, where he readily obtained the appointment of "*Dramatist to the Imperial theatre.*" It is unnecessary to detail here, the complicated intrigues carried on under the late Empress of Russia, in every province of her extensive empire; and the frequent persecutions which foreigners promoted to office, sustained from the semi-barbarous natives. Let it suffice to observe, that they too often succeeded in their nefarious designs against those aliens, whom they hated both on account of their superior talents, and their abhorrence of Russian sloth and drunkenness. Kotzebue was one of the many objects of persecution in Russia, although his moral character must have been unexceptionable; as it is not probable that the Emperor of Germany would otherwise have appointed him to be his "dramatic poet."

The merits and demerits of this writer in the wide field of romance, as well as of the drama, are but imperfectly known in this country, as only a few of his productions have been translated into the English language. And from the metamorphosed state in which German translations generally appear before the English public, it is not an easy matter to ascertain the due and relative merits of either author or translator. Kotzebue has published, besides a great variety of romances and novels, about thirty dramatic pieces of various merit. Among the latter we find "*Menschenhass und Reue,*" or, "*Misanthropy and Repentance;*" "*The Ne-*

gro Slaves;—and "*The Indians in England,*" which three are, indeed, the most popular of his performances. The first of these has been translated with some success in this country, (though in a very mutilated condition) under the title "*The Stranger;*" where it has, during a great part of last season, attracted crowded audiences to Drury-lane theatre. The other two pieces, namely, "*The Negro Slaves,*" and "*The Indians in England,*" have likewise met with translators, though the latter of them is not yet published; nor is it likely that any other of his dramatic compositions will ever be brought on the English stage. This may be partly ascribed to the great difference subsisting between the national taste and manners of the English and Germans, and partly to a certain peculiarity in the writings of Kotzebue, which characterizes and distinguishes his productions from those of all other modern writers. His knowledge of the human heart and its secret meanders, is unquestionably great: he has not only made the prevailing manners, oddities, and vices of the age, but also man himself, as influenced by a variety of ardent passions, the object of his minutest research. Few writers have ever attained to his excellence in delineating whimsical and impassioned characters; and in scenes drawn from private and domestic life, our poet eminently excels his cotemporary rival, both in the unaffected delicacy of the sentiments he conveys, and the freedom and precision with which he introduces them. His language, though generally correct and dignified, is occasionally tinged with an ambiguous mode of expression, and his dialogue sometimes degenerates into a whining tone. But this is not so much the fault of an individual, as of the depraved taste of his countrymen. This false taste, however,

may be manifested in different ways: in England the constant visitors of our theatres well know, that *equivocal phrases* or *sentiments*, such as do not too grossly offend the delicate ear of females, are not unfrequently more applauded than the most refined *moral doctrines*. Kotzebue's plans are formed with great art, and developed, for the most part, in a most unexpected and successful manner. His system of morals, however, as exhibited in his dramatic compositions, does not seem free from censure, for it certainly is too great a sacrifice made of virtue, when characters of vicious habits are represented as having attained their end, and finished their immoral career in triumph, merely because some fortunate *accident* turned the scale in their favour. If the remark which has frequently been made in our reviews as well as newspapers be just, that *all* German productions of the dramatic kind, "abound in sentiment and reasoning;" and if these are ob-

jectionable qualities of a performance which is to be subjected to a *popular tribunal*, there is little or no danger to be apprehended, that the English stage will be inundated with German plays. With respect to the transactions in Kotzebue's life, a few circumstances only have transpired to public notice. It is known, that in his youth, he was a favourite pupil of the late professor Musæus* of Weimar, under whose care and tuition he was educated; that he left the Russian dominions chiefly on account of a work called "*The Life of Count Beniowsky*," written by himself, which contained many private anecdotes relative to the cruelties practised by order of the late Empress of Russia; and that, soon after his arrival at Vienna, he was appointed Imperial dramatist, in which situation, at present, his merits and talents meet with that reward and degree of public esteem, which he so amply deserves.† W.

* The name of MUSÆUS is never mentioned in Germany but with pleasure and respect. His "*Popular Tales of the Germans*" were translated into English, about seven or eight years since; and although the simplicity and humour of Musæus's spirit are not fully transfused into the translation, yet every candid reader must allow that the work possesses uncommon merit, and will consider it as an ample testimony of the author's talents and ingenuity.

† A volume containing four new plays, of Kotzebue, was published at Leipzig in 1798.—I. "*The Young Count of Bergundy*;" part of which exhibits some of the finest scenes to be found in any drama; but has some comparatively insipid. A translation of this play has been published.—II. "*Falſe Shame*;" a very skillful comedy, full of delicate and new situations, scarcely improbable. The characters are various, natural and consistent, and the moral good.—III. A play founded on the misfortunes of LA PÉROUSE, who is supposed to have been shipwrecked in the South Seas. Malvina, a female savage, who has rescued Perouse from the waves, and by whom he has a son; his wife and son, who in search of him, arrive at the island, and find him with Malvina; and the brother of Madame La Perouse, are the principal characters.—IV. "*Der Wildfang, or Wild Oats*;" a farce of considerable humour and amusement. B.

POETRY.

TO STELLA.

COME forth, my soul, in colours true,
And usher all thyself to view:
Confess a flame, that soars above
All selfish hope and earthly love;
Confess thy stars no joys dispense,
That borrow not their lustre hence;
No cares from other fountains flow
But those whence Stella draws her woe.

Take heed, good youth, be well aware,
In all thy path there lies a snare,
And Fate, amidst thy high career,
Will pull thee down to nether sphere.
Full oft, in spite of all we can,
We stoop to earth and sink to man.
The brother and the friend give place,
And love, resistless, wins the race.

Yet why be heedful, or forbear
To foster hope or shun the snare?
Mid pestful airs and brazen skies,
To hold my life, my fate denies:
Nor ask I for the boon of life,
A longer stay in scenes of strife;
To reap an endless harvest here
Of fading hope and growing fear.

How oft my fancy points the road
That leads me to thy blest abode,
At morn, and noon, and close of day,
Ah! now I need not fear to say—
In vain for me thy tears are shed,
In vain thy angry shafts be sped:
Spatch'd from this earth, I soar above,
Alike thy anger and thy love.

But thee, my friend, where'er thou be,
Or far or near, on shore or sea,
Thy limbs repose, thy steps abide,
Some guardian Genius walk beside,
And hover o'er, and prompt thy will,
To virtuous acts, and screen from ill.
Be active, while thou liv'st, to save,
And last conduct thee to a quiet grave.

ALWIN.

New-York, Sept. 20, 1798.

ODE TO APOLLO.

On an Ink-glass almost dried in the Sun.

By Mr. COWPER.

PATRON of all those luckless brains,
That, to the wrong side leaning,
Indite much metre with much pains,
And little or no meaning,

Ah why, since oceans, rivers, streams,
That water all the nations,
Pay tribute to thy glorious beams,
In constant exhalations,

Why, stooping from the noon of day,
Too covetous of drink,
Apollo, hast thou stol'n away
A poet's drop of ink?

Upborne into the viewless air,
It floats a vapour now,
Impell'd thro' regions dense and rare,
By all the winds that blow.

Ordain'd, perhaps, 'ere summer flies,
Combin'd with millions more,
To form an iris in the skies,
Tho' black and foul before.

Illustrious drop, and happy then
Beyond the happiest lot
Of all that ever pass'd my pen,
So soon to be forgot!

Phœbus, if such be thy design,
To place it in thy bow,
Give wit, that what is left may shine
With equal grace below.

PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED: *A Fable.*

By the same.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jaques Rousseau,*
If birds confabulate or no:
'Tis clear that they are always able
To hold discourse, at least in fable;

* It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his senses?

And ev'n the child, who knows no better
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a Cock and Bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.

It chanc'd then, on a winter's day,
But warm and bright, and calm as May,
The birds, conceiving a design
To forestall sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter and much chatter
Began to agitate the matter.
At length a Bulfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, op'ning wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak;
And, silence publicly enjoin'd,
Deliver'd briefly thus his mind:

"My friends, be cautious how ye treat
The subject upon which we meet;
I fear we shall have winter yet."
A Finch, whose tongue knew no controul,
With golden wing and fatten pole,
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied:
"Methinks the gentleman," quoth she,
"Opposite in the apple-tree,
By his good will would keep us single
Till yonder heav'n and earth should
mingle,
Or (which is likelier to befall)
Till death exterminate us all.
I marry without more ado,
My dear Dick Red-cap, what say you?"

Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling,
brideling,
Turning short round, strutting and side-
ling,
Attested, glad, his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.
Their sentiments so well express'd
Influenc'd mightily the rest;
All pair'd, and each pair built a nest.

But tho' the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came on not quite so fast,
And destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smil'd on their's.
The wind, of late breath'd gently forth,
Now shifted east and east by north:
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow;
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
Themselves were chill'd, their eggs were
addled:

Soon ev'ry father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and peck'd each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learn'd, in future, to be wiser,
Than to neglect a good adviser.

Instruction.

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

UNAVOIDABLE delays have taken place in the publication of the first number of this work. The readers may be assured that punctuality will hereafter be observed, and that each number shall be issued from the press at the beginning of each month.

Some deviations will appear to have been made from the plan originally submitted to the public. These deviations were adopted after mature reflection, and it is hoped that they will be seen and acknowledged to be just and proper. These changes encroach but little on the original scheme, and were prescribed by a due regard to the opinions of every class of citizens. There already exists a sufficient number of vehicles of political discussion and political information, and it is presumed that readers in general will be best pleased with a performance limited to scientific and literary topics.

To promote the usefulness of this Review of American publications, it is desirable to obtain the copies of new works as speedily and seasonably as possible. Authors and publishers are therefore requested to transmit copies of new books to the printers of this work. All such communications shall receive the earliest and most impartial notice.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that every communication addressed to the Editor, and left free of postage at the publishers (Messrs. SWORDS), will be gratefully received and immediately attended to.

THE
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VOL. I.]

MAY, 1799.

[No. 2.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

On the Inequalities of Solar Light.

IT is an old remark, that the commonest appearances in nature, and the most frequent incidents in human life, are, when viewed by the eyes of a philosopher, mysterious and inexplicable. Men have puzzled themselves in inquiring why a stone that is thrown upward into the air, falls again, after a certain time; to the earth; and how it happens that the arm is lifted, merely because I *desire* that it should be so. Not contented with the facts as they are noted by our senses, our curiosity conjures up a property, assigns to it the name of gravitation, measures its influence by numbers and lines, and traces its existence through every part of the universe.

In like manner, the nice links which connect muscular motion and thought, are scrutinized and counted. We pass from one operation to the other; we strive to linger, as it were, at that point which unites them, to fathom the abyss which lies between them, and to catch a glimpse of its nature and dimensions. If we fail in our attempts, we grow anxious and dejected; we lament the imperfection

of our organs, and the limitedness of our views.

Actuated by this spirit, it is no wonder that men have speculated on the causes that produce heat and cold, that regulate the change of temperature, and the succession of these changes. The weather is not equally warm at different hours of the same day, and at different seasons of the same year, and at different places at the same time. The questions that these differences and changes have suggested, have been partly answered. These appearances are not wholly capricious and irregular. Heat is found to be diminished by distance from the source of heat; the sun's rays are productive of more warmth when direct than when reflected. Hence, the greatest heat is experienced when the earth, in its annual course, approaches nearest to the sun. This heat is lessened when its rays are diverted by a cloud, by a mountain, or by the whole body of the globe. Those regions are warmer which receive the solar rays in the most direct manner; and which, by their equatorial position, are nearest the sun.

The temperature is likewise in-

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VOL. I. No. 2.

fluenced by what are called *local* causes. Heat is augmented by winds blowing over naked sands or cultivated plains. It is lessened, if in their way to us, the breezes pass over seas and lakes, over snowy ridges or impenetrable forests. If the rays are collected and concentrated by a concave, or scattered and dispersed by a convex surface, the temperature is modified accordingly. Thus the bottom of a vale is hotter than the summit of a mountain.

It is thus that many variations in temperature are satisfactorily solved; but it is evident that there are many changes which have not been hitherto explained, and which demand a different solution. Why heat is greater at noon-day than at midnight, in December than in August, at Cape-coast castle than at Spitzbergen, in a valley of the Alps than in the plain of Quito, on the edge of a sand-bank than in the bosom of a grove, are questions easily explained; but it is incessantly observable, that though all circumstances of place and time be the same, yet the temperature is variable. Summer is not equally hot, and winter equally cold. The same season annually recurs to mankind, but it never brings along with it the same degree of moisture and heat. At one time, summer shall be hot, dry, serene, and of long continuance: at another, it shall be brief, cold, turbulent, and moist. Winter shall, at one time, be almost a stranger to ice and to snow: at another, rivers and lakes shall be frozen from September to March; the ground shall be covered with unmelting snows, and hundreds shall perish through the insupportable severity, and vegetation shall be half extinguished by the long continuance of the cold. Whence do these differences arise?

If we consult analogy, perhaps we may be enabled to form a plau-

sible conjecture. Heat depends not only on our nearness to the burning body, on the free passage and the direct *incidence* of the rays, but likewise on the quantity of rays which the united or lucid body emits. If this quantity be uniform, the heat produced, other circumstances being the same, must be uniform; but if this quantity vary, the heat produced must likewise vary. If a different portion of rays be emitted by the sun at different times, the temperature must necessarily be modified by this diversity. We may reside on the same hill or the same plain, but if fewer rays issued from the sun in the year 1780 than in the tenth year afterwards, the winter of the former year must have been longer and colder than the winter of the latter.

This conclusion is adverse to regular ideas, but it is conformable to many facts in the history of the universe. It is one mode of accounting for appearances, and those who think it inaccurate and vague may reasonably be required to assign a better. Analogy is the basis of opinion, in these cases; and if this be the most plausible inference which analogy suggests, we are bound to adopt it.

On the survey of the fixed stars, it is found that some of them are permanent in their lustre, while others are variable in this respect. Of the last, some are observed to become gradually less luminous, others are distinguished by a constant increase in their brightness; others grow alternately obscure and bright. A fourth kind are periodically extinguished and reluminated.

It is generally admitted that the sun resembles, in its substance and properties, the fixed stars. Why then may we not infer from the visible changes in the latter, the probability of similar changes in the former? It is evident, indeed, that our sun is not extinguished and

lighted up at short periods; that its variations are not as rapid and considerable as may be observed in some of its neighbours: its changes may not be so great, and so frequent, and so regular, as to be the subjects of computation and foresight. They may arise from causes inscrutable to us. Like earthquakes and volcanoes, the agents may work in secret, and the most vigilant eye may be, in vain, employed to detect their operations. But though the causes be unknown, the effects are incontestible.

Why, indeed, should the lustre of the sun be supposed to be immutable? The order of nature seems to require that there should be progress and mutation in this, as in all other things. The period of its utter extinction may be very remote, but, as long as the causes of its extinction are unknown, we are not certain that this immense taper may not *go out* to-morrow. The most unexpected and capricious changes are observable in this respect among the fixed stars. Why should *this* sun be imagined exempt from revolutions equally abrupt and memorable? Still more probable is it that this illumination, during its continuance, will be sometimes weak and sometimes strong; and those changes must produce prodigious effects among those beings that adorn and animate the surface of the planets. Heat is the great vital principle. When that is totally withdrawn or dispensed in portions considerably different from the present, immense havoc must be made among the species that now exist, and new chains of being commence.

An inquisitive mind might amuse or terrify itself by imagining the consequences connected with this changeable property in the sun's

lustre. Its utter extinction would not leave us totally destitute of light. If the stars shine by their own lustre, which is highly probable, night indeed would be eternal; but darkness would be absent still. Gravitation and attraction might still operate, and though the present forms of existence would disappear, other forms would no doubt succeed: nor is there reason to suppose that intelligent beings would be fewer or less happy than at present.

The changes that may hereafter occur, may be merely repetitions of the past. Many facts which ancient observers have noted in the constitution of the atmosphere, may have flowed from inequalities in the sun's light; and the present scene of things may have come into birth in consequence of the re-illumination of the sun after a long period of obscurity. This age of darkness might itself have been preceded by an age of light, and in the endless progress of time, these alterations of lustre and gloom, may already have been, and may hereafter be, a thousand times repeated.

These speculations, however, may be refuted by observation and experience. I am not so enamoured of my system but that I shall readily relinquish it when it is shown to be groundless. These ideas appeared to me to claim some attention; they may possibly contribute to the entertainment of readers who delight in this kind of speculation.

This opinion is not without advocates among the disciples of astronomy. Dr. Herschel, whose authority on all astronomical topics can scarcely be over-rated, has exhibited and defended this system with his usual ingenuity.*

B.

* See London Philosophical Transactions for 1796. Herschel's remarks, alluded to by our correspondent, are extracted in this number

*On the Commutations of a New-York May-Day.**Mr. Editor,*

YOU seem to be a very grave kind of person, and I do not know whether you will not disdain the humble subject that I have chosen to write to you about. It may not be of so much importance as some others, but, let me tell you, there are few things that so much influence the happiness of a family. I am a plain woman, and have had my share of attending upon children and servants. I know how much care and anxiety is required to govern a family, and I think I should do a public and extensive good, if, by my means, that anxiety and care were any ways lessened.

Now I scarcely know any grievance greater than that of being compelled to move once a year from one house to another. The people of this city are seized, on the first of May, by a sort of madness, that will not let them rest till they have changed their dwelling. No matter how conveniently and *cleverly* they may be situated. No sooner does spring appear, than preparations are made to move on the first of May. A new house must be looked for, and nothing must be thought or talked of, for the next three months, but what house we shall take.

It is now three years since I married Mr. Armstrong, and came to live in New-York. I was almost tired to death before I got completely settled in a neat little house in Greenwich-street. We had much goods, as well as ourselves, to bring all the way from Poughkeepsie; and there was so much trouble in shipping them off, in getting them from the vessel to the house, and in putting them in order: there was so much time before we could make ourselves comfortable, and make us feel as if we were at home, that

I vowed never to move again, unless compelled to it by fire or some such misfortune.

When six months had passed over our heads, my husband began to start objections to our abode. It was too near the water, it was too small; a cheaper house, he thought, might be found. The landlord had called to know whether he meant to continue in it another year. It was necessary to decide. *Such* and *such* an house, he had heard, was to lose its present tenant, and would, he believed, suit us better.

I had, by this time, began to feel somewhat at my ease. I had formed some acquaintance with my neighbours, and I found them quiet and obliging. I remembered the trouble that I had before had in moving to our present house, and shrunk from the thought of going through it all once more.

Our house, to be sure, had some inconveniences; but it is impossible to find an house exactly to one's mind. There will always be something which we would wish to be different: and custom reconciles one to a thousand little wants and difficulties, which are very serious and formidable when we first meet with them. If we cannot remove them altogether, we make use of shifts and contrivances that come, in time, to answer the end just as well.

I could not bring over my husband to my way of thinking. He would seemingly acquiesce for a little while, but he was always sure to renew the subject. Such a friend of ours was going to move into such an house. Such and such advantages attended the change. The house which he should leave was not yet taken. It was larger, or more commodious, or cheaper than our own. It was near a well of good water, which would save us the price and trouble of buying it; and it was so fine a thing in sultry

weather to have a draught of cold water always at hand: besides, the kitchen was larger, there was a tree before the door, and the houses near it were of brick; and this would make it less dangerous in case of fire.

It was in vain to talk to him about the awkwardness and sadness that we feel in going into a new neighbourhood and a new house. These he did not understand or feel. His father's family had always been used to move once a year, and to live in the same house forever, was, at least, but tiresome and insipid. Suppose, said he, that the new house is no better than this, yet the rent is less by fifty dollars a year. That, I assure you, is something.

To be sure, says I, it is something; but a man like you, whose affairs are in a tolerably good situation, ought to be willing to buy his ease at a greater expense than that, I do not know what money is good for but to place us at our ease. To avoid the clatter, and noise, and hurry, and vexation of moving, I'd be willing, for my part, to give more than fifty dollars. Besides, you do not expect, I hope, to move without any new expense. You must give, at least, that much to cartmen and labourers; so that, on the score of expense, you will be just where you are; while, on the score of time and trouble, you will be the worse by three or four days.

But what you pay to cartmen will not be all the expense. You know that chairs, and tables, and looking-glasses cannot be moved without injury. Carelessness and clumsiness will do them more harm in one hour than using them in the same house for years would do. Not to say what will be mislaid or lost, or what will be stolen: you may set all these down at fifty dollars more; so that, by moving to

an house whose rent is fifty dollars less, you will only run yourself to a new expense of an hundred.

All my reasonings were thrown away upon him: nothing would do, but move we must. And so we have continued moving once a year, at least, since our marriage. I have a mortal aversion to this business, and wish my husband could be persuaded to be satisfied with remaining where he is. The more experience I have of it, the more I dislike it; and, if I live much longer, I will positively refuse to budge at the year's end.

Yet all the world seems like my husband in this respect: all the New-York world I mean, for, as far as I can hear, this custom of a general move on the first of May, is not known any where else.—Cannot you write something upon this subject that will show the folly of this custom? I wish you would: you have a better knack at the pen than I have, no doubt, and may be very persuasive and judicious. If you please nobody else by doing so, you will, at least, gratify

AMY ARMSTRONG.

ON ALMANACKS.

Mr. Editor,

THERE are few subjects in which a man may find more room for speculation than an almanack. I lately experienced the truth of this remark in a very forcible manner. Last month, walking in the wilds of New-Jersey, I was overtaken by a storm, and obliged to seek shelter in the hovel of a fisherman. Looking about for something to employ my thoughts and beguile the hour, I spied, hanging by a piece of packthread from a nail, an almanack. I took it down, opened it, and turned over the pages in search of some infor-

mation or amusement. The receipts for curing several diseases in men and horses, the moral precepts, and the quotations from Joe Miller scattered through it, were all read with much gravity and deliberation. At length, I closed the book, and turning to the good woman who sat near me, and who was busy in darning a worsted stocking, Pray, said I, what use do you make of this thing?

Why, said she, with a good deal of hesitation, why—I don't know—it's an almanack.

True, said I, and what use do you find for an almanack.

Why, she answered with an air of increased perplexity, we look at it now and then to—to—to tell us the day of the month.

And what need have you to discover the day of the month?

Why—I don't know, I am sure—One likes to know what day of the month it is sometimes. One must pay one's rent quarter day, and one doesn't know when it comes round without an *Olminick*.

That, said I, happens four times a year; so that once in three months you have occasion to look into this book: but there is much besides the days of the week and month. I see, continued I, taking up the book again and showing her the page, I see there are eight columns. One of these shows the days of the week; but here the letter *G* occurs on every Sunday; what does that mean?

Lord love your soul, cried she, how should I know?

The next space is filled with various particulars. First there are the names of saints. I suppose Nicholas, and Stephen, and Matthias, and Sylvester, and Benedict, and Swithen, are saints: What use do you make of them?

Why none, to be sure. What are these folks to me?

Here are likewise sundry hard

words: such as Quinquagesima, Epiphany, Ascension: What do they mean?

La! suz, don't ask me.

And what are these uncouth characters, squares, and circles, and crosses; and the words, elongation, southing, apogee, Sirius and Arcturus, and Bull's eye, and Crab's foot? What did the almanack maker mean by giving us all that?

I can't tell, not I. I looks for nothing but the day of the month and the times that the sun rises.

Here I thought proper to put an end to the dialogue. I could not help reflecting on the abundance of useless and unintelligible learning which an almanack contains. There is scarcely a family, however ignorant and indigent, without one copy hanging constantly in sight, and yet there is no production which fewer understand. The sense it contains is not only abstruse and remote from vulgar apprehension, but it is exhibited in the most scientific and concise form. Figures, initials, symbolical characters, and half-words every where abound.

A stranger who should meet, in every hovel, with a book, in which the relative positions of the planets, the diurnal progress of the sun in the zodiac, the lunar and solar eclipses, the wanderings of Sirius, Arcturus, and the Pleiades; of *Occulus*, *Tauri*, and *Spica-Virginis* were described in a way the most technical imaginable, would be apt to regard us as a very astronomical and learned nation. That the volume should be bought annually by every family, should be considered as an indispensable piece of household furniture, be so placed as to be always at hand, are facts that would make his inference extremely plausible. He would be not a little surprized to discover, that the book is bought for the sake of that which the memory and skill of children



would suffice to find out, of that which costs the compiler nothing more than the survey of a former almanack, and a few strokes of his pen; and that these celebrated computations, these mystic symbols, this adjustment of certain days to certain holy names, are neither attended to, nor understood by one in ten thousand.

The eye roves over them, but the question, what do they mean? never enters the mind. Being accustomed to retain figures and arrangements, we are dissatisfied if they do not appear as usual. My father hung his almanack on this nail, and I must do as my father did. A book of this kind being compiled and published anew every year, we take for granted that every new year demands a new almanack.

Habit will account for the continuance of a certain practice, but not for its origin. One would be naturally led to think, that when almanacks were first invented, mankind were more conversant with the stars than at present, that every cottager was interested in the planetary revolutions, in the places of the moon, in the solar progress, and in the birth days of hermits and confessors.

This is partly true; but the source of curiosity respecting the motions of the heavenly bodies, was merely a belief that the incidents of human life were connected with these changes. That tract in the heavens which the sun apparently passes in a year, was called the zodiac, and was divided into twelve portions, which were called signs, and each of which received a fantastic name. A connection was imagined between the different members of the human body and the signs of the zodiac. Hence it was requisite to state minutely the zodiacal place of the sun, that men might be aware of the accidents to which they were most liable at cer-

tain seasons. The frontispiece commonly exhibited a figure, explaining the connection between constellations and limbs; and this frontispiece is still generally retained.

Stellar influence, though strong was rightly supposed to be inferior to that of the planets. The relative position of the fixed stars is apparently unchangeable. Not so that of the planetary bodies: hence curiosity was busy in ascertaining the places of the latter, the prosperous and adverse state of man, being supposed to be swayed by the oppositions and conjunctions of these orbs; and hence compilers of almanacks bestowed particular attention on this circumstance.

There was a time when festivals and religious observances were connected with the anniversaries of the births of apostles and martyrs. It was therefore necessary to inform the people when these anniversaries occurred. A change of religion has taken away this necessity, at least among ourselves. Swithen, Margaret, Magdalen, Michael and Denys are names which the reader overlooks. He never dreams of making a distinction between the days opposite to which these names appear and other days. To us, therefore, or at least to some of us, they are wholly useless and impertinent; but still they are annually printed, and their omission would create, in many persons, disapprobation and surprize.

It can scarcely fail to occur that almanacks might be made the instruments of much general improvement. Custom has introduced them into every family. There is generally a space set apart for miscellaneous information, and in filling this space the compiler is at liberty to exercise his own judgment. The popularity of almanacks will thus afford him an opportunity of imparting wholesome truths to thousands, whose audience he could

never hope to obtain in any other way.

In the form of tables, and in place of much of what is now introduced, facts in physical and moral science might be happily substituted. What is now occupied by Crispin and Gregory, by the perigee and apogee of the moon, by the risings and descents of Sirius and Arcturus, and by the vagaries of the planets, might surely be supplied with much more useful matter.

The happiness of mankind depends not so much upon the progress which the sciences, abstractedly considered, have made, but on the diffusion of the knowledge which already exists. A thousand truths are to be found in the books and meditations of the wise, of which mankind have profited nothing, because, in general, they remain ignorant of their existence. It seems as if a man, truly enlightened, should employ himself not in advancing the various branches of physical and moral knowledge to perfection by solitary experiments, and closet speculation; but in contriving and executing schemes for making simple, intelligible, and concise, the sciences in their present state of improvement; in making cheaper and more commodious, in cloathing in more popular and attractive forms, and putting into the possession of a greater number the knowledge already ascertained, and which is most conducive to their welfare. I cannot conceive an instrument more useful to this end, and an opportunity more favourable to the dissemination of truth and happiness than an almanack affords.

The advantages of this expedient have not been wholly overlooked. In Germany it has been more extensively employed than elsewhere. History, botany, mineralogy, agriculture, and domestic economy, have all been moulded into this form, and with admirable skill and

efficacy. Two improvements have likewise been observable in our own country. One consists in noting the date of the principal events of our own history, and the other in assigning a column for exhibiting the degrees of heat, as observed on Fahrenheit's thermometer, on each day of the preceding year. The last improvement I have seen only in the almanacks published by Mr. Poulson, in Philadelphia.

This letter is already too long, or I would state some obvious improvements, of which I think this kind of publication is susceptible. Perhaps you will hear from me hereafter. R.

ON HAIR-POWDER.

Mr. Editor,

I AM desirous of making a figure as an author, but am much at a loss for a suitable subject on which to write. I do not know any language but my own, and never opened a book but to amuse an idle hour. Reading is amusing enough, and there is never any want of books. If they cannot be bought they can be hired, and if they cannot be hired they may be borrowed from my numerous acquaintances, who are more knowing and more studious than myself; but the whim has seized me of seeking amusement in a different way. In short, I am resolved to write a book.

The first thing to be considered is the subject. I want to find a subject that is likely to instruct and entertain my readers; a subject which most people understand, and, above all, a subject on which I can collect the necessary knowledge, without searching very long or very far: I am aiming at pleasure, not toil; I want an amusement, not a task.

I have puzzled myself a good while in hunting for a theme in which to exercise my pen. I think

I have found one at last that will suit me. I owe the suggestion to my barber. Sitting yesterday under his hands, he awakened me from a fit of musing, by asking me when powdering of heads came into fashion? I could not inform him; but his question inspired me with the same curiosity. True, said I to myself, whence arose the custom of powdering the head? How far has the use of powder extended? what changes has the custom undergone? What are its consequences on human happiness? These, at present, are mysterious to me, but I will not rest till they are solved; and, now I think of it, this shall be the subject of my book. I will write a moral, political, and economical essay upon hair-powder.

The next thing is to collect ideas and materials for my essay. Among other means of doing this I have bethought myself of framing some queries on this subject, and of submitting them to the readers of your work. Some of them, perhaps, may possess the knowledge that I want, and may not disdain to supply my needs. A few strokes of the pen may be highly serviceable to my design, and may not cost the application of three minutes.

I am not a person of narrow views. I mean to treat the subject on a large scale, and raise up a very scientific fabric. All its branches and relations shall be thoroughly discussed; and yet, though my excursions shall be wide, I do not mean that they shall be boundless. I design to limit them to the United States and to the present period.

Method being of use on these occasions, I intend to methodize my lucubrations with great care. I will treat the topic in the most orderly manner possible. First I will inquire into the material and manufactory of this article. I know that the grain of wheat is the substance out of which it is made; but,

1. What is the process of making hair-powder? What quantity is annually manufactured in the United States? What number of hands does this manufactory employ? What portion of each day is assigned to it? What ingenuity does it demand, or talents does it call forth or exercise? What influence has the trade upon the senses and health of him that pursues it?

2. The powder being made, what are the mysteries of their trade who apply it to use? What is the number, condition, and social degree of the disciples of the *puff*? What is the amount of their profits? What is the consumption of time and labour demanded by the acquisition and pursuit of their art?

Powder is a minute and white dust. The custom is to shake this dust over our heads on stated or periodical occasions. Sometimes the ceremony takes place once a day; sometimes once a week. Of the dust thus shaken part floats awhile in the air, and, in time, lodges on the walls, furniture, and carpet. The nature of the thing renders this dispersion unavoidable; but its proper place is the head. *There* it is an ornament, but elsewhere it is an incumbrance and pollution; and servile hands must be employed, with brush and cloth, to remove it. Now,

3. What are the rules of etiquette or decency by which some classes and professions use this dust, and others abstain from it? What are the occasions which demand the use of it, or which permit the disuse? What are its effects upon the beauty or soundness of the hair and the head?

4. What time is consumed by him that uses it? What expense does it produce? Time and money are consumed by it, directly and indirectly. Combs, dressing clothes and brushes must be bought, must be kept in some repository, must be occasionally cleansed; these re-

quire the service of others, and exertions of our own: and hence arise claims upon time and money. What is the amount of these claims?

These are a few of the points on which I wish for information. I want merely to be supplied with facts. As to the arrangement of these facts into harmony and system, and the deductions, moral, political and commercial, to be drawn from them, that province I reserve to myself. I have no doubt I shall produce a very valuable performance, and as my work is to be published by subscription, shall receive the most liberal and extensive patronage.

No one will deny the importance of my subject. The history of an art practised by so many; which constitutes so large a portion of our personal employment and expense; which regulates the distinction between different classes of society; which is so much connected with ideas of elegance and decency, cannot be of trifling moment.

I confess to you that I send you this; and desire you to publish it, not merely to gain information on the points stated, but to apprise the world that such a performance is in embryo; to set curiosity on tiptoe, and give your readers the delight of anticipation. I hope you will, by publishing it as soon as possible, gratify the world, as well as assist the schemes of your humble servant,

PETER PUFFENDORF.

Parallel between HUME, ROBERTSON and GIBBON.

AMONG English writers of history, common consent seems to have assigned the first place to Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon.—The merit of each of these, compared with that of their contemporaries and their predecessors, is un-

doubtedly illustrious. That each has numerous defects will as readily be granted; but it will not be easily or unanimously decided to which, when compared with each other, the pre-eminence is due.

The eloquence and skill of an historian may be considered distinctly from the truth or falsehood, the utility or hurtfulness, of that system of opinions which he has happened to adopt, and to the inculcation of which his performance is wholly or chiefly devoted. The last consideration is of chief moment; and the judgment that we form of these writers will, of course, be influenced by the texture of that creed which we have previously embraced.

The studious or lettered part of mankind may, at present, be divided into two sects, one of which is friendly, and the other hostile to religion. The first will regard any attempt to undermine the sacred edifice with horror and aversion. This abhorrence will be proportioned to the malice, dexterity and perseverance of the assailant. In these three qualities, Edward Gibbon will be thought to have excelled all former and contemporary writers. History is that kind of composition which, for obvious causes, will find most readers, and logical deductions and comprehensive argumentation are not suitable in this sphere. These, therefore, are not to be found in the works of Gibbon. His subject required him to explain the origin and progress of the Christian system; and, in performing this, he has attacked the truth of this system with the dangerous weapons of sarcasm and irony. The charms of his composition, the dignity and popularity of the theme, and the ingenuity and learning which he cannot be denied to have displayed, have made his book circulate far and wide, and given him uncommon power over

the opinions of the thoughtless and precipitate. Hence, from those who esteem the Christian faith essential to the happiness of mankind, he must claim a large share of disapprobation.

Those who embrace anti-christian tenets will not, of course, applaud every attempt favourable to their cause. If they be candid and upright, they will discern the importance of this subject, and perceive that irony, and sarcasm, and partial inferences, and narrow views, have no tendency but to propagate error, to deprave the moral sentiments of mankind, and to vitiate their reason, by supplying them with a fallacious standard of belief. Nothing, to an ingenuous mind, is more hateful than the tricks and artifices of dispute, masked allusions, sarcastic hints, and ambiguous irony; these, if possible, must be hated more, when employed upon the side of what he deems truth, than when in opposition to it. They are indirect confessions of the weakness of the cause, and proofs of hypocrisy and malice in its advocates. Such, I am afraid, is the light in which the writings of Gibbon deserve to be viewed by impartial readers of both sects.

David Hume was led, by the nature of his subject, into somewhat different tracts. He had, indeed, ample room for noting the effects of superstition and priestcraft; but he is, at least, open and explicit in the avowal of his sentiments. He does not debase his theme by frigid and unseasonable mirth, and is exempt from the preposterous exaggerations of the satirist, and the ignoble artifices of the hypocrite. Hume was the enemy not of any particular form of religion, but of religion itself. His inferences are, therefore, much too large to be admitted by a Christian reader; but, under certain obvious limitations, they will not be rejected by one who, while he

believes in the truth and excellence of religion in general, condemns the abuses of enthusiasm and hypocrisy. Hume, therefore, is not without his claims to respect, even from religious readers; while readers of a different kind will hasten to assign him the first place among sages and historians.

Robertson, in his greatest work, had occasion to deduce the history of the reformation, and to mark, in a thousand instances, the effects of religion on the human mind. I believe there is little room for censure afforded by this historian to either class of readers. His distinctions will be allowed to be correct, between the substance and the semblance of religion; between the doctrines contained in the Christian records, and the forgeries and misinterpretations which were substituted in their place by the ignorance and ambition of the middle ages; between the deductions of reason and the dictates of self-interest, on one hand, and the illusions of fanaticism on the other. The dignity, moderation and candour of his sentiments will be admired by all. Unchristian readers will not condemn him as a dealer in artifices and jests: they will applaud him for having said so much truth, and regret that he has not said (what they must deem) the whole truth.

There are other modes by which the systems of historians may be supposed to influence the merit of their compositions. Their skill in deducing one event from another, and marking the influence of political transactions on the condition of those who are subject to that influence, are things disconnected with religion, and may be judged without biasses derived from that source. In this respect the sagacity and comprehensiveness of Hume is great beyond example. Compared with him, Gibbon and Robertson sink into inferiority. It is

easier to determine their comparative than their absolute merit. That one is less skilful than the other in his selection and arrangement of events; in assigning the causes of events either in precedent occurrences or in the motives of the actor: in tracing the influence of laws and government on manners and arts, and exhibiting the genuine tendencies of wars and revolutions, may be safely asserted. The absolute quantity of the skill of each, and the exact degree of their inequality, are points of difficult solution.

There is one circumstance which constitutes a palpable difference between Gibbon and his rivals. Decency is not the most worthless quality in an historical narration. It should seem, that the want of decency is a want not easily compensated. Wit, learning, and ingenuity, divorced from decency, seem to lose the greater part of their value.

By indecency I do not mean the mention of objects and actions which custom has excluded from popular and mixed intercourse, but the mention of these in a way that indicates a polluted taste and debauched imagination in the writer, and that tends only to infuse depravity and vileness into the mind of the reader. No reader can fail to mark the enormous prevalence of this fault in the Roman history of Gibbon. The reader is continually shocked by these gross perversions. No opportunity in which they can possibly be admitted is supposed to escape. If they cannot be foisted into the text they are stuffed into a note. It is seldom, however, that he finds himself reduced to this expedient. He is deaf to the most obvious incoherences and discords, and will introduce lascivious allusions on occasion the most unsuitable and incongruous imaginable. He seldom forgets to

subjoin a note, in which the nauseous image is further amplified and dwelt upon; in which, perhaps, the original manufacturer of the jest is pointed out, and the *learned* lecher is gratified with seeing the same image expressed in the bolder idiom of Latin or Greek.

The substance of these allusions is not more disgusting than the manner. Voltaire, his great rival in obscenity, has joined wit, elegance and gaiety to his lasciviousness; but Gibbon's style testifies nothing but the influence of depraved habits. His jests are unseasonable, out of place, dull, witless, and loathsome. We are astonished by what links images so dissimilar are connected, and allusions so remote brought into view; and our astonishment ceases only when we recollect the inveteracy of sensual habits, and their aptness to envenom and gangrene the whole soul of him over whom they tyrannize.

When I have been able to forget my disgust, I have drawn amusement from marking the processes of this writer's fancy, and the influence of habit to modify and tincture his ideas. In lately perusing his work, I could not but smile to see him step out of the way in order to amuse his readers with a long quotation from "*La Pucelle d'Orleans*;" a work which his extraordinary modesty will not allow him so much as to name, though he finds no difficulty in inserting ten or fifteen lines of it in the pages of what ought to be a serious history.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that Robertson and Hume are totally exempt from this odious blemish. That decorum and solemnity, are rigorously maintained, which are worthy of the narrator of great events, and a moral painter of the errors and calamities of mankind.

The different spirit of these writers is forcibly illustrated in a passage of Gibbon. The topic of dis-

cussion is the turbulence of the Romans under the Papal government. These suggest a remark with what different degrees of reverence the Pope was regarded by his immediate and his distant subjects, and occasion is needlessly taken to introduce a quotation from Hume, in which the same remark is more diffusely expressed. The name of Hume instantly suggested to this quoter an incident in the life of Geoffrey, the father of Henry II. related by the former, over which he, no doubt, had often secretly chuckled. This is quoted in a note, and a remark is subjoined to the quotation, which would never have been made by Hume, and which shows the contrast, in this respect, between their characters.*

As to style, these writers essentially differ from each other. Gibbon seems not to have constructed his style upon any known model. There is no example, among English writers, of the same species of composition; and his admiration of Tacitus is only to be found in his own assertions, and not in any resemblance which subsists between the styles of the two historians. It is distinguished by a certain loftiness and uniformity, from which he never stoops or relaxes. His loftiness is artificial and obscure. It is not the result of classical terms and polished phrases, but of circumlocution, and a kind of poetical exhibition of his meaning. He is difficult to understand, not from the inaptitude and ill selection of his words, but from epigrammatic brevity and unnatural arrangement of his thoughts.

Uniformity can scarcely ever please; but a uniformity in defect, in artificial pomp and elaborate obscurity, must be eminently obnoxious. No writer is more tiresome than Gibbon. To read his book

is not only a task from its sameness, but a toil from its obscurity. You must pause at every step, and analyze every sentence before it can be understood. Nothing is expressed in simple terms. Whatever would suggest itself to one ambitious merely of imparting his thoughts in a direct and perspicuous manner, is carefully avoided. Does he mean to tell you that Azo lived nearly the whole of the eleventh century, he will say, that *the term of his mortal existence was almost commensurate with the lapse of the eleventh century*. Does he desire to inform us, that Fontenelle, at his death, only wanted a fortnight of being an hundred years old, and that Aurengzebe and Cardinal Fleury died before their ninetieth year, he expresses it thus: Had a *fortnight more been given to the philosopher*, he might have celebrated his secular festival; but the lives and labours of the *Mogul king* and the *French minister* were terminated before they had accomplished their ninetieth year.

It would not be easy to conceive a more powerful contrast to the obscurity and pomp of Gibbon, than the clear, flexible, and simple language of Hume. Extremes are difficult to shun; and, therefore, Hume is sometimes found to sink into careless and disjointed phrases—into mere talk. His simplicity is sometimes incorrect, and his perspicuity destitute of vigour.

At first sight, it should seem that Robertson adhered to the happy mean where lies true excellence; but an attentive examination will discover numerous defects. He prolongs his sentences, and multiplies his epithets without use. He is verbose and wanting in precision: still there is a dignity, simplicity, and clearness in his composition. He is looser and less accurate than

* Gibbon's History, vol. vi. p. 486. Dublin edition.

Gibbon; more flowing and luxuriant than Hume. You read without efforts or pauses; and all is equable, lucid, and smooth. Hume and Robertson accomplish the true end of writing, which is, to impart our meaning swiftly and clearly. This end is thwarted and missed by Gibbon; and in him, therefore, whatever be his claim to respect for sagacity, fidelity and perseverance, one of the most essential attributes of a just style is wanting.

The eloquence of any narrative relates to that property in it by which it fastens the attention, awakens the passions, and illuminates the imagination of the reader. That writer is eloquent who creates distinct images of characters and objects, who snatches us away from external things, and makes us spectators of the scenes which he describes. This is effected by selecting and arranging the parts of objects and the circumstances of events which are requisite to constitute the picture, and by cloathing them in language always perspicuous, and *sometimes* ornamental.

Gibbon is, in this respect, excelled by many writers, who, in other particulars, are greatly inferior. The nature of his tale, indeed, obliges him to be concise; but his figures are trite and injudicious: his objects are obscured, instead of being illuminated by his style; and his characters are vaguely delineated and faintly coloured.

Hume excels all men in portraying the heroes of the scene. His narrative is coherent and luminous. It affords pleasure to the old and the young, and fiction itself is outdone in its power to command and delight attention by the seductions of his tale.

Robertson is scarcely inferior, in this respect, to Hume, and immeasurably surpasses Gibbon. His narrative, whether compendious or circumstantial, lays hold of the

mind, and, when it is at an end, we awake, as from a pleasing dream, with reluctance. The whole series of American and Scottish history is a specimen of this. The military operations between Francis and the Emperor Charles; the expedition of the latter to Algiers; the conspiracy of Fiesco; the rebellion of Padilla; and the insurrection of the Anabaptists, are all related with a vividness and perspicuity that cannot be excelled.

How far these writers are faithful to the truth it is not the purpose of this essay to investigate. Different opinions have been formed on this head. In Hume some have supposed that they discovered an inclination to depreciate the freedom of the English constitution, under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and to degrade the heroes and patriots who contended for civil and religious liberty against Charles I. —Robertson is said to have maligned the character of Mary of Scotland; to have misstated the spirit and progress of the feudal system; and to have palliated the cruelties of the Spaniards in America. Gibbon has been charged with misrepresentation, as well as sophistry; with suppressing and disguising those facts which are favourable to the Christian cause. These are points which I shall not, at present, discuss. The end that I proposed was no more than to compare their claims to the praise of eloquence and genius. If any defects are to be found in this comparison, I hope some of your readers will gratify me by detecting them. O.

Description of the City of Morocco.

BY A TRAVELLER.

WESTWARD, and at the foot of Atlas, is a plain of considerable extent; the fertility of

which is increased by numerous streams, falling from the neighbouring mountain. It was formerly divided into gardens and plantations, few of which have survived the devastation of tyranny and faction.

In the midst of this plain is situated the city of Morocco; the metropolis of a kingdom which vies with France in extent, and exceeds it in fertility; but, in consequence of misgovernment, is little better than a desert.

The walls, which are nearly entire, comprise a space not inferior to Paris, but which exhibit little more than heaps of ruins. Indeed, of half a million of inhabitants, which it probably contained in the flourishing period of the Arabians, twenty or thirty thousand are the most that can now be found in it. In the absence of the prince, the number is even less than this.

The foundations of houses, and the vestiges of streets are every where visible. The quarters that have been rebuilt are distant from each other, and composed of houses awkwardly constructed, tottering, dark, inconvenient and filthy.

The houses of private persons, in their size and proportions, have no resemblance to each other. They are not built in the same line. The breadth of the street is therefore perpetually varying. They all agree in presenting a square front, of mud, half converted into bricks, irregular in surface, and with no aperture but a door.

The Jews reside in a separate quarter, enclosed by a craggy wall. The ruins of synagogues and habitations show this quarter to have once been populous. It is said to have contained twenty thousand persons, who have now dwindled to two hundred families. The rest have been dispersed by violence, or have taken refuge, from a sanguinary and tyrannical government, in the bosom of the neighbouring hills.

The public buildings are mosques, kaiseria, or market-places, and the buildings of the great. The mosques, some of which are spacious, are built in a similar, but some what worse style than structures of the same kind in Natolia and Greece. The kaiseria are mean in their structure, and make but a beggarly display of merchandize. They are much inferior to the bezesteens in Turkey, places appropriate to the same purpose.

A large space, enclosed by walls, containing gardens of orange trees and odoriferous flowers, and interspersed by gay pavilions, is the abode of the monarch, his kinsmen, and his grantees. These differ in extent and splendour in proportion to the rank and wealth of the possessor: that of the prince is of course the most magnificent.

The last is an edifice of some grandeur. It fronts the snowy and stupendous ridge of Atlas, which, though many leagues distant, seems to overhang the city. The walls, through which you are led by gates of hewn stone, adorned with Gothic arches and Arabian ornaments, enclose various courts and gardens. These were laid out by captives or hirelings from Naples and France, and forcibly reminded me of my native country. In this instance, for some reason which I am unable to assign, this people seem to have dismissed their usual antipathy to whatever is christian.

In the centre of each garden is a pyramidal edifice, covered with varnished tiles of various colours. In each is a large hall, lighted and aired by four doors. The walls are embellished with gilding, and painting, and inscriptions from the Koran. The floor is covered with carpets. The rest of the furniture consists in tables, clocks, fire-arms, all of European manufacture, china and flower-pots.

The temperature of this city is

in an high degree salubrious and delightful. The snowy summits of Atlas screen it from the burning winds of the desert. To the same cause, however, it is owing that the winter is extremely cold.

Morocco is the capital of the southern, as Mequinez is of the northern provinces. The latter is in a less ruinous condition than the former; but the above description is, with a few exceptions, adapted to all the Mahometan cities.

REMARKS on LOVERS' VOWS: a
Play in five Acts, performed at the
Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.
From the German of KOTZEBUE.
By Mrs. INCHBALD.

THE plays of Kotzebue having attracted a very uncommon degree of attention, as prepared for, and exhibited on the stage of New-York, we were anxious to see a production of this popular author, as fitted for the taste of an English audience by a celebrated dramatic writer of that nation, and stamped with unequivocal marks of public approbation. We were prepared to acknowledge the superiority of this version, from the hands of Mrs. Inchbald, over the translation (however much admired by Americans) which had been exhibited at the Theatre of New-York, without having received the sanction of a London audience. Our expectations were raised still higher on reading Mrs. Inchbald's preface, in which she has, without reserve, given a decided preference to her play over that of Kotzebue. How great then was our disappointment on finding, that to fit it for the English stage almost every passage which had made its way to our hearts, and forced the tears into our eyes, was expunged by Mrs. Inchbald as unfit for the ears of her countrymen.

Every character of the piece has suffered by the alterations of the English Dramatist, except, perhaps, the rhyming *Builer*. "The part of Amelia has been a very particular object of my solicitude and alteration," says Mrs. Inchbald, "the same situations which the author gave her remain, but almost all the dialogue of the character I have changed." Mrs. Inchbald goes on to condemn Kotzebue's Amelia in very pointed terms, her "forward" manner "would have been revolting to an English audience." "Amelia's love, by Kotzebue, is indelicately blunt, and yet void of mirth or sadness." Either a London audience is very different from an audience in New-York, or Mrs. Inchbald is very much mistaken as to the effect the character of *Kotzebue's Amelia* would produce; it was, in this city, the very reverse of "revolting." Let us, in justice to the German Bard, examine his Amelia with the improved Amelia of Mrs. Inchbald. We have before us the admired Covent-Garden play, as published, and the manuscript copy represented on our stage, which, we are assured, is Mrs. Plumtree's literal translation, fitted for an American audience, by the Director of the New-York Theatre.

Amelia's first speech, kissing the Baron's hand, is "Good morrow, dear father;" but for an English audience the tender appellation of "father" must be changed to "my Lord." But we must not be so minute. Several of Amelia's sweetly simple replies to her father, expressive of her frankness, in avowing her sentiments at the same time that she wishes to obey his commands, are omitted: indeed, there is little belonging to the scene worth reading or hearing that is not omitted. One great advantage is gained to an English audience—the scene is shortened.

In Amelia's second scene, Arnaud, or Anhalt, gives two pictures

of matrimony, in the literal translation exquisite specimens of style and sentiment; we cannot say so much of the *improved* copy. After the latter picture, which describes a miserable couple, the lovely child of nature exclaims, "I will not marry!"

Arnaud. That is in other words to say, I will not love.

Amelia. Yes, I will marry—for I will love—I love already—

Arnaud. (*much confused.*) Indeed! —You love the Count Cassel?

Amelia. Oh, no, no! Away with the fool! I love you.

Arnaud. Madam!—My lady!

Amelia. And you I will marry.

Arnaud. Me!

Amelia. Yes, you, dear Tutor.

Arnaud. Amelia!—You forget—

Amelia. What do I forget?

Arnaud. That you are of noble extraction.

Amelia. What signifies that?

Arnaud. It cannot be!

Amelia. If you have an affection for me—

Arnaud. I love you as my life.

Amelia. Well then, marry me.

Arnaud. Oh, spare me Amelia! I am but a man.

Amelia. You have yourself exhibited to me so alluring a picture of the marriage state!—But I am not, then, the woman with whom you could share all *your* joys, all *your* sorrows!

The reader will look in vain for this charming dialogue in Mrs. Inchbald's play. This is the avowal of love which "would have been revolting to an English audience," which "is indelicately blunt," "insipid or disgusting." And what have we in the stead?—

Amelia. I will not marry.

Anhalt. You mean to say you will not fall in love.

* * * * *

Anhalt. ——— I am out of the question.

Amelia. No; you are the very

VOL. I. NO. 2.

person to whom I have put the question.

Anhalt. What do you mean?

Amelia. I am glad you don't understand me. I was afraid I had spoken too plain. (*In confusion.*)

Anhalt. Understand you!—As to that—I am not dull.

Amelia. I know you are not—And as you have for a long time instructed me; why should not I now begin to teach you?

Anhalt. Teach me what?

Amelia. Whatever I know, and you don't.

Anhalt. There are some things I had rather never know.

Amelia. So you may remember I said when you began to teach me mathematics. I said I had rather not know it—But now I have learnt it gives me a great deal of pleasure—and (*hesitating*) perhaps, who can tell, but that I might teach something as pleasant to you as resolving a problem is to me.

Anhalt. Woman herself is a problem.

Amelia. And I'll teach you to make her out.

Anhalt. You teach?

Amelia. Why not? none but a woman can teach the science of herself: and though I own I am very young, a young woman may be as agreeable for a tutoress as an old one.—I am sure I always learnt faster from you than from the old clergyman who taught me before you came.

Anhalt. This is nothing to the subject.

Amelia. What is the subject?

Anhalt. ——— Love!

Amelia. (*going up to him*) Come, then, teach it me—teach it me as you taught me geography, languages, and other important things.

Anhalt. (*turning from her.*) Pshaw!

Amelia. Ah! you won't—You know you have already taught me that, and you won't begin again.

Anhalt. You misconstrue—you

C

misconceive every thing I say or do. The subject I came to you upon was marriage.

Amelia. A very proper subject from the man who has taught me love, and I accept the proposal. (*Curtesying.*)

This is the delicacy which is substituted for the "blunt, insipid and revolting" dialogue of Kotzebue!

The reader will not find the following lines in the Covent-Garden play:—

"Have you not often told me that the heart ennobles us? (*Places her hand upon her heart*). Oh! truly I should marry a noble man."

We do not propose to quote *all* the fine passages omitted; there are in this scene several others; and those retained are invariably expressed with less force, and in a style very inferior to the parallel passages in the literal translation. The scene, in the fourth act, in which Amelia discloses her love of the amiable minister to her indulgent parent, is curtailed and very much injured: the charming incident of looking for the needle, which draws down such bursts of applause from our audiences, is altogether omitted. Amelia's last scene is the concluding one of the play; and here, as in every other situation, Mrs. Inchbald has loaded her with injury.

We will next review the character of Frederick, and touch on that of the Baron, as it is so intimately connected with that of his son.—Mrs. Inchbald says, "I could inform my reader why I have portrayed the Baron, in many particulars, different from the German author:" but as she has not done it, we confess ourselves totally at a loss for the reason: we see no variation that is not injurious to the play, when we compare it with the manuscript before us.

In Frederick's first scene, is this speech: "Know I not well the heart of my mother!—Accursed be

the thought that would condemn her of a *weakness*—of a *crime* she is incapable." Instead of this, Mrs. Inchbald gives, "Cursed be that son who could find his mother guilty, although the world should call her so." As far as this is intelligible, it is a false sentiment. Frederick has not much to say in this scene in either play, as he is an attentive listener to his mother's tale of sorrow. The Cottagers not being of sufficient consequence to demand a separate review, we shall here notice an omission of Mrs. Inchbald's, which marks a very unexpected deficiency of judgment. When the cottager goes to his door, and calls to his wife, who is supposed within, to make preparations for the sick woman, he says, "Wife, make up the bed there quickly; *you can lay the boy upon the bench in the mean time.*" The latter charmingly appropriate idea—an idea which fills the mind with images, and touches the heart with unexpected delight—was discarded by the English dramatist. The soliloquy with which Frederick opens the third act is curtailed to nothing. His manner of intreating the Baron for money is much injured. But how will the reader be surprized to learn, that from the soliloquy which begins the fourth act, the exquisite lines which describe his intention of surprizing his mother, when he "should creep close by the wall," and the image he had formed of the beloved matron "laying aside her work" to come to the door, are rejected. The scene between him and the minister in the prison is cut away to mere outline. But all the former outrages committed upon this play sink into nothing, compared with the cruel mutilation of the last scene of the fourth act, wherein Kotzebue makes the son reprove his father, in a dialogue unparalleled for energy and truth. Were we to point out the beauties

here omitted, we should be forced to transcribe the whole scene: but this is what Mrs. Inchbald calls, in a tone of self-congratulation, "to compress the matter of a speech of three or four pages into one of three or four lines." If Kotzebue can read the language in which Mrs. Inchbald has written her "Lovers' Vows," how will he mourn over the feeble, sickly, and mutilated course of his "Child of Love!"

As we find nothing to praise in Mrs. Inchbald's play, (the Butler's copy of verses excepted) when compared with Kotzebue's, we will break off our examination, from a fear that a long-continued strain of fault-finding will become as tiresome to our readers as it is irksome to us. Many of the omissions of Mrs. Inchbald are judicious and necessary; and we find, that in some instances the American revisor has accorded with her in opinion, whilst fitting the play for his theatre. Mrs. Inchbald, in the fourth act, gives us a scene altogether her own; but we cannot praise it. She discards the Count in the fourth act, consequently alters one of the scenes in the fifth, where that event takes place: and she retains a short scene in the fifth act, between Frederick and his father, which is rejected by the American revisor.

We take leave of this piece, by congratulating our countrymen on the great superiority of the play they have seen on the stage of New-York, under the title of "Lovers' Vows," over that which has been represented at Covent-Garden, and by recommending to every reader the translation of Mrs. A. Plumptre, as, beyond comparison, preferable to that of Mrs. Inchbald.

D.

May, 1799.

THESSALONICA: *A Roman Story.*

THESSALONICA, in consequence of its commercial situation, was populous and rich. Its fortifications and numerous garrison had preserved it from injury during the late commotions,* and the number of inhabitants was greatly increased, at the expense of the defenceless districts and cities. Its place, with relation to Dalmatia, the Peloponnesus, and the Danube, was nearly central. Its security had been uninterrupted for ages, and no city in the empire of Theodosius exhibited so many monuments of its ancient prosperity. It had been, for many years, the residence of the prince, and had thence become the object of a kind of filial affection. He had laboured to render it impregnable, by erecting bulwarks, and guarding it with the bravest of his troops; he had endowed the citizens with new revenues and privileges, had enhanced the frequency of their shows, and the magnificence of their halls and avenues, and made it the seat of government of Illyria and Greece.

Its defence was intrusted to Botheric, whom he had selected for his valour, fidelity, and moderation; and he commended, with equal zeal to this officer, the defence of the city from external enemies, and the maintenance of justice and order within its walls.

The temper of Botheric was generous and impetuous. He was unacquainted with civil forms, and refrained, as much as possible, from encroaching on the functions of the magistrate. His education and genius were military, and he conceived that his commission required from him nothing but unwearied attention to his soldiers. His vigilance was bent to maintain order and obe-

* At the conclusion of the Gothic war, A. D. 390.

dience among them, and to prevent or to stifle dissensions between them and the citizens. For this end he multiplied their duties and exercises, so as to leave no room for intercourse with the people. Their time was constantly occupied with attendance at their stations, or performance of some personal duty in their quarters.

By these means, the empire of order was, for some time, maintained; but no diligence or moderation could fully restrain the passions of the multitude. Quarrels sometimes arose between the spectators at the theatre and circus, and the centinels who were planted in the avenues. The General was always present at the public shows; clamour and riot instantly attracted his attention, and if a soldier was a party in the fray, he hastened to terminate the contest, by examination and punishment.

You need not be told, that the populace of Roman cities are actuated by a boundless passion for public shows. The bounty of the prince cannot be more acceptably exerted than in pecuniary donations for this purpose, and by making exhibitions more frequent and magnificent. The gratitude of this people is proportioned, not to the efficacy of edicts to restrain crimes, alleviate cares, or diminish the price of provisions; but to the commodiousness and cheapness of seats in a theatre, or to the number and beauty of the horses which are provided for the circus.

The prince had manifested his attachment to this city in the usual manner. The finest horses were procured, at his expense, from Africa and Spain; new embellishments were added to the chariots, and a third set of characters, distinguished by a crimson uniform, was added to the former. Once a month, the people were amused by races, at the expense of their sovereign.

At one of these exhibitions, a citizen, by name Macro, attempted to enter a gate by which the Senators passed to their seats. Order had long since established distinctions in this respect, and every class of the people enjoyed their peculiar seats and entrances. Macro was therefore denied admission, by two soldiers stationed in the passage. He persisted in his efforts to enter, and the soldiers persisted in their opposition, till, at length, a scuffle ensued, in which the citizen was slightly wounded.

The games not having begun, many from within and without were attracted to the spot. The crowd insensibly increased, and the spectators seemed willing to discountenance the claims of Macro. The sight of his blood, however, changed the tide in his favour. The soldiers were believed to have proceeded to this extremity without necessity, and to have exercised their power wantonly.

Clamours of disapprobation were succeeded by attempts to disarm the centinels, and conduct them before the tribunal of their General. This was usually held in an upper porch of the edifice. Botheric was momentarily expected, and the persons who urged the seizure of the culprits, were governed by pacific intentions. The soldiers were supposed to have transgressed their duty, and redress was sought in a lawful manner. Botheric was the only judge of their conduct, and confidence was placed in the equity of his decision.

The soldiers maintained the rectitude of their proceeding, and refused to resign their arms, or leave the post. Some endeavoured to gain their end by expostulation and remonstrance. The greater number were enraged, and their menaces being ineffectual, were quickly succeeded by violence. The interior passages were wide, but the entrance

was narrow, and the soldiers profited by their situation, to repel the assaults that were made upon them. The wounds which they inflicted in their own defence augmented the fury of their assailants. They fought with desperate resolution, and were not overpowered till they had killed five of the citizens.

At length the soldiers sought their safety in flight. The mob poured into the passages. One of the fugitives was overtaken in a moment. The pursuers were unarmed, but the victim was dashed against the pavement, and his limbs were torn from each other by the furious hands that were fastened upon him. While his lifeless and bleeding trunk was dragged along the ground, and thrown to and fro by some, others were engaged in searching for him that escaped.

While roaming from place to place, they met a soldier whom his officer had dispatched upon some message. They staid not to inquire whether this was he of whom they were in search, but seizing him, they dragged him to the midst of the square, and dispatched him with a thousand blows.

The tumult was by no means appeased by these executions. Numbers flocked to the scene. The sight of the dead bodies of the citizens, imperfect and exaggerated rumours of the cruelty of the centinels, the execrations and example of those who had been leaders in the tumult, conspired to engage them in the same outrages.

The pursuit of the fugitive soldier did not slacken. The galleries and vaults were secured, and every place resounded with uproar and menace. Meanwhile, the seats of the Senators were filled with a promiscuous crowd, who gladly seized this opportunity of engrossing places more convenient than any other.

At this moment, Botheric and his officers arrived. The entrance

was inaccessible, by reason of the crowd stationed without, and the numbers that were struggling in the passages to gain the senatorial benches. In this contest, the weaker were overpowered, and scores were trodden to death or suffocated. The General and his officers were no sooner known to be arrived, than they were greeted on all hands, by threatening gestures and insolent clamours. The heads of the slaughtered soldiers were placed upon pikes. Botheric was compelled to gaze upon their gory visages, and listen to the outcries for vengeance which ascended from a thousand mouths.

This unwonted spectacle, and the confusion which surrounded him, threw him into temporary panic. It was requisite to ascertain the causes of this tumult, to prevent its progress, and to punish its authors; but his own safety was to be, in the first place, consulted. How far that was endangered by the fury of the populace it was impossible to foresee.

His retinue consisted of twenty officers, who were armed, as usual, with daggers. Recovering from their first astonishment, they involuntarily drew their weapons, and crowded round their General. This movement seemed by no means to intimidate the populace, whose outcries and menaces became more vehement than ever. As their numbers and fury increased, they pressed more closely and audaciously upon this slender band, whose weapons pointed at the bosoms of those who were nearest, and who could scarcely preserve themselves from being overwhelmed.

Botheric's surprize quickly yielded to a just view of the perils that surrounded him. The cause of this tumult was unknown; but it was evident that the temper of the people was revengeful and sanguinary. The slightest incident was sufficient to set them free from restraint. The

first blood that should be shed would be the signal for outrage, and neither he nor his officers could hope to escape with their lives.

His first care, therefore, was to inculcate forbearance on his officers. This, indeed, would avail them but little, since the foremost of the crowd would be irresistibly impelled by those who were behind, and whose numbers incessantly increased. In a moment they would be pressed together; their arms would be useless; and secret enemies, by whom he vaguely suspected that this tumult had been excited, would seize that opportunity for wreaking their vengeance.

To escape to the neighbouring portico was an obvious expedient; but the galleries, above and below, were already filled with a clamorous multitude, whose outcries and gesticulations prompted those below to the commission of violence. His troops were either dispersed in their quarters, or stationed on the walls. The few whose duty required their attendance at the circus could afford no protection. Those at a distance could not be seasonably apprized of the danger of their leader; and if they were apprized, would be at a loss, in the absence of their officers, in what manner to act. To endeavour to restore tranquillity by persuasion or remonstrance was chimerical. No single voice could be heard amidst the uproar.

In this part of the square there had formerly been erected an equestrian statue of Constantius. It had been overthrown and broken to pieces in a popular sedition. The pedestal still remained. The advantage of a lofty station, for the sake either of defence or of being heard, was apparent. Botheric, and two of his officers, leaped upon it, and stretched forth their hands in an attitude commanding silence.

This station, by rendering the person of Botheric distinguishable

at a distance, only enhanced his danger. A soldier, by name Eustace, who had, a few days before, been punished for some infraction of discipline, by stripes and ignominious dismissal from the service, chanced to be one of those who were gazing at the scene from the upper portico. The treatment he had suffered could not fail to excite resentment, but the means of vengeance were undigested and impracticable. His cowardice and narrow understanding equally conspired to render his malice impotent. He intended, the next day, to set out for his native country, Syria, and, meanwhile, mixed with the rabble which infested the circus.

Botheric had extorted, by his equity and firmness, the esteem of the magistrates and better class of the people. The vile populace were influenced by no sentiment but fear. Botheric had done nothing to excite their hatred; and his person would probably have been uninjured till the alarm had reached the citadel, and the troops had hastened to his rescue, had not Eustace unhappily espied him, as he stood upon the pedestal.

The soldier had a heavy stone in his hand, with which he had armed himself, from a general propensity to mischief, and a vague conception that it might be useful to his own defence. The person of his enemy was no sooner distinctly seen, than a sudden impulse to seize this opportunity for the gratification of his vengeance was felt by him. He threw the stone towards the spot where the General stood.

Botheric was exerting his voice to obtain audience, when the stone struck upon his breast. The blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, his speech and strength failed, and he sunk upon the ground.

This outrage was observed with grief, rage and consternation by his

retinue. Their own safety required the most desperate exertions. Two of them lifted the General in their arms, while the rest, with one accord, brandished their weapons, and rushed upon the crowd. They determined to open a way by killing all that opposed them.

Men, crowded together in a narrow space, are bereft of all power over their own motions. Their exertions contribute merely to destroy their weaker neighbours, without extricating themselves. Those whom chance exposed to the swords of the officers were unable to fly. Their condition was no less desperate; and the blood that flowed around them insensibly converted their terror into rage.

The contest was unequal, and a dreadful carnage ensued before the weapons were wrested from their owners. A thousand hands were eager to partake in the work of vengeance. The father had seen the death of his son, and the son had witnessed the agonies of his father. The execution appeared to be needless and wanton; and the swords, after being stained with the blood of their kinsmen, were aimed at their own breasts. This was no time to speculate upon causes and consequences. All around them was anarchy and uproar, and passion was triumphant in all hearts.

Botheric and his train were thrown to the ground, mangled by numberless wounds, or trampled into pieces. The assassins contended for the possession of the dismembered bodies, and threw the limbs, yet palpitating, into the air, which was filled with shouts and imprecations.

All this passed in a few minutes. Few were acquainted with the cause of the tumult. Still fewer were acquainted with the deplorable issue to which it had led. The immediate actors and witnesses were fully occupied. The distant crowd, whose

numbers were increased by the arrival of those who, from all quarters, were hastening to the circus, could only indulge their wonder and panic, and make fruitless inquiries of their neighbours.

In this state of things a rumour was hatched, and propagated with infinite rapidity, that the soldiers had received orders to massacre the people, and that the execution had already begun. All was commotion and flight. The crowd melted away in a moment. The avenues were crowded with the fugitives, who overturned those whom they met, or communicated to them their belief and their terror. Every one fled to his house, and imparted to his family the dreadful tidings. Distraction and lamentation seized upon the women and domestics. They barred their doors, and prepared to avoid or resist the fate which impended over them.

Meanwhile, those who had rushed through the unguarded passages, and occupied the senatorial seats, were alarmed, and prompted to return, by the continuance of the uproar without. In their haste to issue forth they incumbered and impeded each other, and the passage was choaked. Some one appeared in an upper gallery, and called upon the people to provide for their safety, for that Botheric had directed a general massacre.

This intelligence operated more destructively than a thousand swords. In the universal eagerness to escape, the avenues were made impassable, and numbers were overthrown and trampled to death.

The magistrates had taken their places when the tumult began. Some were infected with the general panic, and made ineffectual efforts to escape. My duty, as chief magistrate, required me to apply all my endeavours to the checking of the evil. I waited, in anxious suspense, for information as to the na-

ture and extent of the mischief. In my present situation nothing could reach me but a disjointed and mutilated tale. I heard outcries, and witnessed the commotion, but was wholly at a loss as to their cause or tendency.

After a time the tumult began to subside. The passages were gradually cleared by the suffocation of the weaker, and the multitude rushed over the bodies of their fellow citizens into the square. The timorous hastened to their homes, and spread the alarm to the most distant quarters of the city. Others, more courageous or inquisitive, lingered on the spot, gazed upon the mangled and disfigured bodies, which were strewed around the pedestal, and listened to the complaints of the wounded, and the relations of those who had been active in the fray.

Those whose passions had not been previously excited, no sooner recognized the visages of Botheric and some of his retinue among the slain, than terrors of a new kind were awakened. The murder of one of the most illustrious men in the empire, and one who possessed, beyond all others, the affections of the prince, was an event pregnant with disastrous consequences. That his death would call down some signal punishment, in which themselves, though innocent, might be involved, was justly to be dreaded. That the resentment of the soldiery would stimulate them to some sudden outrage was no less probable. There was imminent peril in being found near the spot. The spectators gradually withdrew, and solitude and silence succeeded. The uproar was hushed, the circus was deserted, and a panic stillness seemed to hover over the city.

As soon as obstructions were removed, in my character as prefect of the city, and attended by civil officers, I ascended a tribunal in an

hall near the circus. Some of my attendants were immediately dispatched to examine the scene of the conflict, to arrest all who should be found near it, and collect all the information that offered.

Those charged with this commission speedily returned, leading two men, whose wounds did not disable them from walking when supported by others. These persons were questioned as to their knowledge of this disaster. One of them related that when the officers were encompassed by the mob, it was his ill fortune to be placed near them. He was a stranger to the cause of the tumult, and endeavoured, with his utmost strength, to extricate himself from his perilous situation. The populace were loud in their clamours, the officers seemed resolute in their own defence, and he dreaded that the scene would terminate in bloodshed. His temper was pacific and timid, and he desired nothing more than to remove to a safe distance.

While making efforts for this purpose, the officers assailed the crowd, and he was the first to fall by their swords. His senses deserted him, and he did not revive till the mob was entirely dispersed. His companion told a tale nearly similar, and the attendants informed the magistrate that Botheric and his tribunes had perished, their scattered remains being found upon the spot.

I was startled and confounded by this incident. To what excesses the soldiers might be suddenly transported when freed from the restraints of discipline, it was easy to foresee. No other expedient suggested itself, than to summon the municipal body, and request their counsel in this urgent danger.

The members of the senate were preparing to go to the circus. This was commonly done with equipage and pompous train. The hour of

assembling was arrived, and they were preparing to set out, when rumours of sedition and massacre assailed them. Messengers were by some dispatched to obtain more distinct information, some of whom return with the tidings gleaned from the fugitives whom they encountered in the way. Others, more intrepid, ventured to approach the circus, and examine objects with their own eyes. They brought back the tidings that Botheric and his officers were slain by the people.

The most courageous were deeply apprehensive of the consequences which would grow out of his untimely death. They were alternately perplexed with wonder respecting the cause of so memorable a catastrophe, and with dread of the vengeance which it would excite in the bosom, not only of the soldiers, but of the prince. They were recalled from their mournful reveries, by loud signals at their gate, and the entrance of an herald, who, in the name of the prefect, summoned them to council. The summons was gladly obeyed.

Some time had now elapsed. The citizens, immured in their houses, darted fearful glances from their balconies and windows, anxious to hear tidings. The passing Senators were recognized, and their progress attended with importunate inquiries into the nature of the threatened evil, and with supplications that their zeal should be exerted to preclude it.

Many, encouraged by the presence of their magistrates, joined the cavalcade, and the Senate house was quickly surrounded by an immense, but trembling multitude. The Senate being, at length, convened, I laid before them all the intelligence which I had been able to procure respecting the late tumult. I expatiated on the enormity of the deed that had been perpetrated in the murder of Botheric and his officers,

and enumerated its probable effects on the minds of the soldiers, and of the prince. I pointed out the necessity of ascertaining the genuine circumstances of the case, of detecting and punishing the criminals, and of appeasing the resentment of the sovereign and the troops.

While engaged in consultation, the wrath which we so justly dreaded, was already excited in the soldiers. Affrighted at the fate of their companions, the centinels posted in the circus fled with precipitation to the military quarter. The rumour was at first indistinct, and as affrays of this kind were not uncommon, the soldiers trusted to the equity of their leader for the vindication of their wrongs. Presently a messenger arrived, informing them that their General was surrounded and likely to be slain by the populace.

At this news, many ran together, and intreated the subaltern officers to lead them to the rescue of their General. As no orders were transmitted from their superiors, the Centurions hesitated to comply. Their reluctance to interpose was increased by the incredibility of the danger. The clamours of the soldiers, however, who threatened to march without permission, conquered this reluctance, and five hundred men were called out.

The general consternation which they witnessed on their march, excited their fears. The few persons who remained in the square, vanished at their approach, and they were left to learn the fate of their officers from the view of their lifeless remains.

The soldiers of Botheric were his friends, countrymen, and family. They had devoted themselves to his honour, and followed his standard, in the service of Theodosius, with invincible fidelity. Many of them had bound themselves by oaths to die with him.

The mangled and dishonoured corpse of this adored leader, now presented itself to their eyes. Every sentiment was absorbed, for a time, in astonishment and grief. They inquired of each other, if the spectacle which they beheld was real; if these, indeed, were the members and features of their beloved chief. They held up his remains to view, bathed his disfigured face with their tears, and burst, at length, into a cry of universal lamentation.

Many, in pursuance of their vow not to survive their leader, stabbed themselves, and died upon the spot. Others exclaimed that their vows to that effect, should be performed only when the funeral honours and the vengeance due to their chief, were fully paid. They collected his remains, and wrapping them in his mantle, set out on their return to the citadel, in a solemn procession. On their way they sung wild and melancholy dirges, in the fashion of their country, and mingled with their music fits of passionate weeping. In the streets which they passed, every one fled before them, and all around was lonely and desolate.

Intelligence of their approach was quickly received by their comrades at the citadel, who came out in great numbers, and joined the procession. Indignation and fury appeared to be suspended in a superior passion.

Meanwhile, the subaltern officers were no sooner fully apprized of the havoc which had taken place, than they assembled in a kind of counsel. They were aware of the necessity of subordination, and they did not mean that their vengeance should be less sure because it was delayed. One of their number, by name Walimer, an hoary veteran, was unanimously chosen their leader.

Walimer concealed, under a savage aspect, all the qualities of a

judicious commander. His grief for the fate of Botheric was tempered by prudence and foresight. As soon as the choice was known, he leaped into the midst of the assembly, and devoted himself, with solemn imprecations, to the task of avenging their late chief. At the same time, he enlarged upon the benefits of circumspection and delay. The first measure he proposed was to dispatch a messenger to Theodosius, with an account of this transaction. He questioned not that the Emperor would authorize a signal retribution to be inflicted on the guilty city, and that they would be appointed the ministers of his justice. It was easy to convince his hearers of the advantage of proceeding in the business of revenge with the sanction or connivance of the government. If the Emperor should refuse justice, it would then be time enough to extort it. The arms and fortifications were still in their possession, and these it would be wise to guard with the utmost vigilance. In this counsel the new tribunes readily concurred, and suitable remonstrances convinced the soldiers of the propriety of the choice that had been made, and the proceedings adopted. Three horsemen, charged with the delivery of a message to the Emperor, were immediately dispatched to *Mediolanum*.

To communicate information of these events to the monarch, to deprecate his anger, and convince him of the innocence of the magistrates and the greater part of the people, were likewise suggested to the Senate by one of its members. The wisdom of this counsel was obvious. I was authorized, as prefect, to draw up a statement of the truth, from such information as I had already received, or should speedily obtain. This was to be done with all possible expedition, in order to prevent the propagation of rumours.

Meanwhile, a deputation was appointed to visit the citadel, to declare to the soldiers the sincere regret of the Senate for the unhappy event that had befallen, to exhort them to moderation and peace, and assure them that the most strenuous exertions should be made to detect the authors of the tumult, on whom the most signal punishment should be inflicted.

The deputies were astonished to observe the order which reigned in the soldiers' quarters. No clamours or menaces were heard. They were conducted to the hall, where Walimer and his officers were seated, and their exhortations and pleas were listened to with sullen and mournful silence.

Walimer, in answer to their message, informed them of the choice which the soldiers had made of a new chief, declared his implicit reliance on the justice of the Emperor, to whose decrees he and his troops were determined to conform, and admonished them to execute, without delay, the justice which they promised. He told them that discipline should be as rigidly maintained as formerly, and that things should remain in their present state till the will of their common sovereign was known. The Senate waited, in eager suspense, the return of their deputies. The pacific deportment and professions of Walimer being communicated to them, they retired, with their fears considerably allayed, to their houses.

Heralds were dispatched to all quarters to acquaint the people with the result of this conference, and to exhort them to observe a cautious and peaceable behaviour; punishments were denounced against any who should be detected in any riotous act, and all persons were enjoined to repair to the tribunal of the chief magistrate, and give what information they possessed relative to this transaction.

The ensuing night was passed by the prefect in receiving and comparing depositions of real or pretended witnesses. Macro was traced to his home. He was, by trade, an armourer, and lived with his family, in an obscure corner. His wounds were of no great moment, and the officers of justice found him at supper, in his hovel. He was hurried to the tribunal, followed by his wife and immediate kindred, who trembled for his safety.

As he was the author of this tumult, he could expect little mercy from his audience. Those whose relations or friends had fallen were deeply exasperated at him whose folly and rashness had given birth to the evil. Others, who reflected on future calamities, likely to flow from the same source, pursued him with the utmost rancour.

In spite of proclamations and menaces, curiosity and fear attracted great numbers to the hall of justice. Their panic stillness was succeeded by commotion and rage. The steps of Macro were accompanied by hootings and execrations, and they clamoured loudly for his punishment.

I was sensible of the danger that attended this unlawful meeting. I showed myself to the people from a balcony, and endeavoured to harangue them into moderation and patience. I pointed out the enormous evils which their turbulent concourse had already produced, and urged every topic likely to influence their fears, to induce them to disperse.

The effects of these remonstrances were partial and temporary. My promises that the culprits should not escape the most condign punishment, gratified their sanguinary appetites, and their murmurs were hushed.

The threats of torment extorted from Macro a confession of his offences. It seems that when he came

to the circus, he was intoxicated with wine, and had mistaken one entrance for another. In the confusion of his intellects, he neither listened to, nor understood the objections of the centinels, and he persisted in claiming a privilege which he regarded as justly his due. The consequences have been already related, and afford a memorable proof from what slight causes the most disastrous and extensive effects may flow.

Macro's offence was venial and slight; but it was considered that, even if he were innocent, his life was a necessary sacrifice. Neither the soldiers nor the people, whose judgments were always fettered by prejudice and passion, would consent to dismiss him in safety. Neither would they be satisfied by the infliction of a slight or tardy penalty. Macro, besides, was a depraved and worthless individual, whose life or death was, in the eyes of his judges, of the most trivial moment. Influenced by these considerations, the magistrates, with some reluctance, condemned Macro to have his arms and legs cut off, and afterwards to be beheaded on the spot where Botheric had fallen, and which was dyed with the blood of those who owed their untimely fate to his temerity.

This sentence was heard by the friends of the criminal with groans of despair, and by the rest of the audience, with shouts of applause. The criminal was loaded with chains, and led away to prison. Being aware that the fury of the people might betray them into some outrage, I addressed them anew from the balcony, and admonished them to retire.

Some symptoms of compliance appeared in part of the assembly, who began to separate. A multitude, however, crowded round Macro, as he came forth from the hall, and greeted him with insults and curses.

This unhappy man was not destitute of courage; but he was willing to avoid that lingering and dreadful death to which he was doomed. He was, besides, penetrated with indignation at the injustice of his sentence. He, therefore, retorted the curses that were heaped upon him, both because he conceived them to be unmerited, and because he wished to exasperate the mob to inflict a speedy death.

Those who followed him were the vilest of the vile; base, sanguinary and impetuous, delighting in tumult, prone to violence, and stimulated by revenge for those who had been stifled in the press, or slain by the tribunes. Macro had not gone many steps before the officers who guarded him were driven to a distance. The mob, enraged by his taunts, took the work of justice into their own hands, and Macro received from their pikes and clubs that death which he sought.

The magistrates were quickly informed of this event. They had been accustomed, on similar cases, to vindicate their authority by the aid of the soldiers. This expedient was now impracticable or hazardous, and they sat in powerless inactivity, consoling themselves with the hope that the popular indignation would be appeased by this victim.

Relieved from the dread of military execution, multitudes, though the night was somewhat advanced, resorted from the senate house, and hall of justice, to the circus. The kindred and friends of the dead hastened to ascertain their true condition, and to bestow upon them funeral rites.

The circus and its avenues quickly overflowed with inquisitive or anxious spectators. Innumerable torches were borne to and fro; women hung over the bodies of their husbands, fathers and sons, and filled the air with outcries and wailings: some explored the courts and

passages, in search of those who were missing, while others, lifting corpses in their arms, bent homeward their steps, in tumultuous procession, and with far-heard laments.

Meanwhile, several witnesses informed the magistrates of the stone which had been thrown at Botheric, and at length the name, and character, and guilt of Eustace were detected. Eustace was justly regarded as the immediate author of this calamity. He was likewise a soldier, and his detection and punishment might be expected eminently to gratify the military. It would transfer, in some degree, the guilt of this sedition from the people to their own order.

Officers were quickly dispersed, throughout the city, in search of the fugitive. Eustace had seen his enemy fall. Momentary exultation was followed by terror, and he made haste to shroud himself from inquiry and suspicion in an obscure habitation near the port.

He had secured his passage in a barque, which designed to set sail, next morning, for Ptolemais, in Syria. He meant to go on board at the dawn of day, and hoped, meanwhile, to be unthought of and unknown.

It was peculiarly unfortunate for this wretch, that a mariner belonging to this vessel happened to be stationed at his elbow when the stone was thrown. The mariner had been present when Eustace had contracted for his passage with the master of the barque; hence arose his knowledge of Eustace. He was a way-farer; had been attracted, by a natural curiosity, to the circus; had gazed, with wandering eyes and beating heart, upon the tumult; and, in the fluctuations of the mob, had undesignedly been placed by the side of the assassin.

He had afterwards listened to the voice of the herald, summoning

before the magistrate all who possessed any knowledge of the author and circumstances of the insurrection. His timidity, the child of inexperience, deterred him from disclosing his knowledge, till he himself became, by a concurrence of events not necessary to be mentioned, the object of suspicion, and was dragged by public officers to the tribunal of the prefect. He then explained his knowledge of Eustace, and pointed him out as the only agent.

This tale, though insufficient to rescue the mariner from danger, occasioned diligent search to be made for Eustace. The master of the barque was acquainted with the past condition and present views of the soldier, and his evidence suggested to the magistrate the expedient of placing officers on board the vessel, who, if the assassin should not be previously detected, might seize him as he entered the ship, in pursuance of his contract with the captain.

This expedient was successful. Eustace ventured from his recess in the dusk of morning, proceeded unmolested to the port, and put himself on board the vessel, which was anchored at some distance from the quays. At the moment when he began to exult in his escape, he was seized, pinioned, and conducted, without delay, to the presence of the judge. The testimony of the mariner, and his own confession, extorted by the fear of torment, established his guilt. The prefect lost no time in informing Walimer and his tribunes of the measures which had been adopted; and offered to deliver Eustace into their hands, to be treated in what manner they thought proper. The offer was readily, though ungraciously accepted.

Eustace had been detained in the hall, the magistrate fearing that the same outrage would be perpetrated

by the people, on this criminal, if he were placed within their reach, of which Macro had already been the victim. A band of soldiers from the citadel received him at the door of the hall, and surrounding him with sullen visages and drawn swords, returned, in hostile array, to their quarters. The windows and galleries that overlooked their march, were filled with silent and astonished gazers.

The succeeding day passed in a state of general suspense. Men had leisure to ruminate upon the consequences that impended, and to wonder at the change that had so abruptly taken place in their condition. Fear and hope struggled in their bosoms. All customary occupations and pursuits were laid aside. Neighbours assembled to communicate to each other the story of what themselves had witnessed or endured, to recount their imminent danger in the press, and their hair-breadth escapes, to expatiate on the movements of the soldiery, and propagate their terrors of the future.

Upwards of three hundred citizens perished on this occasion. The cemeteries were opened, and funeral processions were every where seen. Though the streets were crowded, and the whole city was in motion, appearances exhibited a powerful contrast to the impetuosities and clamours of the preceding day. The pavements were beaten by numberless feet; but every movement was grave and slow. Discourse was busy, but was carried on in whispers, and, instead of horrid uproar, nothing but murmurs, indistinct and doubtful, assailed the ear. The very children partook of the general consternation and awe.

At noon-day, a messenger from the citadel demanded admission to the prefect, whom he acquainted with the intention of the soldiers to

celebrate, on the ensuing evening, and at the spot where they fell, the obsequies of Botheric and his officers. This intention, however hazardous or inconvenient to the city, could not be thwarted or changed. This ceremony was likely to exasperate the grief of the soldiers, all of whom would be present and partake in it. Some fatal impulse of indignation, some inauspicious rumour or groundless alarm, might unseasonably start into birth. The night would lend its cloak to purposes of cruelty, and, before a new day, the city might be wrapt in flames, and ten thousand victims might be offered to the shade of Botheric.

In this emergency the Senate were once more convened, and their counsel required. They deputed one of their members to the citadel, in order to gain from Valimer, a clear explanation of his purposes. This officer maintained a stately reserve and ambiguous silence. His demeanour plunged them deeper into uncertainty. Many put the blackest construction on his words, and forboded, that the coming night would be signalized by indiscriminate massacre and havoc.

How to avert this evil was a subject of fruitless deliberation. One measure was obviously prudent. The people were informed of the ceremony that was about to take place, were exhorted to stay in their houses, and assured, that nothing was intended by the soldiers, but honour to their chiefs. The danger of tumultuous concourse, or panic apprehensions, at such a time, was evident.

The Senators, however, were destitute of that confidence which they endeavoured to instil into the people. Some, at the approach of night, secretly withdrew from the city. The guards, posted at the gates, suffered all to pass without question or hindrance. Others,

more irresolute, or less timorous, remained; but they armed their domestics, and closed their doors, or made preparation to fly or conceal themselves on the first alarm. Spies were directed to hover round the circus, or were posted on the turrets of the houses, to watch the first glimmering of torches, or the remotest sound of footsteps.

The people were sufficiently aware of the danger of crowding to a spectacle like this. The assurance of the magistrates suppressed all but nameless and indefinable terrors. They withdrew to their homes, when several trumpets from the ramparts announced, at the appointed hour, that the military procession was begun.

By various avenues which led to the circus, the army repaired thither, and forming a circle round the pile, on which the remains of the officers were laid, they silently beheld them consumed. Eustace was stabbed by the hands of Walimer; and many of the soldiers could not be restrained from pouring out their blood at this altar. The flames that ascended from this pile were seen to a great distance. It was watched, with unspeakable solicitude, by those that remained in the city. Those at a distance were left in uncertainty whether it was from a funeral pile, or indicated the commencement of a general conflagration.

The flame and the light attendant on it gradually disappeared. An interval of ominous repose succeeded. The troops peaceably returned to their quarters. Those only who dwelt in the streets through which their march lay, were conscious of their movements. The rest of the city was hushed in profound and uninterrupted repose.

Next day, the tumult of consternation and suspense somewhat subsided. Still, however, all classes were penetrated with dread. The

sentence of the prince was yet unknown. To what measures his indignation would hurry him, was a topic of foreboding.

In pursuance of the directions of the Senate, the prefect had dispatched, early in the morning, a messenger to *Mediolanum*. A faithful narrative of this transaction had been drawn up, in which the partial, abrupt, and unpremeditated nature of the tumult was copiously displayed. The messenger was charged to deliver this statement to Acilius, one of the Imperial ministers, of whom the prefect was a kinsman, and on whose good offices with the prince there was the utmost reason to rely.

The horsemen whom Walimer had sent upon the same errand, were better mounted, pursued their journey with more diligence, and had set out several hours sooner than the herald of the Senate. In fifteen days they arrived at the capital, and hastened to communicate their tidings to Rufinus, a minister who had long enjoyed the highest place in the Emperor's favour.

Rufinus and Botheric had contracted a political alliance, the purpose of which was, to secure to the former the civil administration, and to the latter the highest military authority in the empire. This unexpected catastrophe blasted the hopes of Rufinus. His efforts had been directed to remove and destroy all his competitors in favour, and to place the whole power of the state in the hands of himself and of his creatures. Theodosius regarded Botheric with singular and almost paternal affection. Rufinus had married the sister of the chief, and embarked his fortunes in the same cause.

The messengers had delivered their message to Rufinus in a secret audience; but his wife recognizing her countrymen, and the soldiers of her brother, took measures to ob-

tain from them the substance of their tidings. Her grief gave place to revenge, and she used the most powerful means to stimulate the zeal of her husband in what she deemed the cause of justice. Rufinus was sufficiently disposed to avenge the blood of her kinsman, in that of the rebellious city.

The monarch was sitting at a banquet when his minister rushed into his presence, and, with every symptom of grief, communicated the fatal news, that Botheric, his faithful soldier, the support of his throne, and the guardian of his children, had been murdered, with every circumstance of wanton cruelty, by the people of Thessalonica.

The Emperor, starting from his seat, expressed, at the same time, his incredulity and horror at this news. The former sentiment was overpowered by the arts of the minister, who produced the letter that had just been received, and the men who had brought it. The horsemen, on being interrogated, gave a minute, though exaggerated and fallacious picture of the tumult. The messengers were unacquainted with its true causes, and the most accurate statement which it was in their power to make, would have left the hearers in astonishment at the savage ferocity of the Thessalonians.

Incredulity at length gave place to rage. In the first transport of his fury he vowed to obliterate the offending city from the face of the earth. The cholerick temper of Theodosius was capable of transporting him to the wildest excesses. These excesses, when reason resumed its power, were beheld in their genuine deformity, and were productive of exquisite remorse. Rufinus, therefore, was eager to improve the opportunity, and before the paroxysm of passion should subside, to extort from him a sanguinary edict.

It was not possible, indeed, for malice to contrive an higher provo-

cation than this. There was little danger that his passion should subside, if it were not assailed by the lenient counsels and remonstrances of others. This, however, would certainly happen as soon as the disaster was publicly known, and was, therefore, to be prevented by dispatch.

Rufinus assumed the specious office of assuaging his master's resentment. He perceived the folly of demolishing towers, and walls, and habitations, on account of an offence committed by those who resided within them. It was just to punish the guilty people; but to slay them on the very stage of their crimes was all that equity demanded.

The punishment could not follow too soon upon the heel of the offence, and the soldiers of Botheric were the suitable ministers of vengeance. There was no danger that their hands would be tied up by scruples or commiseration. The death of the people was, indeed, claimed by the justice of the soldiers as well as of the prince, and should that justice be refused by the monarch, the troops would not fail, being in possession of fortifications and arms, to execute it of their own accord. The punishment could not be prevented, and if his sanction should be refused, their deed would constitute them rebels to his authority, and the fairest city in his empire would thus be torn from his possession.

These motives were artfully, though needlessly insinuated. The Emperor eagerly affixed his seal and his signature to the warrant which condemned the people of the most illustrious and populous of Roman cities to military execution.

Rufinus knew, that to the complete execution of this sentence, it was necessary that the preliminary measures should be secret. A knowledge of their fate would impel num-

bers to flight, and others, urged by despair, would rush into rebellion, and oppose force by force. There was likewise but one method in which justice could be fully executed: By assembling the whole body of the people in the circus; the task imposed on their assassins would be with more facility executed, and the theatre of their offences would be made, as justice required, the scene of their punishment.

With these views, the horsemen, a few hours after their arrival, set out on their return, with secret directions to Walimer, under the Emperor's own seal, to collect the people in the circus, under pretence of an equestrian exhibition, and slay them to a man.

The number of the people did not fall short of three hundred thousand. Rufinus laid claim to the praise of clemency, in withstanding the fury of his master, whose revenge reluctantly consented to spare one. The criminals were naturally supposed chiefly to consist of males of mature age, and justice was thought to be satisfied with the destruction of one third of this number. The circus usually contained between twenty and thirty thousand spectators.

These messengers were, likewise charged with letters to Julius Malchus, the prefect, in which he was informed, that the prince had received the tidings of what had lately happened. Much regret was expressed for the fate of Botheric, and the magistrate was charged to execute speedy and condign justice on the authors of the tumult. To show, however, that Theodosius confided in the zeal of the civil magistrates, that he discriminated between the innocent and guilty, and that, notwithstanding these outrages, he had not withdrawn his affection from this people, he authorized the magistrates to publish his forgiveness, and in testimony of his sincerity, to invite them to a splendid exhibition of the public games.

VOL. I. No. 2.

A tedious interval elapsed between the departure and return of Walimer's messengers. This interval was big with anxiety and suspense. The popular disquiet and impatience increased as the day approached which was to decide their fate. Antioch; which three years before had committed a less atrocious offence, and which had escaped with the utmost difficulty, a sentence of extermination, was universally remembered; and was the parent of rueful prognostics.

The attention which regular pursuits and sober duties required, was swallowed up by this growing fear. Ears were open to nothing but rumours and conjectures, and the popular mind was alternately agonized with terror, and elated with hope. Sleep was harrassed with terrific dreams; and, in many, even the appetite for food was suspended by their mournful presages.

If there be any proportion between evils inflicted and suffered, the death of Botheric was *retributed*, a thousand fold, in a single day after its occurrence; but twenty-eight days elapsed, and each hour added to the weight of apprehension which oppressed the last.

The distance by land, and round the head of the Adriatic, from Thessalonica to the Imperial residence, was eight hundred and seventy five miles. The journey, therefore, though pursued with little intermission, by means of post horses, and covered litters, could not be effected in less than fourteen days. One day would be consumed in deliberation, and an equal period of fourteen days would elapse, before letters could be received from Mediolanum by the public carriers.

The messengers, dispatched by Malchus, were outstripped, on expedition, by those of Walimer, and the Emperor's letters were delivered to the prefect one day sooner than was expected by him. He dreaded

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to unclose the packet, perceiving, that the information received by the ministers had gone through the hands of the soldiers, by whom the truth would unavoidably be perverted. The Senate was convened, and the dispatches laid before them.

Intimations of this event reached the people. A Senatorial meeting, at an uncustomary hour, was prolific of conjecture and alarm. Multitudes hastened to the Senate house, and the members of that body forced their way, with difficulty, through the croud which besieged the entrances. The tumult and clamour became so great, that the prefect was obliged to postpone the opening of the packets till a Senator had exhorted the multitude to order and forbearance, and explained the purport of the meeting, promising to return as soon as the decision of the Emperor were known, and impart to them the tidings.

This assurance was followed by a general pause. Every murmur was hushed. Every eye was fixed, in anxious gaze, upon the door through which the Speaker had withdrawn from their sight, and at which he was momentarily expected to re-appear. The uproar of a troubled sea was succeeded by portentous calm, and the silence of death.

At length the magistrate came forth. The joy, indicated by his countenance, did not escape the general observation. Their hopes were elated, and exultation spoke forth from every mouth, as soon as the forgiveness and gracious condescension of the prince were made known. He was heard, distinctly, by few; but the rapturous exclamations of those conveyed the import of the speech to the most distant spectators.

The joyous tidings were diffused with unspeakable celerity. Pleasure was proportioned to the dread that had lately prevailed. Fire and the sword were ready to involve them

in a common ruin; but these evils were averted, and not only their pristine security returned, but their darling sports, with new embellishments, were to be renewed. The exhibitions of the circus were ordered to take place on the next day.

The streets resounded with mutual congratulations. Laughter and song, and dance, and feasting, and magnificent illuminations, and processions to the churches, to pour forth the praises of God and of Theodosius, the father of his people, and the darling of mankind, occupied the people during the succeeding night.

The Senators, after the first emotions of their joy had subsided, began to look upon this circumstance with eyes of some suspicion. The cholerick and impetuous temper of Theodosius was well known. A much more trivial offence, in the inhabitants of Antioch, had excited his wrath, and prompted him to decree the destruction of the guilty city.

The crime of Thessalonica had been reported by the soldiers. No deprecation had been used. The cause of the tumult and the punishment of its authors, were unknown at the time when Walimer dismissed his messengers. Time for the interposition of beneficent counsellors, or for rage to be displaced by equanimity, had not been allowed.

It was, indeed, remembered that Antioch had fewer claims upon the affection of Theodosius, that the dictates of his hasty indignation, with regard to that city, had been to himself a topic of humiliation and regret, and that he might now be guarded against the impulse of choler. It was likewise known that the genuine intentions of the monarch had not, at any time, been concealed from the Antiochians, and no motives could be imagined by which the prince might be in-

duced to conceal his anger, or counterfeit forgiveness.

These opposite considerations were anxiously revolved by the prefect Malchus. He was unable to divest his mind wholly of inquietude and doubt. The acquiescence of the soldiers, in a sentence like this, was incredible. Macro and Eustace had not dipped their hands in the blood of Botheric and his retinue. Search was made for those who had been active in the bloody fray; but the evidence obtained was doubtful and contradictory, and the populace began to view their deportment as justified by necessity and self-defence. The officers were known by all to be, with regard to the crowd surrounding them, the first assailants.

The secret, if any secret existed, was repositied with Walimer. A careful observation of his conduct might detect the truth. For this purpose an interview was necessary. To invite him and his tribunes to a banquet was an obvious expedient to detect the truth, if his purposes were hostile, or to confirm his intentions, if they were amicable and pacific.

The senators and officers were therefore invited to a feast. Malchus selected the most sagacious of his servants, and directed them to treat the military followers in a cordial and bounteous manner, and to watch their looks and discourse. Some unguarded expression, it was thought, would escape them in the midst of their carousals, betraying their designs.

This scheme was partly frustrated by the precaution of Walimer, who at once testified his confidence in Malchus, and precluded the hazard of impetuosity or babbling in his soldiers, by coming to the palace of the prefect unattended except by his tribunes. The carousals were prolonged till midnight, and every

proof of a sincere reconciliation was given by the guests.

The next day was ushered in as a solemn and joyous festival. It happened that this day was sacred to Demetrius, the saint or tutelary genius of the city, and to whose divine influence the people fondly ascribed the clemency of Theodosius.

It was usual for centinels to be posted at the avenues of the hippodrome. This was a customary duty, and, to omit it on this occasion, would have bred suspicion. No alarm, therefore, was excited by the march, at noon-day, of a detachment from the citadel for this purpose.

On the preceding night, Malchus had imparted his doubts and apprehensions to some of the senators. A secret consultation had been held. No measures sufficiently conducive to their safety could be adopted. Whatever evil was meditated by the soldiers, it was impossible to avert or elude it. The towers and gates were in their hands. Circumspection or disguise, would avail nothing. If the danger had assumed any known form, suitable precautions could scarcely be discovered; but now, when all was uncertain and inscrutable, a frank and fearless deportment was most proper.

The presence of the senate and magistrates was necessary at the public shows. My mind was actuated by inexplicable fears, and I would willingly have forborne to attend; but reflection convinced me that my life was equally in the power of the soldiers, in the recesses of my palace, and in the courts of the citadel.

Noon arrived, thousands hurried to the hippodrome; the concourse was uncommonly large, as numbers from the neighbouring villages and districts flocked to the spectacle; all benches were quickly filled and

galleries crowded; I proceeded thither at the head of the senatorial order, and was received with low obeisance by the guards, and with loud acclamations by the people. The games only waited the arrival of the general and tribunes to begin.

His approach was quickly announced by the sound of military music. At that moment a civil officer, whose face was pale with affright, thrust himself amidst the crowd, and whispered something in the ear of a senator who sat near me. The senator was observed to start; and inquiry being made into the cause of his alarm, he replied, that Walimer was followed, not by the usual retinue, but by a formidable brigade, who surrounded the circus and seemed to meditate violence.

Walimer and his officers now entered and placed themselves on an elevated platform assigned for his use, and which was ascended by a narrow staircase. His entrance was greeted by grateful acclamations, and he was observed to bow his head in token of his satisfaction. In a moment after the trumpet, whose note was a signal for the chariots to start from their goal, was sounded.

Before the signal was obeyed, a dart, thrown by an unknown hand and with inconceivable force, struck the breast of a charioteer, who fell headlong from his seat. His horses were alarmed, and swerving from their true direction, threw all into disorder. This event was noticed by the people with amazement.

Their attention was speedily recalled from this object by troops of soldiers rushing through the various passages, and brandishing their swords. No time was allowed to question their purpose or elude it. They fell upon those who were nearest and hewed them to pieces.

Every avenue poured forth a des-

trouying band. Few, therefore, were allowed to be mere spectators of the danger. Every one witnessed the butchery of his neighbour, and shrunk from the swords, which, in a few moments, would be steeped in his own blood.

The multitude rose, with one consent, from their seats. The extent of the evil that threatened them was fully apprehended by none. They were far from imagining that this havoc was directed or sanctioned by the prince. They did not conceive that the soldiers had acted by the orders of Walimer; but that a conspiracy was formed against them by the military order was apparent.

Those who were near the station of Walimer, stretched their hands towards him in supplication, and uttered the most piercing cries of distress. His sullen and immovable air convinced them that he was an accomplice in their fate.

Some vainly flattered themselves that the sword would be weary of its task before it reached them. They sheltered themselves behind their neighbours, and in their eagerness to put themselves in the midst of the crowd, were bereaved of breath, or trampled under foot.

Those whose situation exposed them to the first assault, struggled to gain the passages. Such as escaped the edge of the sabre and passed into the square, were transfixed by darts. The soldiers were drawn up in firm array, and extending themselves on all sides, rendered escape impossible.

To expatiate on the scene that followed, and which did not terminate till midnight; to count up the victims, to describe the various circumstances of their death, is a task to which I am unequal. Language sinks under the enormity and complication of these ills. I was a witness and partaker; the images exist in my imagination as vividly as when they

were presented to my senses; my blood is still chilled, my dreams are still agonized by dire remembrance; but my eloquence is too feeble to impart to others the conceptions of my own mind.

The woes of my country are not past. Hundreds who escaped the bounds of this devoted city, are, like me, in the full fruition of melancholy or despair. The images of wife and offspring, of friends and neighbours, mangled by the sword, or perishing by lingering torments, pursue them to their retreats, and deny them a momentary respite. Some have lost their terror only by the extinction of their reason; and the phantoms of the past have disappeared in the confusion of insanity. Others, whose heroic or fortunate efforts set them beyond the reach of the soldiers, were no sooner at li-

berty to review the past, and contemplate their condition, than they inflicted on themselves that death which had been, with so much difficulty avoided, when menaced by others. Their misery was too abrupt, and too enormous, to be forgotten or endured.

I envy the lot of such, but it will quickly be my lot. The period of forgetfulness, or of tranquil existence in another scene, is hastening to console me. Meanwhile, my task shall be, to deliver to you, and to posterity, a faithful narrative. The horrors of this scene are only portions of the evil that has overspread the Roman world, which has been inflicted by the cavalry of Scythia, and which will end only in the destruction of the empire, and the return of the human species to their original barbarity.

American Review.

ART. V.

NEW VIEWS of the Origin of the Tribes and Nations of America.
By Benjamin Smith Barton, M.
D. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 274. Philadelphia. Printed for the Author by John Bioren. 1798.

THE purpose of this work is to investigate the affinity between the nations of the eastern and western portions of our globe. The obvious proceeding of searching the historical records and monuments of mankind, is impracticable in this case. The human race is multiplied greatly, and diffused extensively before that period arrives when the transactions of a nation are made the subjects of written narratives.

This question is difficult and doubtful, in different degrees, to

different persons. Those who credit the writings of Moses, are not only persuaded that mankind arose from a single pair, but can even point out the period of their origin, and the district which the primitive man inhabited. With these, there is no doubt but that the birth-place and cradle of the human species was Asia; and that the inhabitants of the rest of the world are descended from those who gradually dispersed themselves from this centre.

Those who lay the authority of the Hebrew scriptures out of view, will still admit that all mankind are sprung from one pair; because this is consistent with that maxim in reasoning which requires us to assign effects to as few causes as possible, and to be contented with that cause which is sufficient to produce

the effect. The time and place at which they began to exist, in the view of such, is more doubtful, as well as the progress of migration from one quarter to another.

Since the discovery of America, much speculation has arisen with regard to the origin of its inhabitants. This region being found to be severed by water from the eastern continent, many conjectures have been formed as to the point at which the inhabitants of one region passed over to the other.

There being traces of many convulsions and changes on the surface of our globe, occasioned by internal fire, some have removed the difficulty by supposing that, at some former period, the two continents were joined, and that the emigration took place over that space which, though now water, was then land. Some have maintained that this junction existed between Brazil and Negroland, these being the southern points of each continent which approach nearest each other. Others have imagined that they were conjoined at the northern extremity, the intervening gulphs, both on the eastern and western sides, being there very inconsiderable.

Both these suppositions, though plausible, are needless, since experience shows that enterprise and accident lead men, even in a savage state, across gulphs even wider than those which flow between Siberia and the north-eastern angle of America, and between Africa and Brazil. The former, however, being narrower than the latter, most reasoners have concurred in selecting this as the road.

Mankind, in proportion as they approach to a common stock, are distinguished by various affinities and resemblances. That race of men in the old world, which bears the greatest and most numerous resemblances to the nations of Ame-

rica, must be supposed to approach nearest to the common stock. These resemblances consist either in the person, manners, or language; and if, in these respects, a stronger resemblance is discerned between the Siberians and Americans than between any other races of men, the conjecture which physical appearances produced, has received the utmost confirmation of which the nature of the thing is susceptible.

Dr. Barton, eminently distinguished for his skill in natural history, has been prompted, during several years, to bestow attention on this subject. His sagacity easily discovered that in investigating the affinity of nations, the circumstance of most importance, was their language. External form, political systems, and religious modes, and even traditionary tales, are not of trivial moment; but that on which the most rational conclusions must be built, is language.

As this is the most useful, it is likewise the most laborious and unostentatious path. This writer has walked in it with the most cautious footsteps, and his work must be allowed to exhibit uncommon proofs of learning, industry, ingenuity, and candour.

To collect words from the Indian and Tartarian languages, in considerable numbers, was a most arduous undertaking. The printed vocabularies of these tongues are rare, scanty, and of difficult access. Different sounds are annexed by the compilers of different nations to the same characters. To reduce them to a common standard, was a work demanding great attention, but was indispensable, and has been, with considerable success, performed.

The great collections of Pallas, and the labours of some others, have afforded good materials for the catalogue here formed of the Tartar dialects; but, with respect to the Indian tongues, much information

was to be gathered from conversation and personal inquiry. Dr. Barton appears to have spared no pains to procure the most authentic information from these sources as well as from books, and his success has corresponded with his efforts.

Much of the work consists of preliminary, but necessary matter. A sketch is given of the territorial distribution of the Indian tribes, as far as this could be collected from authentic monuments. Quotations and statements are introduced displaying the various opinions that have been entertained on the origin of the Americans. The argument in favour of their Asiatic origin, flowing from the uniform tradition of the Indian nations, that their fore-fathers came from the westward, is stated with great ingenuity, and with suitable limitations. The sources whence his vocabulary is drawn, and the laws which he has observed in assigning sounds to characters, are clearly and satisfactorily exhibited. These matters are merely preparatory to a set of tables, in which some words of the American and Tartarian languages are set in contrast with each other.

This catalogue comprehends the names of parts of the human body, of God, the soul, and the most common objects and operations of nature. No pains seem to have been spared to make this catalogue accurate and extensive; and, as far as it goes, it seems a suitable foundation for the theory which the writer has erected on it. His opinion is, that all the natives of America, except the Esquimaux, are nearly akin to the natives of Siberia. This is the point which he thinks established by the similarity of their dialects, and which only, he is solicitous to prove. The question naturally arises, whether the former was colonized by the latter, or the latter by the former? Dr. Barton decides with caution, and

deems it most probable that Asia was first peopled.

On the whole, this essay is a favourable specimen of industry and learning; and the student of American antiquities will wait with impatience for the farther illustrations of the ancient state of our country, which the Doctor is preparing for the press. C. B.

ART. VI.

DESCRIPTION of the Settlement of the GENESSEE COUNTRY, in the State of New-York. In a series of Letters from a Gentleman to his Friend. 8vo. pp. 63. 50 Cents. New-York. T. and J. Swords. 1799.

TO those who have just and enlarged views of human happiness, no spectacle can be imagined more pleasing, than a country rapidly emerging from the savage condition of nature, to a state of civilization and refinement. The mind expands with the purest and most sublime emotions of wonder and delight, at the survey of progressive and unlimited improvement, of those prodigious changes in the aspect of an extensive country, produced, in a few years, by the hand of hardy and persevering industry. The quick transition from the solitude and gloom of boundless forests, the haunts of ferocity and indolence, to cultivated fields and cheerful habitations, the abodes of comfort and tranquillity, has somewhat the effect of enchantment.

Scenes of this nature are every where exhibited in the different parts of our country; but none, perhaps, can be found more deserving of notice than those presented by the settlements of the north-western parts of the State of New-York. That portion of our

State, distinguished by the name of the **GENESEE COUNTRY**, possessing a fertile soil, a salubrious climate, and happily situated for inland navigation, and easy communication with the atlantic towns, affords an uncommon instance of rapid population and improvement.

To give an account of the settlement, present state, and natural advantages of this district of country, is the design of the letters here submitted to the public. The respectable character of the writer,* his residence in the country described, his intimate acquaintance with every circumstance relative to its settlement and condition, are powerful recommendations to the reader, for the fidelity and accuracy of his description, which is written in a style simple, perspicuous, and correct.

In the year 1789, Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham purchased of the State of New-York and the Seneca Indians, their right to that part of the country which is included between a meridian line, drawn from the eighty-second mile-stone on the Pennsylvania line, and the Genesee River; and extending on the northernmost part, twelve miles west of that river; comprehending a tract forty-five miles from west to east, and eighty-four miles from north to south, containing about 2,200,000 acres of land.—In 1790, all that part of the State lying west of the above-mentioned line, to Lake Ontario, including the Genesee Country, was erected into a county, by the name of Ontario.—It is bounded on the north by Lake Ontario, on the west by Niagara River and Lake Erie, on the south by Pennsylvania, and on the east by the counties of Tioga and Onondago.

The distance of the Genesee from Albany, New-York, Philadelphia,

and Baltimore, is from one hundred and eighty, to two hundred miles; and from the city of Washington about two hundred and sixty-five miles. An attempt was made, in 1789, by Mr. Phelps, to effect a settlement in the Genesee Country; but little was done until the year 1792, when a gentleman in England, having become the purchaser of the tract, visited it in person, and projected a plan of settlement, which has been prosecuted with vigour and success from that time to the present.

In 1796, the town of Bath, comprehending a district of eight miles, contained eight hundred inhabitants, two schools, one grist-mill, and two saw-mills. Other places had progressed in a similar manner.—In the same year a printing-office was established in the town of Bath, and a newspaper, entitled, "*The Bath Gazette*," published weekly, which, in six months, was taken by one thousand subscribers. Another paper is also printed in the Genesee, entitled, "*The Ontario Gazette*." The same year a sloop of forty tons was built and launched on the Genesee Lake.

After this brief sketch of the origin and progress of this settlement, we present the following description of the town and bay of Sodus, as a specimen of the writer's style and manner.

"This place is situated on a bay of the same name, which is well known as the best harbour on the south side of Lake Ontario. Few or none, even on the sea coast, exceed it for spaciousness and beauty. The extent of the bay, from north to south, is about six or seven miles, and from east to west, from two to four miles. The grounds around the bay rise considerably high, and the entrance is not above half a mile over. So completely is it protected from the wind, that when the lake is agitated with a storm, the bay may be passed safely in a canoe. Vessels may anchor near the town

* Charles Williamson, Esq.

in twenty-five fathom water, on a sandy bottom, and in many places a vessel of fifty tons might lay afloat near enough the shore to land on a plank. In this bay there are several islands,* covered with timber, which, with the head lands stretching into the bay, afford picturesque views from the town, scarcely to be equalled. The town stands on a rising ground, on the west point of the bay, having the lake on the north, to appearance boundless as the ocean, and the bay to the east, romantically intersected with islands, and parts of the main land stretching into it. The first view of this place, after passing through a timbered country twenty-eight miles, strikes the eye of the beholder as one of the most magnificent landscapes human fancy can picture, and the beauty of the scene is not unfrequently heightened by the appearance of large vessels navigating the lake. At the sight of these immense bodies of water, the mind of a reflecting man must be struck with admiration. With only the interception of the portage, of nine miles at Niagara Falls, they may be navigated to the westward at least two thousand miles, and at one place the portage between Lake Michigan and the navigable waters of the Illinois, does not exceed half a mile. I was at Sodus some time ago, when a boat, with a number of families on board, put into the bay: they appeared to be French. Being questioned as to their business, they said they were bound for the Spanish settlements on the Illinois River: some of them had been there the year before, and stated, that, excepting the Falls of Niagara, they had only a carrying-place of half a mile from Lake Michigan to a branch of the Illinois River. They said they had still one thousand five hundred miles to sail. What an extensive navigation!

"You will find the Genesee Country abounding with situations both valuable to the farmer and amusing to the gentleman and man of leisure: but amongst the variety it affords, they must all yield to Sodus: for fishing, fowling, sailing, or hunting, this latter place stands unrivalled; and perhaps no place in America can equal it. Fish of various kinds, many of them from the ocean, can be

had at pleasure; and a species of soft-shelled green turtle† may be procured in plenty, little inferior to the green turtle brought from the West-Indies. In the spring and fall, all sorts of water-fowl are innumerable in the bay. In the adjacent woods are abundance of deer: they may be easily drove by dogs into the bay, and the chase is continued by water, greatly to the amusement of those who are fond of such sports. Strangers going to Sodus, will now find good accommodation, in a house built for the purpose; and they will find handsome sail-boats, and every apparatus necessary to accommodate the sportsman in pursuit of his amusement.

"The lands about Sodus are a black sandy loam, very deep; a soil not very common in this country, but of an excellent quality for every species of cultivation: it affords the finest gardens.‡"

In 1797, and 1798, the population of the Genesee was greatly augmented: in the last year near 3000 persons visited the counties of Ontario and Steuben, in the space of six weeks, for the purpose of fixing settlements for their families in the spring. New roads were opened and improved; weekly markets established at Bath, Canandaquai and Geneva, plentifully supplied with meats of all kinds; many boats and vessels were built on the lakes and rivers, useful manufactories commenced; and every thing announcing a flourishing settlement.

"You will find," says the author in his third letter, "that the climate of the Genesee Country not only forms a very interesting part of its advantages, but also of its natural history: those parching heats that, on the south side of the Alleghany Mountains, seem to dry up every particle of nourishment from the plants, are never known in this country: in almost every instance a hot day is succeeded by a plentiful shower, which preserves, throughout the summer, a constant verdure, and affords to us the finest pastures and meadows on the continent:

* Some of these islands contain fifty acres, all of very fine soil: they produce vegetables in great abundance, particularly onions."

† This species of turtle weighs above 20lb."

‡ It is very common to see onions in gardens at Sodus from fourteen to fifteen inches in circumference, and from the seed not sown above four months."

the nights are proportionately cool, and a traveller from the sea coast is surprized to find, in the dog-days, a couple of blankets a comfortable covering. Late frosts in the spring, and early ones in the fall, are uncommon, and there is scarcely an instance of the fruit or corn suffering by them. The peach-trees, the great test of a climate free from severe and late spring frosts, come to great perfection; in one orchard, at an old Indian town near Geneva, the occupier of the farm fold, last year, to a neighboring distillery, one hundred bushels of peaches.

"In the winters of 1796 and 1797, two gentlemen kept regular diaries of the weather, the one at Bath, in Steuben county, the other at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania: the result was, that at Lancaster the cold was greater than at Bath, from eleven to thirteen degrees during the winter; but the spring commenced ten days later. If more proof was necessary to establish this important fact, viz. the moderation of the climate, it might be stated, that the settlers have, in many parts of the country, been in the custom of turning into the woods part of their cattle before winter, at a distance from their farms, and they have been found, in every instance, in good order, and with less loss than might be expected from the same number of cattle if kept about the houses. The frosts have never been so severe as to stop the operation of the mills, provided very trifling precaution is used. So remarkable was this circumstance in 1797, that a number of sleds came from Pennsylvania to the Bath mills, a distance of seventy miles. Except in shallow places, the lakes never freeze; and the navigation of the Seneca Lake has not been impeded since the settlement of the country. This will appear the more remarkable, when, frequently within that period, the North River has been frozen at New-York, the Delaware forty miles below Philadelphia, and the Chesapeake Bay as low as Annapolis. All this is owing to the relative situation of the Genesee Country. The country is bounded on the north and west by great bodies of water, which do not freeze, and in this direction there is not one mountain. The northerly and westerly winds, which scourge the coast of America, by blowing over the Alleghany Mountains late in the spring and early in the fall, covered with snow, are tempered by passing over these waters; and these mountains to the south

of us do, at the same time, prevent the destructive effects of the southerly breeze in winter, which, by suddenly thawing the frozen wheat-fields, destroys thousands of bushels. While the Lakes and Alleghany Mountains are in existence, so long will the inhabitants of the Genesee Country be blessed with their present temperate climate."

As to the soil and face of the country, this writer observes, that

"It has very erroneously been supposed, that the face of the Genesee Country was flat and level, full of swamps and stagnant waters; but, in fact, the direct contrary is the case. The face of the country from Geneva to the Genesee River, appears to be a succession of gentle swellings of land, running most frequently from north to south; and the intermediate spaces afford considerable bottom or meadow land, and generally a small stream of water. This furnishes the best situations imaginable for farms, there being a due proportion of high land and meadow. The upland, as it is termed, is timbered chiefly with hickory, oak, and walnut; and the interval with elm, bass-wood, sugar-tree, &c. The stone found on these ridges mostly inclines to lime-stone, which is a certain indication of the best land for every species of grain. The openings, or large tracts of land, found frequently in this country free of timber, and showing great signs of having been once in a state of cultivation, are singularly curious.

"This sort of land, from the ignorance of the first settlers in regard to its quality, was supposed to be barren, and was therefore little valued: necessity, however, obliged some to attempt the cultivation of it, and they were agreeably disappointed on finding they had got a good crop; and, in numberless instances, they have continued to reap plentiful crops every year for seven years past. This kind of land, which, six years ago, would not have sold for a quarter of a dollar an acre, is now reckoned cheap at ten dollars an acre.

"It is difficult to account for these openings, or for the open flats on the Genesee River, where ten thousand acres may be found in one body, not even encumbered with a bush, but covered with grass of such height, that the largest bullocks, at thirty feet from the path, will be completely hid from the view. Through all this country there are not

only signs of extensive cultivation having been made at some early period, but there are found the remains of old forts, where the ditches and gates are still visible. They appear to be, in general, well chosen for defence. From the circumstance of swords being found in them with French inscriptions, it is concluded they are of French origin. I do not recollect that the French had ever so great a force in this part of America, at so early a period; for these forts, from very large decayed timbers lying in them, and large timber growing over those fallen down, must be at least two hundred years old: the forts are, besides, too numerous for mere stations; and great collections of human bodies are found in them, which shows they have been occupied for many years. An accurate examination of this country, by men of observation and science, might throw light on the history of this part of America, now so little known.

"The soil of the country has, in every instance, proved favourable to the raising of grain: the long and moderate summers seem particularly adapted to bring to perfection wheat, barley, and oats; the two last, so inferior on the coast to the English, are here of a quality equally as good. The crops of timothy and clover hay are superior to most in America, and have been known to produce from three to four tons per acre, of excellent, well dried hay."

The following facts, in some degree, show the spirit of enterprize among the settlers:

"Some years ago the high price of flour and lumber at Baltimore, induced a Mr. Kryder, a farmer on the Juniata River, to try an experiment in the mode of transporting flour from his mills to Baltimore: he built a sort of boat, which he called an *Ark*; it was long and flat, and constructed of very large timber, such as he supposed would suit the purpose of builders. This vessel, or float, carried three hundred barrels of flour. This man had the courage to push through a navigation then unknown, and arrived safe at Baltimore, where he received from the merchants a premium of one dollar above the market price for every barrel. Thus encouraged, the same

person has been down every year since, and has made so considerable improvement on this sort of boat, that *arks* are now used which carry five hundred barrels."

A Mr. Bartles also carried down the Susquehannah to Baltimore, a raft of one hundred thousand feet of lumber.

"The Genesee River," this writer describes as "navigable for sloops of sixty tons, from the lake to the falls, a distance of six miles. These falls, which are formed by a continuance of the same ridge that forms the falls of Niagara, are a succession of four distinct falls within the space of one mile; the highest is ninety feet, but, with the rapids above, the total height is three hundred feet. These falls, for beauty, are not inferior to those of Niagara. A carrying-place is made on the west side of the river, and it has already considerable employment. Immediately above the falls the river is navigable for large boats, and continues so for twenty-five miles above Williamsburgh, where it is again interrupted. At the village of Williamsburgh the Canasraga Creek joins the Genesee River: this creek affords good navigation for near twenty miles, to Danville, a settlement in the north-west corner of Steuben county, only nine miles from the navigable waters on the Canisteo River.—The quantity of provisions and distilled liquor sent from the mouth of the Genesee River is very considerable. Last summer a small vessel was kept in constant employment in this business."

The following directions are given to those who design to visit the Falls of Niagara.

"Should curiosity induce you to visit the Falls of Niagara, you will proceed from Geneva, by the State Road, to the Genesee River, which you will cross at New-Hartford, west of which you will find the country settled for about twelve miles; but after that, for sixty-five miles, to Niagara River, the country still remains a wilderness. This road was used so much last year by people on business, or by those whom curiosity had led to visit the Falls of Niagara, that a station was fixed at the Big Plains to shelter

"This season a field of twenty acres was averaged at Bath, and found to bear of good hay three tons 8cwt. 46lb per acre. In many places the red clover was four feet seven inches long."

travellers. At this place there are two roads that lead to Niagara River; the south road goes by Buffalo Creek, the other by Tanawandoe Village to Queen's Town Landing. The road by Buffalo Creek is most used, both because it is better and because it commands a view of Lake Erie; and the road from this to the falls is along the banks of Niagara River, a very interesting ride. The river is in no place less than a mile over, and the picture is enlivened by a variety of landscapes. Niagara River is the only outlet of Lake Superior, and all those immense lakes that afford, from the falls, an uninterrupted navigation of near two thousand miles to the westward. As you approach Chippaway, a military station two miles above the falls, the rapidity of the river increases, bounding to a great height where it meets with resistance from the inequality of the surface; and this vast body of water at last rushes over a precipice of one hundred and seventy feet. The falls can be viewed from several different places; but they are seen to most advantage below. You can, with safety, approach the very edge of the fall, and may even go some distance between the sheet of falling water and the precipice; but this experiment requires caution: the footing is unequal and slippery; and blasts of condensed air rush out with such violence as to deprive you, for some moments, of the power of breathing. From the falls to Queen's Town, the nearest place to which shipping approach the falls, the river is confined within a chasm in the rocks, one hundred and fifty feet deep, and to all appearance cut out by the force of the water. Queen's Town is a neat village, and has all the appearance of a sea-port; it is not uncommon to see at that place several brigs of one hundred tons burden, and many smaller vessels."

Two neat maps of the counties of Ontario and Steuben, and of the "Middle States," and a handsome view of Fort Oswego, on the shore of the Lake Ontario, are prefixed. Subjoined is a table of the distances and principal inns on the post road from Albany to Niagara. H.

ART. VII.

MEMOIRS of Major-Gen. HEATH,
containing *Anecdotes, Details of*

Skirmishes, Battles, and other Military Events, during the American War. Written by himself. pp. 388. 8vo. Thomas & Andrews. Boston. 1798.

THE work here presented to the public is written by one who sustained the important character of Major-General in the American army, from the commencement to the termination of the late revolutionary war.

From a person of such rank, and who was an eye-witness of many of the transactions of that memorable period, the reader will, doubtless, expect many new and interesting details, many curious and instructive anecdotes, and many pleasing illustrations of that portion of the history of our country. He will not, however, have proceeded far in the barren tract of this writer, before he discovers how delusive are such expectations. In vain will he look for the purity, correctness and precision, the modesty and dignity, the unaffected ease and elegance, he has often admired in the productions of Cæsar and of Sully;

The volume before us contains no well digested narrative, no regular concatenation of causes and effects; no just delineation of character, no striking descriptions; is enriched with no felicities of expression and remark; but is a meagre journal, a dry gazette account of facts, often trivial and unimportant, arranged in exact chronological order, from day to day, from June, 1775, to December, 1793.

The author, indeed, seems aware of the essential defects in the plan and execution of his work; for he observes, in his introduction, that, "to preserve and perpetuate a daily journal of occurrences, through nearly the whole of the late war, is the present object" of these memoirs: "and although his pages are not decorated with the flowers

of Greece and Rome; and, for their diction, cannot claim the patronage of the learned, they contain a state of facts, in detail, which may not be displeasing to posterity."—That the work was originally destined, by the author, for the instruction and amusement of future ages, we are informed by his advertisement—"That it was not the intention to publish these memoirs during the life-time of the writer. They were penned for *his own review*, and the information and satisfaction of his own family as well as posterity. The pressing importance of very many is the sole reason of their appearing at this time."

How far the advice of the author's friends was discreet, or whether the present or a future generation will regard these memoirs with the same complacency and satisfaction as the writer or his friends, we presume not to determine.

Whether the facts told are stated with the absolute veracity requisite in an historian, we leave it to others, better acquainted with the subject and its incidents, to decide.

The author has availed himself of the privilege of a writer of his own memoirs, and has lost no opportunity to exhibit himself as the most prominent and distinguished figure in the group. Our limits do not permit us to make many extracts: but we claim the indulgence of our readers in selecting one or two passages, as specimens of our author's style and manner. The first relates to the origin of our author, and is taken from the first page of his memoirs.

"Major-General William Heath descended from an ancient family in Roxbury, near Boston, in Massachusetts, and is of the fifth generation of the family who have inherited the same real estate, (taken up in a state of nature) not large, but fertile, and pleasantly situated. He was born March 2d, (old stile) 1737,

was brought up a farmer, of which profession he is yet passionately fond. He is of middling stature, light complexion, very corpulent, and bald-headed, which led the French officers who served in America very frequently to compare him to the Marquis of Granby.* From his childhood he was remarkably fond of military exercises, which passion grew up with him, and, as he arrived at years of maturity, led him to procure, and attentively to study, every military treatise in the English language which was obtainable. This, with a strong memory, rendered him fully acquainted with the theory of war, in all its branches and duties, from the private soldier to the commander in chief."

In 1765 Mr. Heath went to Boston, where he was chosen Lieutenant, and afterwards a Captain, in the "ancient and honourable artillery company."

Not long after this promotion, "our Captain" was elected a Colonel of the first regiment of militia in Suffolk: and, by a resolve of Congress, in June, 1775, "our Colonel" was appointed a Major-General.

The first shedding of blood by the British is thus described by "our General."

"On the 19th, at day-break, our General was awoke, called from his bed, and informed that a detachment of the British army were out; that they had crossed from Boston to Phipps' farm in boats, and had gone towards Concord, as was supposed, with intent to destroy the public stores. They probably had notice that the committees had met, the preceding day, at Wetherby's tavern, at Menotomy; for, when they came opposite the house, they halted. Several of the gentlemen slept there during the night. Among them were Col. Orne, Col. Lee, and Mr. Gerry. One of them awoke, and informed the others that a body of the British were before the house. They immediately made their escape, without time to dress themselves, at the back door, receiving some injury from obstacles in the way, in their undressed state. They made their way into the fields. The country was immediately alarmed, and the minute-men and mi-

* "Chastellux's Travels."

litia turned out with great spirit. Near Lexington meeting-house the British found the militia of that town drawn up by the road. Towards these they advanced, ordered them to disperse, huzzaed, and fired upon them; when several were killed and wounded, and the rest dispersed. This was the first shedding of blood in the American war."

The "delicate and important" charge of the captured army of General Burgoyne was confided to "our General." The following will show his spirit on that occasion, and, perhaps, be amusing as an anecdote.

"November 8th.—Our General sent one of his aids to accompany General Burgoyne and the other officers into Boston, by the way of Roxbury: they arrived some time before dinner, as was intended, that business might be considered. The parole was shewn to them, and the articles for their government in quarters, with which they were well pleased. But here a discovery was first made of something which they wished to retain while in our country, and which our General would never, for a moment, allow. Gen. Phillips, turning to our General, observed, 'Sir, you well know the disposition of soldiers, and that they will, more or less, in all armies, commit some disorders: suppose you should delegate to Gen. Burgoyne the power of seeing your orders executed.' Our General replied, that he knew the disposition of soldiers, and also the necessity of order and discipline; that he was not only willing, but expected that Gen. Burgoyne, and every other officer, would exert themselves to keep order; that, for this purpose, among themselves, and for internal order and obedience, he might command and punish as might appear to be necessary; but in no case to attempt capital punishment. But as to the exercise of his own command, and enforcement of his own orders when necessary, was a jurisdiction which Gen. Burgoyne must not expect to exercise while here. Gen. Burgoyne smiled, and Gen. Phillips turned it off by saying, 'I only meant it for your ease—ment, Sir.'

"Before dinner was done, so great was the curiosity of the citizens of both sexes, and of all ages and descriptions, to get a peep at Gen. Burgoyne, that the streets were filled, the doors, windows, the tops of the houses and fences crowded. Gen.

Burgoyne had asked our General if he would indulge him to go out of town by the way of Charlestown, which was instantly granted. When he was ready to depart, our General told him that he should accompany him to the ferry; and a procession was formed, the American gentlemen mixing with the British. The streets were so crowded that it was difficult getting along; but not a word or a gesture that was disrespectful. When arrived opposite to the Province-House, Gen. Burgoyne turned round to the other Generals, and observed, 'There is the former residence of the Governor;' when some person on the side of the street, and in a tone fully to be heard, added, '*and on the other side is the riding-school;*' alluding to the Old South Meeting-house having been put to that use in 1775: but the General, who must have heard it, made no reply, but soon after observed, 'Sir, I am astonished at the civility of your people; for were you walking the streets of London, in my situation, you would not escape insult.' When arrived at the ferry-ways, the crowd were down to the water's edge; but when the boat put off, there was not the least indecency or wry countenance discovered. —O my dear countrymen! how did this, your dignified conduct, at that moment, charm my very soul! Such conduct flows from a greatness of mind that goes to conquer a world."

N.

ART. VIII.

The AMERICAN GAZETTEER, exhibiting, in alphabetical Order, a much more full and accurate Account than has been given of the States, Provinces, Counties, Cities, Towns, Villages, Rivers, Bays, Harbours, Gulfs, Sounds, Capes, Mountains, Forts, Indian Tribes, and new Discoveries, on the American Continent, also of the West-India Islands, and other Islands appendant to the Continent, and those newly discovered in the Pacific Ocean, &c. &c. By Jedidiah Morse, D. D. Author of the American Universal Geography, &c. &c. Illustrated with seven new and neat Maps, large 8vo. Hall, Thomas

and Andrews, Larkin, &c. &c.
Boston. 1797.

A WORK of the kind now before us has long been desired by the people of America, and by foreigners who sought for information of the geographical position, relation, extent and situation of the different parts of the American continent. No person could have been found better qualified for the task of such a compilation than the author of the "American Universal Geography," whose laborious diligence, and laudable perseverance in this branch of science are well known, and deservedly commended by the inhabitants of both hemispheres.

The design of the present work had long been contemplated by the author, but ill health, professional duties, and other and more urgent avocations, had hitherto retarded its completion. This delay, affording more time to Dr. Morse to collect, arrange, and examine his materials, has, doubtless, been favourable to the present publication.

The plan of the work is comprehensive and judicious. It may be regarded, in a great degree, as a copious and well-formed abstract of the "American Geography;" and, from its alphabetical arrangement, more convenient and useful for frequent and occasional reference. Readers of every class and description will find in it a valuable compendium of that branch of knowledge which ought to be familiar to all, and which, as it respects our own country, not to possess, betrays a culpable negligence, or indifference.

Some new articles of information are contained in the Gazetteer, which are not to be found in the last edition of the Geography. All the articles are more full and interesting than is usual in publications of this kind.—Some errors will escape the most vigilant and best in-

formed, and they are peculiarly incident to works of this nature, in which perfect accuracy is scarcely attainable, and ought not to be expected. These are rendered more unavoidable, from the very frequent changes which are almost daily taking place, in the subordinate territorial divisions and denominations of places, and numerous local circumstances, peculiar to a new, progressive and extensive country.—Some mistakes are noticed in the "ERRATA," and others will, doubtless, be corrected in a second edition, which, we trust, will be shortly demanded by the public.

Dr. Morse, in his preface, points out the various and ample sources from whence he has drawn his information; and added some necessary explanations of names which frequently occur.—An useful table of post-offices, and post roads, with the distances of places, is added.

Subjoined is an Appendix, containing, "A Summary Statement of the Claims of the State of Georgia, and of the United States, to the "GEORGIA WESTERN TERRITORY," which, we believe, is a clear and impartial view of the principal facts and arguments, on a subject highly interesting and important to a numerous portion of our citizens.

The maps which accompany the volume, though few in number, are neatly executed.

The well-known character of Dr. Morse, as a faithful and judicious compiler, and a sensible well-informed and correct writer—and the general utility and importance of the present publication, render unnecessary any particular recommendation of its merits to the notice of the American reader. J.

ART. IX.

The DUTY of EXECUTORS and ADMINISTRATORS. By the Hon.

John Faucheraud Grimké, *one of the Associate Judges of the State of South Carolina.* New-York. T. and J. Swords. 1797.

A FULL, clear, and comprehensive treatise on that branch of our laws which relates to the office and duty of executors and administrators, must be highly useful to all who are called upon to discharge those important trusts; and, we believe, has long been wished for by gentlemen of the profession. The volume here offered to our readers, though it may not be regarded as exhibiting a very scientific and luminous display of the subject, yet, from the copious digest of the law, and the practical directions which it contains, will be very acceptable to all who are interested to acquire a knowledge of this portion of our laws. The preface points out the necessity of such a publication, and the laudable motives which induced the author to undertake the present work. We concur in the opinion of the author, that some knowledge of the general principles and essential forms of the law, respecting last wills and testaments, should be possessed by all, who, from their character and situation in life, may be summoned to the attendance of the sick—and how very few are there in society, who may not have occasion to be thus informed? Even those benevolent females, who discharge the humble duties of nurses and attendants, may, with great propriety, be instructed in some of the essential requisites prescribed for the execution of a last will and testament: and we have no disposition to controvert the opinion of the Honorable Judge, that females are equally capable of acquiring knowledge in this and every other branch of science, as the other sex.

The work, though intended for the citizens of South-Carolina, will be found serviceable to those of the other States.

After reciting all the statutes of Great-Britain, which have been adopted, and are now in force in South-Carolina, and the several acts of the legislature of that State, relative to Executors and Administrators, Judge Grimké proceeds to the distribution of the subjects into thirteen chapters; which successively treat—1. Of persons who may make a will—2. Of what things a will may be made—3. Of the form and manner of making a will—4. Of guardians and executors—5. Of devises—6. Of the republication and revocation of wills—7. Of the probate of wills—8. Of the administration of the intestate's effects—9. Of inventories, appraisement, and getting in the effects—10. Of the payment of debts—11. Of the payment of legacies—12. Of the distributions of the intestate's effects—13. Of the passing the accounts of executors and administrators. Chapter 14. contains a collection of useful precedents and forms.

The rules of Sir William Blackstone, for the interpretation of wills, deeds, &c. and tables of inheritance, agreeably to the acts of the assembly, are inserted. The difference of succession among lineal and collaterals, by the laws of South-Carolina, and those of Great-Britain, and of ancient Rome, are explained and illustrated.

The cases to be found in the English law writers and reporters on the subject, are digested and arranged under the heads and divisions enumerated, and no pains appear to have been spared to render the work as complete and useful as possible. O.

ART. X.

A Discourse on National Sins: delivered May 9, 1798; being the Day recommended by the President of the United States, to be observed as a

Day of General Fast. By William Linn; D. D. *one of the Ministers of the Reformed Dutch Church in the City of New-York.* 8vo. pp. 37. T. and J. Swords. New-York. 1798.

“TWO motives, principally,” says the author in his preface, “have induced me to publish the following discourse; the one is, that those who disapproved of certain parts, may have an opportunity of giving them a second and dispassionate consideration; the other is, that the sentiments advanced appear to me highly seasonable, and ought to be diffused as extensively as possible. The discourse is printed, *word for word*, as it was written in the first copy, and only three sentences, which will be found marked, were forgotten at the time of delivery. This is mentioned to apologize for the inaccuracies which will occur, and which would have been corrected, had it not been judged best scrupulously to adhere to the very words, which all who were present can be called to attest.”

The subject of this discourse is taken from Joshua vii. 13. *Up, sanctify the people, and say, Sanctify yourselves against to-morrow: for thus saith the Lord God of Israel, There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel: thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the accursed thing from among you.* The principal aim of the author is, to exhibit what he supposes to be the *accursed things*, or the *national sins*, which have been the procuring cause of national punishments. Those he arranges under the following heads:—viz. Inattention to family instruction and government—Neglect of the ordinances of divine worship, and of the due observance of the Sabbath—Abuse of temporal prosperity—The prevalence of infidelity—And the want of union among our citizens—Each of these topics is illustrated

VOL. I. No. 2.

at some length, and the principles arising out of them warmly enforced.

The style of this discourse is simple, and frequently forcible. Though it is sometimes deficient in smoothness, it is generally perspicuous, popular, and impressive. And though inaccuracies now and then occur, the apology which we have quoted from the preface, forbids the severity of criticism. With respect to some of the sentiments maintained by Dr. L. our readers will differ in opinion. We have some doubts as to the propriety of introducing political discussion into the pulpit; but on this subject every preacher must judge for himself, and ascertain his duty, by referring to the particular circumstances in which he is placed. Dr. L. asserts the importance of morality and religion; to the well-being of civil society, with a laudable zeal, and he calls for approbation and support of public measures, with a fervour of decision, which indicates that he is a very firm friend to the government and administration of his country. We have no doubt but that all who concur with him in sentiments, will consider this discourse as worthy of publication, as calculated to do good, and as affording honourable testimony of its author's talents.

ART. XI.

A Sermon, delivered May 9, 1798, being the Day of a National Fast, recommended by the President of the United States. By John Thornton Kirkland, Minister of the New South Church, Boston. 8vo. pp. 23. Russel. Boston. 1798.

THIS discourse was delivered on the same occasion with the last. It maintains, with equal zeal, the importance of Christianity, to the welfare of civil society.

G

ty; and is not less decided and warm in inculcating the duty of supporting the government of the United States. The text is chosen from Isaiah xxvi. 9. *When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness.* After a short and appropriate introduction, the author proposes, 1. "To show in what consists the right improvement of public evils and dangers;" and, 2. "To apply the subject to the present circumstances of the world, and especially of our own country." Under the first head, Mr. K. undertakes to show, that the judgments of God call us, 1. To acknowledge his providence; 2. To submit to his will, and confide in his wisdom and power; 3. To repent of all sin; and, 4. To return to the practice of our whole duty, and especially those parts of it to which recent experience, or the exigencies of the times give a peculiar importance and obligation. Under the second head, his object is to develop the nature and sources of our national dangers, and to show the peculiar duties which the "afflictive and hazardous situation" in which we are placed, demands.

We consider this discourse as exhibiting a very handsome specimen of talent. The style is, in general, correct, polished, and nervous;—the reasoning perspicuous, firm, and manly;—and the whole aspect of the composition of that dignified and serious kind, which becomes the solemnity of pulpit address. The objection which has been made by some against mingling religion and politics, if it be a just objection at all, will lie with full as much, if not greater force against this sermon, than that which was noticed in the preceding article. But on this question we shall not attempt to wrest from our readers the prerogative of deciding for themselves.

Account of American Editions of Foreign Publications.

ART. IV.

The History of America, Books IX. and X. Containing the History of Virginia to the Year 1688, and of Connecticut to the Year 1652. By William Robertson, D. D. &c. 8vo. pp. 196. Philadelphia. J. Humphreys. 1799.

THE subject of this book, and the name of the writer, will not fail to excite attention in American readers. The history of our native country will always deserve to be of chief moment in our eyes; and the discussion of this subject by the most eloquent historian of modern times, cannot fail to afford us uncommon gratification.

Some regret must arise, on observing the short term to which this performance is limited. The narrative of the causes and incidents of the revolution, by such a pen, would have been inestimable. Erroneous statements and conclusions might have been expected; but these blemishes are inseparable from the works of man, and would have been amply compensated by general adherence to truth, by judicious selection and arrangement, and by the charms of perspicuity and elegance.

But in deploring the want of a more ample story, we must not underrate the value of that which we possess. Of the various periods in American history, that of the original colonization of these shores is, in many respects, of more importance than the revolutionary period; and, among all the States, the birth of those of Virginia and New-England is most worthy to be known.

The colonization of Virginia is first discussed. This event is a co-

pious fund of speculation to moral and political reasoners. Its true causes are pointed out by this writer with his usual penetration; and are shown to be the spirit of emulation in the government of England, excited by the glory acquired in this career by the Spaniards; the passion for adventure, and the thirst of gain in the English subjects, provoked by the example of the wealth suddenly acquired by their rivals.

It is common for the greatest and most excellent effects to flow from the meanest and most trivial causes. The settlement of North-America is, in its consequence, the greatest event in the history of mankind; and yet it arose from the most perverse habits, and most sordid passions incident to man. Columbus aimed only to open a new road for the passage of nutmegs and pepper from Malabar to Europe. Cabot was impelled by the same views; by that petty emulation which subsisted between Venice and Genoa, and by the desire of enriching himself and his children. The English princes acted for the sake of glory; and Willoughby, Frobisher, Drake, Gilbert, Raleigh, and Greenville, from a restless and adventurous spirit, and the ambition of eclipsing Gama, Cortez, and Pizarro. The end was much the same; they would not have scrupled to employ the same means, but a different scene was reserved for their exploits; and avarice and cruelty were either frustrated, or limited to a narrower sphere.

The founders of Virginia were, for the most part, the refuse of their country, banished by their vices, or allured by their avarice to the New World, where they sifted the sands for gold, quarrelled and tormented each other, massacred the natives, or perished with famine. In time they learned the necessity of subordination and industry, and laid the

foundation of the present state of things. The birth of this State was attended with painful and long protracted throes, and constitutes a diversified and humiliating tale.

New-England forms a considerable contrast to Virginia. The differences which, at present, subsist between the political and economical condition of the two countries, are not greater than those which distinguished their origin. The discovery and name of New-England were, indeed, the fruits of the national and commercial spirit of the English, but its colonization was owing to an higher principle. The origin, progress, and effects of this principle, are deduced by this writer, with a succinctness, comprehensiveness, and perspicuity that cannot fail to give delight to the intelligent reader. Indeed, it is in the exhibition and deduction of general causes that Robertson eminently excels. Luxuriance of style and eloquence of narration are common and trivial attributes, in comparison with the statement of wide-spread, yet latent; of slow, yet incessant revolutions, in opinion and practice.

The changes of religion at the æra of the reformation were of two kinds; and were greater or less deviations from the ancient model, according as the interest of the prince dictated. England, during several reigns, seemed to fluctuate between the different forms of Roman, Lutheran, and Calvinistic; but after touching the two extremes under Mary and Cromwell, finally subsided into something which receded less, in its creeds, formalities, and modes of ecclesiastical government, from the papal institutions, than any which called itself reformed. The dissenters from the ruling sect were subjected to penalties, or driven into exile: the catholics, at one time, sought shelter in the western deserts from the persecutions

of Elizabeth and Cromwell; and the *Brownists*, at another, betook themselves to the same means of safety and repose. The latter sect were the original emigrants to New-England. Their ecclesiastical scheme approached nearer to the ideas of absolute equality among men, than any other; and this scheme, contrary to ordinary rules, has not essentially degenerated.

Their progress was accompanied with the usual train of disasters. Their courage was depressed, and their numbers thinned by pestilence and famine. Civil dissension, contention with the claims of the English government, war with the Colonists of France and Holland, and, lastly, the extermination of the natives, compose the series of their early history.

Compared with the number of people, all the evils which afflict mankind were endured, by these colonists, in as great a degree as the history of the world any where exhibits. These evils are faithfully and circumstantially related by cotemporary writers, and the judicious recital would benefit mankind as much as those greater revolutions which have shaken the nations of the Old World.

The present narrative is nothing more than a compendium, the events of a busy period of twenty-three years, being comprised in forty-three scanty pages. This compendium is replete with proofs of discernment, and of specimens of just selection and arrangement. Hutchinson, Mather, Chalmers, and Neal, are the authors by whom, chiefly, his materials are supplied.

One part of this subject, the history of Connecticut, has been lately discussed, with much copiousness, by a writer of our own country, Dr. Trumbull. It would be no unprofitable exercise to compare the works of the two writers, and to estimate their respective claims

to excellence in reasoning and composition. How much it is to be wished that a third historian would arise, combining the accuracy and minuteness of the one with the rhetoric and judgment of the other! Perhaps occasion will hereafter be taken to introduce a parallel between them. At present we are obliged to dismiss this work, with commending it to the study of all those who desire the knowledge of their native country, who are curious observers of mankind, or who delight in contemplating the productions of genius and taste. B.

ART. V.

Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical. By Benjamin Count Rumford. *The first American, from the third London Edition.* Vol. i. pp. 464. D. West. Boston. 1798.

COUNT RUMFORD is not only singular in the subjects he has chosen, but in the mode in which they are discussed. He does not content himself, like most of other schemers, with arguing on remote, specious, and untrodden grounds: All his deductions are drawn from actual experiments.—The design must, in all cases, precede its execution; but such was the singular situation of this man, as to enable him to reduce his theories to practice, and offer them to the world, not as projects which were merely plausible, but as the unequivocal results of experiment.

He was remarkably fortunate in the scene allotted to him. A German principality abounds, beyond most other portions of the civilized world, with the consequences of misgovernment; and the power of the sovereign is subjected to fewer restraints. That this power should be vested in a foreigner, a protestant, and a man of true wisdom,

looks more like the fiction of a sanguine fancy, than as an undeniable historical fact. When we first opened this man's performances, we could scarcely persuade ourselves but that we were perusing the reveries of some ingenious philanthropist, who had thus, by a daring invention, undertaken to impart instruction to his countrymen.

The subject of the *first essay* is the cure of a disease, in the political body, which he calls *mendicity*, and which, indeed, in all its extent and bearings, may be regarded as the *only* evil to which a community of men is liable. That all men should enjoy the means of subsistence in consequence of wholesome industry, is the sum of all that a beneficent temper can desire. Nothing more is requisite to this end, than that accommodations and materials for industry should be provided, and a resolution to profit by them be instilled into the profligate and idle. This undertaking would, by most, be considered as so difficult as to be given up in despair.

This person, however, was not easily intimidated, and appears to have fully effected his design, with relation to the metropolis of Bavaria. This city is about equally populous with our own, and we would do well to consider how far the same methods are practicable among ourselves.

From some circumstance in the state of our country; or from the wisdom of our present laws relative to the poor, street-beggars are almost entirely unknown among us: Few inferences applicable to our own condition, can therefore be deduced from the facts and reasonings of the first essay: From it, however, something important may be learned.

The system of Count Rumford includes voluntary contribution.—The superiority of this mode to that of taxation is manifest. Taxation

can never be perfectly equal, because the tenth part of one man's property is a greater deduction than the same proportion of another estate which is greater. Ten pounds from him who has but an hundred, is a greater burthen than one hundred pounds from him who has a thousand. The poor must indeed be supported, and funds must, for that end, be procured; and it is better that they should be spontaneously bestowed than forcibly exacted. To generate virtue, it is chiefly requisite, that it should be supplied with opportunities and inducements. If it were practicable, it would be better to have the poor supplied by the benevolence than the fears of the rich.

Nor does this appear to be impracticable. In our country it cannot be supposed that subscriptions would be wanting to any scheme really beneficial, and in which sufficient security should be afforded that the contribution should be sacredly and frugally administered. What dependence may be placed upon the virtue of mankind in this respect; what means should be used to secure the faithful application of money to the end for which it was designed; and how the frauds, embezzlements, and waste of superintendants and officers may be prevented, are subjects amply and forcibly illustrated in this essay.

There would be no end to the quotation of curious and important facts. The perspicuity and coherence of the whole would be injured by attempting a summary; yet, as some may be incited to read the work by a sketch (however imperfect) of its contents, a short abstract of the first essay may not be unacceptable.

An account is first given of the means employed to increase the comforts; facilitate the subsistence; and secure the temperance, health, and subordination of the soldiers. In a

country where, as in Germany, a military force is constantly maintained, this topic is of high importance. These methods are, indeed, applicable only to times of peace, and can, therefore, be of small moment in a state like our own, where few or no soldiers are maintained but in times of war.

A picture, not destitute of eloquence, is next exhibited of the condition of Bavaria, with regard to beggars. If some parts be not overcharged, it is, indeed, a most mortifying, though highly instructive spectacle. The formation of a board or committee of superintendence, and the distribution of the cavalry throughout the country, are minutely detailed. The collection of funds, from the voluntary contribution of sovereign and people, is next described.

The quantity and species of employment of the poor; the difficulties which attended the scheme, and the success with which it was ultimately crowned, are mentioned. A description is also given of the House of Industry at Munich, in which particular stress is laid upon the neatness of the structure, and the cleanliness maintained in it.

Then follows a very interesting narrative of the arrest of the beggars of Munich, in which the efforts of the magistrates and people were combined with those of the military. The progress of this design; the obstacles arising from the refractory, or dissolute, or ignorant poor; and the gradual surmounting of these obstacles are unfolded.

Various facts are then enumerated as to the internal management of the military work-house, the manner in which the various manufactures and employments are conducted, the means adopted for the prevention of frauds in the officers and servants of the institution, and the complete success with which every project was accompanied.

A picture is further given of the change which, by these means, was wrought in the manners of the poor, and of the degree in which their happiness and comfort were promoted.

Means are next pointed out which were adopted to extend the benefits of this system to those poor persons who did not subsist by begging, and the mode in which succour was secretly imparted, and lucrative industry adapted to those whose pride or sensibility would not bear the exposure of their wants or their labours. This subject is discussed with exquisite skill, and proofs are given, that the writer's heart is not less splendidly endowed than his understanding.

Speculations are, in the next place, introduced relative to those improvements and extensions of which this system is capable. A project is delineated for uniting kitchens for feeding the poor, with establishments for affording them employment.—This essay, already so abundant, in useful and interesting matter, concludes with remarks on the practicability of enlarging and generalising institutions of this kind, and on the progress which a similar spirit of improvement has already made in other countries.

(To be continued.)

ART. VI.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA; or a Dictionary of Arts, Sciences and Miscellaneous Literature; constructed on a Plan, by which the different Sciences and Arts are digested into the Form of distinct Treatises or Systems, &c. The first American Edition, in eighteen volumes 4to. T. Dobson. Philadelphia. 1798.

THE extent and variety of this work will not allow us to exhibit more than a general view of

its plan and execution. With some exceptions, which do not appear to be very important, the plan combines as many advantages, and incurs as few difficulties and embarrassments as any that could well be selected for an undertaking of this compass. In the execution, it requires no great fund of knowledge to perceive, that many mistakes, unnecessary repetitions, and even culpable omissions have taken place. Such faults are, however, almost inseparable from a collection, so extensive and multifarious as that now before us. Undertaken by different hands, possessing various degrees of ability and qualification, the several parts are often defective in concert, and necessarily display inequalities of merit. "But if much has been omitted, let it be remembered that much has likewise been performed."

To such as reside at a distance from large libraries, and other repositories of science, an epitome of knowledge like this, condensing a vast and cumbrous mass within the limits of eighteen volumes, must be of the greatest importance. The several topics are not indeed treated in a manner sufficiently minute and explicit, to satisfy those whose duty or inclination leads them profoundly to investigate their respective objects of pursuit. But in this respect, the *Encyclopædia* will, at least, serve as an index to more abundant sources of information.

The relation which the various objects of knowledge bear to one another, can never be too deeply impressed on the mind. This dependence and subserviency, well known already as to many of the departments of science, will probably increase with every step we take in the career of improvement. The *Encyclopædist* conducts his reader to a lofty eminence, from which he is enabled to descry the boundless prospect that stretches be-

fore him; he points out to his view the accumulated labours, experience, and wisdom of ages; he assists him to survey the history of the human mind in its progress from rudeness to refinement, and to teach him to anticipate the glorious destiny which awaits the full developement and exertion of intellectual energy in a more enlightened age.

As the rapid fluctuations and progress of the physical sciences are continually rendering the labours of preceding writers, in many departments, nearly useless, and demanding new exhibitions of the subject, it is intended to lay before the public an account of recent improvements, made since the commencement of the *Encyclopædia*, in a supplementary volume.

To the publisher, Mr. Dobson, we conceive the public are greatly indebted for this undertaking, which has now occupied several years. The magnitude of the work far exceeds any thing ever before issued from the press in the United States. Without great labour, expense, and hazard, it must have been impossible to surmount the difficulties of so extensive a work, and to conduct it to a conclusion. And we sincerely hope that the circulation of it, while it affords a liberal compensation to the publisher, and encourages similar attempts in future, may be the means of diffusing a taste for scientific and literary pursuits among the people of America.

ART. VII.

POEMS by Robert Southey. *First American Edition.* pp. 125. 12mo. Boston. Printed for Joseph Nancrede. 1799. Price 62 cents.

THE lovers of poetry, in America, still look for the gratification of their taste to the productions of the British bards.

Those who have a relish for the lighter effusions of the muse, will feel themselves indebted to the publisher of this American edition of the Poems of Southey. They are exhibited in a neat and becoming dress.

Those who have perused 'Joan of Arc,' must have remarked the vigorous conception, the daring though irregular flights, the animated expression, the glowing tints, which characterise true genius, and which certainly is possessed by the author of these poems. Passages, feeble, obscure, and unequal, which betray carelessness and haste, indeed, frequently occur in the writings of Mr. S. and though we feel alternate delight and disgust, rapture and indifference, animation and lassitude, in their perusal, we cannot withhold the tribute of applause due to him as a poet.

The present volume contains the smaller pieces and youthful effusions of Mr. S. Their subjects and merits are diversified.

The basis of the first poem, "The Triumph of Woman," is to be found in the first book of Esdras.

The subject is suited to display richer and more animated strains of poetry than have flowed from the pen of this author.

There is, however, much elegance and beauty in the diction and sentiment.

The "*Sonnets on the Slave Trade*," breathe a spirit of ardent and generous enthusiasm. We sympathize in the feelings of Mr. S. and deeply regret, that there should be so much cause for virtuous indignation.

A number of pieces are classed by Mr. S. under the head of "Lyric Poems," and were written, it is said, in early youth. These first attempts are not happy, or promise much success in Lyric Poetry. We do not coincide in opinion with Mr. S. "that the Ode is the most

worthless species of Poetry," though it may be the "most difficult."

The strings of the lyre should be, indeed, touched by the hand of a master. Susceptible of great variety in its numbers, it may be made to reach to a sublimity and daring enthusiasm, rarely to be attained in any other form of poetic composition.

The "*Botany Bay Eclogues*" are attractive from their novelty. They cannot be read without that melancholy pleasure, which the pen of Mr. S. seems peculiarly adapted to inspire. The first and fourth exhibit, with exquisite touches of pathos and sublimity, the misery of two wretched out-casts from society. The second and third have some portion of humorous dialogue, and contain just sketches of character and manners. Mr. S. appears to regard war, as the fruitful parent of corruption and crime, adding daily to the number of those victims who expiate their guilt in distant and hopeless exile.

The "*Inscriptions*," possess beauty of sentiment, vivid description, and pure morality. They are in the manner of Akenside, but have less elegance and classic purity of ornament and expression.

The lines on the "*Miniature Picture*" of the author, "at two years of age," show his early and strong propensity "to stray in the pleasant paths of Poesy." It breathes an air of pensive and pleasing recollection.

The lovers of Ballad, and the admirers of "Alonzo and Imogen," will be gratified by Mary, "*The Maid of the Inn*." They who relish the more simple and popular metre of the ancient ballad, will be pleased with "Rudiger."

The "*Hymn to the Penates*," reminds us of Akenside's "*Hymn to the Naiads*." The latter is superior in imagery and numbers. The former, by its allusions to incidents

in the life of the author, and by its pictures of domestic life, possesses a strong influence on the feelings of the reader. W.

ART. VIII.

The NAVAL GAZETTEER, or Seaman's complete Guide, &c. &c. By the Rev. John Malham. Illustrated with a correct Set of Charts. The first American Edition, in two Volumes large 8vo. Boston: W. Spotswood and J. Nancrede. 1797.

THIS very handsome and cheap edition of a very useful work, cannot but be acceptable to all those who are engaged in naval affairs. Compilations, in the form of dictionaries, by affording a cheap, commodious, and comprehensive mass of information for every class of readers, are deservedly esteemed, as aiding the extension of useful knowledge.

While books of that kind, in almost every science, have been published, none adapted to the convenience of seamen have before the present work appeared. The uneducated mariner was obliged to content himself, with very limited and scanty information, on subjects belonging to his profession; and which could not be acquired without much previous experience.

The re-publication of the "Naval Gazetteer," at a time when the attention of our citizens is particularly directed to naval affairs, is seasonable, and must be highly beneficial.

The introduction, which is of some length, contains many useful geographical observations; an account of winds and tides; means of finding the time of high water; a general account of the coasts of the known world; important directions to navigators; with respect to the anchorage and management of vessels on a lee-shore; and other preliminary remarks proper for a work of the kind.

It abounds with ample and judicious directions for sailing in and out of ports, straits, and difficult places; and points out the dangers and means of avoiding them.

The author has availed himself of the modern discoveries; and of observations of experienced navigators. His work discovers much diligence and information, and we recommend it to our nautical citizens, as the best and most comprehensive treatise on naval affairs which has been presented to the public.

We trust, that the editors will meet with that encouragement from those engaged in mercantile and naval affairs, which they so fully and justly deserve. N.

SELECTIONS.

Interesting Remarks, by Dr. HERSCHEL, on the Permanency of the equal Emissions of Light of our Sun; occasioned by the Changes that have been observed to take place in the Lustre of the Fixed Stars.

[From the first Part of the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for the year 1796.]

By observations such as this paper has been calculated to promote and facilitate, we are enabled

VOL. I. No. 2.

to resolve a problem not only of great consequence, but in which we are all immediately concerned. Who, for instance, would not wish to know what degree of permanency we ought to ascribe to the lustre of our sun? Not only the stability of our climates; but the very existence of the whole animal and vegetable creation itself, is involved in the question. Where can we hope to receive information

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upon this subject, but from astronomical observations? If it be allowed to admit the similarity of stars with our sun as a point established, how necessary will it be to take notice of the fate of our neighbouring suns, in order to guess at that of our own! That star which, among the multitude, we have dignified by the name of sun, to-morrow may slowly begin to undergo a gradual decay of brightness, like β leonis, α ceti, α draconis, δ ursæ majoris, and many other diminishing stars that will be mentioned in my catalogues. It may suddenly increase, like the wonderful star in the back of Cassiopea's chair, and the no less remarkable one in the foot of Serpentarius; or gradually come on like β geminorum, β ceti, ζ sagittarii, and many other increasing stars, for which I also refer to my catalogues. And, lastly, it may turn into a periodical one of 25 days duration, as algal is one of three days, δ cephei of five, β lyræ of six, γ antinoi of seven days, and as many others, are of various periods.

Now, if by a proper attention to this subject, and by frequently comparing the real state of the heavens with such catalogues of brightness as mine, it should be found that all, or many of the stars which we now have reason to suspect to be changeable, are, indeed, subject to an alteration in their lustre, it will much lessen the confidence we have hitherto placed upon the permanency of the equal emission of light of our sun. Many phenomena in natural history seem to point out some past changes in our climates. Perhaps the easiest way of accounting for them may be to surmise that our sun has been formerly sometimes more and sometimes less bright than it is at present. At all events, it will be highly presumptuous to lay any great stress upon the stability of the present

order of things; and many hitherto unaccountable varieties that happen in our seasons, such as a general severity or mildness of uncommon winters or burning summers, may possibly meet with an easy solution in the real inequality of the sun's rays.

A method of ascertaining the quantity or intenseness of solar light might be contrived by some photometer or instrument properly constructed, which ought probably to be placed upon some high and insulated mountain, where the influence of various causes that affect heat and cold, though not entirely removed, would be considerably lessened. Perhaps the thermometer alone might be sufficient: for though the lustre of the sun should be the chief object of this research, yet, as the effect of light in producing expansion in mercury seems to be intimately connected with the quantity of the incident solar rays, it may be admitted that all conclusions drawn from their action upon the thermometer will apply to the investigation of the brilliancy of the sun. And here the forms laid down by Mr. Mayer, in his little treatise *De Variationibus Thermometri accuratius definiendis*, may be of considerable service to distinguish the regular causes of the change of the thermometer from the adventitious ones, among which I place the probable instability of the sun's lustre.

An Account of Mr. PARK's Journey into the Interior Parts of Africa.

[Continued from page 67.]

ON the morning of the 1st July, 1796, Mr. Park was so fortunate as to break the bonds of his captivity. He had contrived to procure, at his departure, his own horse, saddle and bridle; a few articles of apparel, and also his pocket

compass. This last he had concealed in the sand during his confinement. He rode forwards the whole of the first day without stopping. "I felt," said he, "like one recovered from sickness; I breathed freer; I found unusual lightness in my limbs. Even the desert looked pleasant; and I dreaded nothing but falling in with some wandering parties of Moors, who might convey me back to the land of thieves and murderers from which I had just escaped."

The first emotions of his mind subsiding, however, into sober reflection, he soon found his condition to be very deplorable. His horse grew tired, and he experienced the torments of thirst raging beyond description. Whenever he came to a tree, he climbed it in hopes of discovering a watering-place, but in vain; he chewed the leaves, but found they were all bitter, and afforded no relief. In a vast wilderness of the African continent, without an attendant or guide, without food and water, or the prospect of procuring any; in a country where the lion and panther, prowling for their prey, are less to be apprehended than man: what situation could be more forlorn and dreadful? He proceeded onwards, however, directing his route nearly east-south-east, in the view of reaching, by the shortest course possible, a district that might afford him shelter. A heavy rain

about midnight, enabled him to quench his burning thirst, by spreading his clothes on the ground and sucking the moisture out of them; and a muddy pool, which he found soon after, yielded relief to his horse. The rest of the night, and nearly the whole of the ensuing day, neither water nor food was to be found; and he must inevitably have perished, had he not fortunately, towards evening, lighted upon a few scattered huts of some Foulah shepherds. Perceiving an aged negro woman among those who gazed at him with great earnestness, he tendered her his pocket handkerchief, and requested in exchange a little corn to eat. She gave him a kind answer, invited him to her hut, and immediately produced a large wooden bowl of *kouscous* ready prepared. She procured likewise some corn and water for the horse.* Those only who have suffered similar misery, can judge of his sensibility at this unexpected deliverance. But, as the village belonged to the Moors, our traveller had only a short time to rest. As he approached the territories of the negroes, however, his apprehensions diminished, and his condition improved.

Procuring precarious support in this manner from the charity of the most wretched of human beings, Mr. Park wandered for the space of fifteen days; still, however, proceeding onwards in the accomplish-

* It is worthy of remark, and highly to the credit of the female sex, that Mr. Park seems invariably to have met with compassion and relief from women. This perfectly accords with the account given by another enterprising traveller, Mr. Ledyard, who expresses himself as follows: "I have always remarked that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and surlous Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry I ate the coarse morsel with a double relish."

ment of his mission. At length, in the morning of the sixteenth day, having been joined by some Mandingo negroes, who were travelling to Sego; he had the inexpressible satisfaction to behold the great object of his wishes—the long-sought majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing majestically, but slowly, from west to east, through the middle of a very extensive town, which his fellow-travellers told him was Sego, the capital of the great kingdom of Bambara. His emotions at this sight were exquisite, and it were unjust not to give them in our traveller's own words: "I hastened," says he, "to the brink of the river, and, having drank of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things, for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success." Unhappily, he had yet to sustain many severe and bitter trials of his patience and fortitude.

Information of a considerable river flowing through the centre of Africa, between the latitudes of 15 and 20° north, had been received at very early periods from different quarters. At one time it was believed to be a part of the Senegal. The Gambia had the same honour ascribed to it at another. But sufficient proof was afterwards obtained that neither of these rivers was the Niger, and further inquiries confirmed the ancient accounts of a stream that was not only of greater magnitude than either the Senegal or the Gambia, but which flowed in a *contrary direction*; running not to the westward into the Atlantic, but from west to east, to regions unknown. The Moors described it by the name of *Nil il Abeed*, or the River of Slaves: the negroes bestowed on it the appellation of *Joliba*, or the Great Waters.

Some doubt, however, still re-

mained. It was urged that the Moors might possibly speak of one river, and the negroes of another; and the account of its direction towards the east was received by our ablest geographers with much difficulty and hesitation. On both these points, Mr. Park's testimony is clear and decisive; the Moors, in his hearing, uniformly called it *Nil il Abeed*; the inhabitants of Sego, the *Joliba*; and that it flowed from west to east, he had ocular demonstration in a long and perilous ambulation of some hundred miles, which he afterwards made on its banks. Thus, therefore, is all further question obviated concerning the existence and direction of this great river; but its termination still continues unknown.

(*To be continued.*)

Details relative to the Academical Society of the Lovers of Lima, and the Periodical Work published by them, under the Title of the Mercure Peruano (Peruvian Mercury.)

THE opinions entertained by the public, relative to the establishment of this society, and the origin of our periodical paper, are so various, that we feel ourselves called on to explain the principles of both; we shall, however, preserve a mysterious silence, both as to the number of persons of whom the society is composed, and their real names. It may, indeed, happen, that, in a little time, we may give some information on these heads.

In the year 1787, Hesperiofilo, after having sustained some heavy losses in commerce, took up his residence in this capital (Lima.) His vivacious, ardent, and-unquiet spirit could not find sufficient food, either in the private duties and obli-

gations of life, or in public diversions. Riding and hunting afforded him an agreeable exercise abroad, while reading and meditation alternately occupied the time he spent in his cabinet. In an excursion to Lurin,* he became acquainted with Hermagoras, Homotimo, and Mindirido, all of them very amiable men. A society of men of letters had for several years met at the house of the former; and to this society Agelasto and Aristio belonged, in conjunction with the persons mentioned above. Hesperiofilo requested to have the honour to be united to this little society, which assembled regularly every evening at eight o'clock, and broke up at eleven. It confined itself entirely to the discussion of literary subjects, and the investigation of public occurrences. Detraction, gaming, and whatever regarded the tender passion, or was otherwise light and trivial, were proscribed in this congress of philosophers.

The first advantage which man derives from his establishment in society, is that of enlarging his ideas, and thinking with greater uniformity: we experienced this truth from the commencement.—Proud of our union, and resolved to preserve it, we endeavoured to give to it all the consistency of which any human establishment is susceptible. We took the name of the *Phil-harmonic Academy*; we drew up a code of regulations for the better government of our meetings; and appointed Hermagoras our president, and Aristio our secretary. We bestowed the title of Honorary Associates on three females, Doralice, Florida, and Egeria; with the last of whom we had a violent dispute: she refused the name of Egeria, on ac-

count of certain allusions which she deemed improper; while we, on our side, maintained that it was extremely analogous to her condition, seeing that etymologically it signified *poor*. Aristio proposed, every evening, the subjects which were to be treated. When any diversity of opinion arose, the parties drew up their allegation in writing, and in this way the disputed point was decided. The academy was not without its anonymous correspondents.

In these pursuits our hours glided away as if on a theatre of delights. Each of us absorbed in the ineffable pleasures of friendship and philosophy; we were equally strangers to discord and to *ennui*. Transported by the contemplation of our happiness, we oftentimes addressed our country, exclaiming, "Ah! Lima, if thou wert sensible of the satisfaction which results from the union of a well combined assembly, thou wouldst banish far from thee all division and tumult: thou country of so many sages, thy population would be happy if a few of the many learned men, by whom thou art enlightened, would unite themselves to the academical society of the Phil-harmonics."

The uncertainty of human affairs was strongly illustrated by our society, which a cruel series of accidents and calamities dispersed. Homotimo passed over to Madrid, whither he was called by the career of his political life. Hesperiofilo, having lost what he considered as most precious and amiable in this world, went to Sierra, with a view to mitigate his grief by absence. Hermagoras felt the loss of these two companions. Aristio fell sick; and Mindirido took to himself a wife.

* A small district inhabited by Indians, situated at the distance of five leagues from Lima. On account of the salubrity of its climate it is much frequented by valetudinarians.

Thus did the members of the Phil-harmonic Academy separate in an instant.

After a lapse of two-and-twenty months, the society, which appeared to have been dissolved for ever, again united, as if by an effect of magnetism. Homotimo returned from Madrid, after having received from his sovereign the distinguished favours to which his merits entitled him. Hesperiofilo left behind him, in Sierra, the misanthropy he had carried thither. Hermagoras and Aristio, full of health and benevolence, celebrated the return of their two companions, and became the bonds of the new union which took place. Mindirido, engaged in the duties of the husband and the father, could not as yet become an associate of this new society, which was abandoned by Agelasto, in consequence of the whole of his time being engaged in commerce. Our meetings were held in the house of Hermagoras, as was the case before the dispersion of the Phil-harmonics.

Behold, then, a society of four men, retired from all that constitutes the pleasure of the greater part of mortals, and delighting in such scientific objects as they could illustrate by the employment of their talents. Aristio resumed the task of distributing the subjects which were to be investigated; and it was agreed that all our dissertations should be in writing. These pieces, combined with the fragments which we had still preserved from among others of the same kind, written at the time of the Phil-harmonical meetings, became so many monuments of our attachment to, and love for, our country. Our humility and want of confidence constantly denied these works the honour of being printed; and we confined ourselves to bestowing on our

new society the flattering title of *the Lovers of the Country*.

In this way we went on for the space of a few months, when, at length, the analysis with which Don Jayme Bausate introduced the publication of his *Diario Curiosa* (curious diary) pointed out to us a convenient mode by which we could render our labours of public utility. We perceived that that work would afford a fair opening for the subjects which were discussed in our academical conversations; and it struck us, that this idea might be successfully followed up. As we were, however, four only in number, we did not think ourselves altogether competent to the task we were thus to assign to ourselves, and we were desirous to call in the aid of a fifth associate, who should make up for our deficiency, and, in a manner, unite in his functions the representation of the whole society. This new associate we found in the person of Chrisipo. Each of us animated by the same spirit and the same zeal, we came to a resolution to set on foot a periodical publication, to be entitled *Mercurio Peruano* (Peruvian Mercury) which we hoped the public favour and patronage would enable us to continue. A city like our's, in which so much science, as well as patriotism, is to be found, could not, we thought, fail to support such an undertaking, entered into from the purest motives. We proceeded to confer the title of Honorary Associates on Teagnes, Hyp-parco, and Thimeo, at the same time that Basilides and Paladio declared themselves protecting associates. Among those who pay us the most marked attentions, while they assist us with great assiduity, are Archidamo, and Cefalio, to whose solicitude and fostering encouragement it is owing, that our

work now meets the public eye. This will not be a little flattering to us, when we shall be enabled to draw aside the veil, and announce their real names.

If this paper, which is altogether the fruit of our meditations and efforts, should prove useful to the country, and to the nation, it behoves us to acknowledge, that our thanks and gratitude will be due to the editor of the *Diary*; but for him, the productions of the society of the Lovers of the Country would have been buried in oblivion, like those of the Phil-harmonic Society.

[*Lond. Mon. Mag.*

(*To be continued.*)

Sketch of the Manners of the Portuguese. From Murphy's General View of Portugal.

AMONG the middling and subordinate ranks, the females especially, there is very little intercourse, except fortuitous meetings in the churches and streets. Every class of tradesmen has a distinct oratory, supported by the voluntary contributions of their society; here they assemble every evening, before supper, to chaunt vespers. They rarely visit each other's houses but on particular occasions, as weddings and christenings; and then they entertain very sumptuously, or rather satiate with profusion.

Jealousy, and an innate disposition to secrecy, are assigned as the chief causes of this separation. They hold it as a maxim, that he who talks least thinks best; and that the most perfect man is not he who has most good qualities, but fewest bad ones. Pride might also operate, as they wish not to show their apartments, no more than their wives and daughters, unless they be arrayed in their best attire.

Yet, however we may regret the

many innocent enjoyments of which the females are thus deprived, their seclusion is productive of much domestic felicity. Their bland and simple manners are not liable to be corrupted, nor their attachments dissipated by an extensive communication with the world. The fond husband, thus solaced, is happy, supremely happy in the society of a virtuous partner, whose sole affection is concentrated within the narrow circle of her family.

As to their persons in general, the women are rather below than above the middle stature, but graceful and beautiful. No females are less studious of enhancing their attractions by artificial means, or counterfeiting, by paltry arts, the charms that nature has withheld. To the most regular features, they add a sprightly disposition and captivating carriage. The round face, and full fed form, are more esteemed in this country, than the long tapering visage, and thin delicate frame. Most nations entertain some peculiar idea of beauty in the lineaments and cast of the face; that of the Portuguese will be best understood by their own description of a perfect beauty, which is as follows:

The forehead should be broad, smooth, and white. The eyes large, bright, and quick, but at the same time still and modest. With respect to the colour, there are divers opinions; some prefer the blue, some the black, and others the green. A Portuguese, named Villa-Real, wrote a treatise in praise of the last. The eye-brows should be large, of a black colour, and form an arch concentric with that of the eye-lid. To be properly adjusted to the rest of the face, the nose should descend in a direct line from the forehead, and form a regular pyramid.

The mouth, the portal of the human structure, through which

the messengers of the intellect have constant egress, ought to be rather small than large. The lips rather full than thin; rather relieved than sunk, and the edge of a pure carnation. Teeth are accounted beautiful when they are white, regular, and of equal size, resembling a row of pearls set in an arch of ruby.

The cheeks must be smooth, and somewhat relieved; the centre of a pure carmine colour, fading insensibly into a lily white; both colours so perfectly blended and proportioned, that neither should predominate.

With respect to the neck, there is great majesty in one which is large and smooth, rising from the shoulders like an alabaster column.

But among all the female charms, the most transcendent are the breasts. In form they should resemble a lemon; in colour and smoothness, the orange blossom.

The most beautiful hands are long and white; the fingers full and tapering. Feet are not accounted pretty if they be not small.

Of the stature, the middle size is most admired. Without a graceful walk, the most perfect beauty appears awkward; whereas a modest, airy, and serene movement, enhances every other charm; and bespeaks the tranquillity of a mind formed in the school of virtue and decorum.

There is one class of people here, than whom, perhaps, few nations can produce a more inoffensive and industrious, and, at the same time, a more degraded and oppressed; these are the "pillars of the state," the peasantry, who are kept in a state of vassalage by a band of petty tyrants, assuming the title of *Fidalgos*.*

Among those, to whom this title

properly appertains, there are undoubtedly many who have a just claim to honour and respect; not from the antiquated immunities of feudal times, but from their personal virtues. We entirely separate them from the ignorant, intolerant wretches, who grind the face of the poor, and depopulate the land.

Indeed, I am informed by a Portuguese gentleman of very high rank, who sincerely deploras the wretched state of the peasantry of his country, that the chief part of their miseries is owing, not to government, but to these gentry. I know not how to give the reader a just idea of them: by privilege they are gentlemen, in manners clowns; beggars in fortune, monarchs in pride. Too contemptible for the notice of the sovereign, to excite the jealousy of the nobles they are too weak; but too strong for the peasantry, from whom they exact adoration. They are to be seen in every town, in every village and hamlet, wrapt up to the eyes in capots, brooding over their imaginary importance. The industrious husbandman must not address them but on his knees. His fate, and that of his family, are at their mercy. On the most trivial pretence, they cite him to the court of the next *camarca*, or shire. The wretched farmer, in vain, attempts to justify himself; and after exhausting his resources to fee lawyers, he is sure to be cast at the end of a tedious and vexatious suit. His property is then seized upon, even to his very implements; and if it be not found sufficient to answer all demands, he is doomed to perish in a prison. Many industrious families have been thus annihilated; and others, apprehensive of sharing the

* *Fidalgo*, a gentleman, one nobly descended. From the Portuguese word *filho*, a son, and the Spanish *algo*, something; that is, the son of something, or a son to whom his father had something to leave; viz. an honour and estate; thence, for shortness, called *fidalgo*. *Vieyra*.

same fate, have forsaken their lands, and often the kingdom, to seek protection in the colonies.

Beggars are a formidable class in this country. Several laws have been enacted; from time to time, to diminish the number; and restrain the licentiousness of this vagrant train, but in vain. They ramble about, and infest every place, not entreating charity, but demanding it. At night they assemble in hordes at the best mansion they can find, and having taken up their abode in one of the out-offices, they call for whatever they stand in need of, like travellers at an inn; here they claim the privilege of tarrying three days, if agreeable to them.

When a gang of these sturdy fellows meet a decent person on the highway, he must offer them money; and it sometimes happens that the amount of the offering is not left to his own discretion. Saint Anthony assails him on one side, Saint Francis on the other; having silenced their clamour in behalf of the favourite saints, he is next attacked for the honour of the Virgin Mary; and thus they rob him for the love of God.

On Preserving Seeds of Plants in a State fit for Vegetation. From the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c.

MANY years ago having observed some seeds which had got accidentally amongst raisins, and that they were such as are generally attended with difficulty to raise in England, after coming in the usual way from abroad; I sowed them in pots, within a framing, and as all of them grew, I commissioned my sons, who were then abroad, to pack up all sorts of seeds they could procure in absorbent paper, and

VOL. I. No. 2.

send some of them surrounded by raisins, and others by brown moist sugar; concluding that the former seeds had been preserved by a peculiarly favourable state of moisture thus afforded to them. It occurred, likewise, that as many of our common seeds, such as clover, charlock, &c. would lie dormant for ages within the earth, well preserved for vegetation whenever they might happen to be thrown to the surface, and exposed to the atmosphere, so these foreign seeds might be equally preserved, for many months at least, by the kindly covering and general moisture that either raisins or sugar afforded them: and this conjecture was really fulfilled, as not one in twenty of them failed to vegetate; when those of the same kinds, that I ordered to be sent lapped in common parcels, and forwarded with them, would not grow at all. I observed, upon examining them all before they were committed to the earth, that there was a prevailing dryness in the latter, and that the former looked fresh and healthy, and were not in the least infested by insects, as was the case with the others. It has been tried repeatedly, to convey seeds (of many plants difficult to raise) closed up in bottles, but without success; some greater proportion of air, as well as a proper state of moisture, perhaps, being necessary. I should also observe, for the satisfaction of the Society, that no difference was made in the package of the seeds, respecting their being kept in husks, pods, &c. so as to give those in raisins or sugar any advantage over the others, all being sent equally guarded by their natural teguments. Whether any experiments of this nature have been made by others, I am totally ignorant; but I think that, should this mode of conveyance be pursued still more satisfactorily than I have done, very considerable advantages might result from it.

I

A quick and easy Method of converting Weeds and other Vegetable Matter into Manure.

[From the same.]

I BEG leave to communicate to the Society, and, if thought worth notice, by them to the world, a composition for manure. Fearful it would not answer the purpose so fully as I could wish, I deferred it from year to year; but I now find, both by numerous trials made by my friends, as well as myself, the very great utility of the composition, as well as its cheapness, with the capability of its being made in any situation and in any quantity. The mode of making it is as simple as, I trust, it will be found productive. It is nothing more than green vegetable matter, decomposed by quick or fresh-burnt lime. A layer of the vegetable matter, about a foot thick, then a very thin layer of lime, beat small, and so on; first vegetable, then lime, alternately. After it has been put together a few hours, the decomposition will begin to take place; and unless prevented, either by a few sods, or a fork full of the vegetables at hand, it will break out into a blaze, which must, at all events, be prevented. In about twenty-four hours the process will be complete, when you will have a quantity of ashes ready to lay on your land at any time you wish. Any and all sorts of vegetables, if used green, will answer the purpose; say weeds of every description. They will doubly serve the farmer, as they will not only be got at a small expense, but will, in time, render his farm more valuable, by being deprived of all noisome weeds.

But if this composition answers the purpose, as I flatter myself it will, a very short time will see almost every weed destroyed, which supposing to be the case, I have made my calculations with clover,

grown for the purpose; for instance; I will take one acre of clover, which, at one cutting, will produce from fourteen to eighteen tons of green vegetable matter, and about three tons of lime: this, when decomposed by the above process, will yield ashes sufficient to manure four acres; the value of which I estimate at something under four pounds; the clover, according to the value of land here, I will say two pounds, which, take the average of the kingdom, is too much. The lime I will also say two pounds; but that will vary, according to the distance it is to be fetched. Take them together, I think will be about the average value. Now, if this be the case, and as far as I have been able to try it I find so, how valuable must it be to the community in general! If it answers the purpose, I shall feel myself much obliged by the Society making it as public as they possibly can.

The vegetables should be used as soon after they are cut as possible, and lime as fresh from the kiln as the distance will allow of; as on those two circumstances depends the goodness of the composition.

An easy Method of removing the Taste of Garlick from Milk, and thus preventing it in Butter.

AS the Dairy is found of much importance to the agricultural interests of this country, the following is offered to the public through the medium of your miscellany.

The object of the present essay is to avoid an inconvenience to which our dairy is subjected, and to convert it into an advantage. The following plan is recommended, as a method of removing the garlicky taste from milk, and producing sweet good butter, in place of that which is so generally considered as highly disagreeable.

When the milk is new from the cow, pour one quart of boiling water into every gallon of milk: stir it through, and put the whole into broad shallow dishes, so that it will not be above two inches deep. Let these dishes be placed on an open shelf, that the vapour may pass freely and entirely away. When the milk has stood in this manner twelve hours, it may be put into the churn altogether, or only the cream, as may be most agreeable to the taste or practice of the operator. Milk from cows that have pastured on garlick, when managed in this way, will be quite sweet.

The plan here proposed is founded on analogous experience.

The feeding of cows on turnips communicates a disagreeable taste to the milk and butter; but, in many parts of Britain, they make excellent butter from turnip-fed cows, by a plan similar to the foregoing.

The bad taste of the turnip consists in some volatile substance which is evaporated by the hot water. Garlick is much of the same nature, but probably more volatile. Biscuit baked from garlicky flour, has no taste of garlick: But soft bread, or a pudding of the same flour, retains it strongly, having both experienced but an imperfect evaporation.

Curious Model of the City of Paris.

AN ingenious artist at Paris has lately completed, with great perseverance, patience, and mathematical accuracy, a very curious model of that city, on which he has been employed nine years. He has not contented himself with comparing and correcting all the plans of Paris ever published: he measured all the streets, squares, &c. according to the most accurate geometrical methods of measurement, and determined the inequalities of

the site of that immense capital by levelling. The greatest diameter of his model, in the extent from east to west, is fifteen feet. The mean size of the houses is three lines. The artist has carried his accuracy so far, that each inhabitant of Paris can distinguish his own house, court-yard, and garden. The public places and gardens are represented with a most striking similitude; and not only their dimensions, but their colour and ornaments can be observed. The alternate rising and falling of the plane of the model gives to this representation a correctness which produces an effect like enchantment, if the observer supposes himself to be standing on Mount-Marte, and to be looking down on the city. The artist has, with much judgment, endeavoured, by the shades of his colours, to give a point of rest to the eye; the want of which is a great failing in that model of Rome which formerly stood in the library of St. Genevieve, and which now belongs to the French nation, as it exhibits the tiresome view of a dazzling white mass of gypsum. Thirty thousand trees, which distinguish the different walks, public places, and gardens, form an agreeable variety with the slated and tiled roofs. This model may be taken to pieces by means of screws, and can be packed into three large boxes for the purpose of transportation.

New Method of freeing Molasses from their sharp Taste, and rendering them fit to be used instead of Sugar.

[From Crell's Chemical Annals, 1798.]

CADET DEVAUX, according to the experiments made by Lowitz, gives the following method: Take twenty-four pounds of molasses, twenty-four pounds of water, and six pounds of charcoal coarsely pulverised; and having mixed them

in a kettle, boil the whole over a slow wood fire. When the mixture has boiled half an hour, pour it into a flat vessel, in order that the charcoal may subside to the bottom; then pour off the liquid, and place it over the fire once more, that the superfluous water may evaporate, and to give to the molasses their former consistence. Twenty-four pounds of molasses will produce twenty-four pounds of syrup.

This method has been employed on a large scale with the happiest effects; the molasses become sensibly milder, and can be employed in many articles of food; though in dishes where milk is used, or for cordials mixed with spices, sugar is to be preferred.

Some Particulars respecting the late Embassy of the Dutch East-India Company to the Court of Peking.

CITIZEN M. L. E. Moreau de Saint Mery has lately published, at Paris, an extract from Van Braam's Journal of the Embassy of the Dutch East-India Company to the Emperor of China, in the years 1794 and 1795, one volume quarto, being the first. The second, accompanied with maps and engravings, is announced as about to appear.

The principal object of those who give an account of their travels to the public, ought to be to make known the usages, public and private manners, the legislation, arts, industry, productions, the temperature, commerce, religion, and government of those countries which they traverse.

Those of Citizen Van Braam have not been written according to this system; nor indeed could they, for the members of the embassy were hardly suffered to have any kind of intercourse with the natives.

His work, as the title announces, is only a journal, containing an account of the different places through which the author passed in going from Canton to Peking, and returning by the same route.

If this journal, which seems to have been written only for the private satisfaction of the author, does not give an extensive and profound knowledge of China, it contains, at any rate, several details which may be useful to those who wish to collect information respecting this singular and interesting country.

There are three ways of travelling in China. By water, in vessels called yachts; by land, in palankins, carried by men, called coulis, or in small carriages made like wheel-barrow. The establishment of posting, and suspended carriages, are unknown in that country. The horse, the most beautiful and useful animal in Europe, is despised there. Buffaloes, mules, and dromedaries, are the animals principally employed for transportation.

In no country does agriculture flourish so much as in China. This art is there beheld with almost religious veneration. On this subject there are treatises, brought to perfection by application and the experience of several ages; these treatises, suited to the soil of each canton, are deposited in the hands of the mandarin who acts as first magistrate; and he takes care that the neighbouring farmers shall be made acquainted with, and turn to advantage, the lessons which these treatises contain.

Citizen Van Braam speaks of the monuments which he frequently met with on his route, and which he characterizes under the name of triumphal arches, and octagonal or hexagonal towers, consisting of seven or eight stories. He does not explain the use of these towers, which appear to be, in China, what obelisks were among the Egyptians.

With regard to the triumphal arches, Citizen Van Braam says, that they are monuments erected to the memory of warriors who rendered services to their country, and sometimes to private citizens, who signalized themselves by their virtues. Some have been erected also to young women and wives: to the former on account of their chastity, and to the latter on account of their fidelity.

If perpetual virginity could be made to accord with nature, it would be a great merit in China to devote one's self to it; for the manner in which women are there treated, is not much calculated to awaken in young persons of that sex a desire of being chaste. Parents carry on a kind of traffic with their children. Those who are said to be of good birth give them in exchange for a large dowry, which they put into their own pockets: others sell them like merchandise, without caring what becomes of them. The wives of the rich live in perpetual confinement; those of the second order are the servants of their husbands; and those of the lower class of the people are forced to take a share in the severe labour of the men, who treat them as we treat those animals which assist us.

The emperor is revered as a god. The power of the sovereign and of a high-priest are both united in his person. The same homage is paid to the edicts which he issues, the dispatches which he signs, and the presents which come from him, as is paid to himself. That is to say, the people prostrate themselves before a piece of paper, or silk, as they do when they are in his presence. The ambassadors were several times obliged to make ridiculous salutations before the remains of bad provisions, or pastry, which the emperor had sent them from his table, as a mark of particular consideration and favour.

The court of Peking presents nothing striking. The most remarkable object is the wall by which it is surrounded. All the apartments are narrow and mean, and confusion prevails in all the ceremonies, which are conducted without any order whatever.

The entertainments to which the ambassadors were invited, consisted of a few breakfasts where the emperor was present. Some boiled meat, confections, pastry, a beverage called *samson*, and another called *bean milk*, served up on tables, around which the guests squatted down upon cushions, formed the chief articles at these morning collations.

It appears that the people of China make very bad cheer. The want of the pleasures of the table is not supplied by others. The Chinese spectacles consist only of a few feats of tumbling and extemporary farces. And these spectacles, even, are not public. They are exhibited only in the interior part of the palace, and in the houses of some of the chief mandarins.

In this country there is no social communication among the inhabitants, who live insulated and confined to their own homes.

Though the ambassadors remained more than a month at Peking, Citizen Van Braam says nothing of the manners, commerce, or monuments of that city. This will not appear astonishing, when it is known that the members of the embassy, like those which preceded them from England, were confined to their hotel, as if they had been in prison; that they were narrowly watched; that the letters which they sent to some missionaries of their acquaintance were inspected at the post-office; and that they never went out, in order to go to court, at three or four o'clock in the morning, in the middle of winter, without being escorted by conduc-

tors. Such is the jealousy which the Chinese entertain of Europeans of every description, ever since a former emperor, expressing his surprise to a Spanish jesuit, who had less cunning than his associates, at the immense power and territory which the king of Spain had acquired in South-America, was informed by the latter, that, having once gained an establishment in the country, missionaries were sent among the people, to convert them to the Roman Catholic faith, after which their *subjugation* followed as a matter of course!

The people to whom Confucius preached his simple and sublime morality, the people who erected temples to that philosopher, ought to be rational in their worship: but they are vilified and degraded by the most absurd idolatry; their pagods are filled with idols of the most monstrous and whimsical figures.

If the Chinese, however, are idolaters, they are not intolerant; for citizen Van Braam speaks of a christian to whom they have erected temples, and whom they style a saint.

On a supposed Lusus Naturæ now exhibiting in London; written by Dr. Thornton, Lecturer on Medical Botany at Guy's Hospital.

IN the first volume of the Philosophical Transactions, No. XXIX. published November, 1667, is the following communication, entitled,

“Some Hortulan Experiments about the engrafting of oranges and lemons, or citrons, whereby is produced an individual fruit, half orange and half lemon, growing

together as one body upon the same tree.”

We have here orange trees (saith the intelligence from Florence), that bear a fruit which is citron on one side and orange on the other. They have been brought hither out of other countries, and they are now *much propagated* by *engrafting*. This was confirmed to us (says the editor of the Transactions of the Royal Society), by a very ingenious English gentleman, who asserted, that himself not only had seen, but bought of them, anno 1660, in Paris, whither they had been sent by Genoa merchants; and that on some trees he had found an orange on one branch, and a lemon on another branch, which is not so remarkable as what follows; as also, one of the same fruit, half orange and half lemon; and sometimes three quarters of one, and a quarter of the other.

In the third part of the reports of the board of agriculture, among the foreign communications, we see, with equal pleasure and astonishment, an account of the American apple, which, by a peculiar mode of budding,* is half sweet and half sour, half white and half red, without the least confusion of the respective halves.

At Mr. Mason's, florist, Fleet-street, opposite the Bolt and Tun, there is a production now to be seen, half peach and half nectarine. It has all the softness and yellow down of the peach, and the sleek red smoothness of the nectarine; supposed to be a *lusus naturæ*, but probably is rather the sportings of art than of nature, and which, perhaps, will be the cause why we shall in future see many other such vegetable wonders, which, as I have shown, were known to our ancestors.

* The manner in which the extraordinary nectarine-peach first produced in this country was effected, was by inserting the bud of one fruit upon the stock bearing a different sort.

On a new Insect prejudicial to Apple Trees; and a Method for extirpating them. *Anecdotes of distinguished Characters.*

TRUMBULL.

WITHIN these few years, an insect, before unknown in this country, has made its appearance in the British orchards, which, if means are not generally taken to root it out, will, in a short period, destroy every apple-tree in the kingdom. It exhibits upon the trees the appearance of a white efflorescence, like what may be sometimes seen on stones in the fields: this seems, however, to be only the habitation of the insects, which exist in millions wherever they have once lodged themselves. On bruizing the efflorescence-like matter between the fingers, a deep red-coloured fluid like blood is expressed, and which probably is of that nature. Already have several valuable orchards been much injured by this insect, which corrodes the apple trees in such a manner as, at last, completely to destroy their organization, and to kill them, without the proprietors, many of them at least, even once suspecting the cause. We hope what we now state will be the mean of making the fact generally known, and of inducing every person interested to co-operate in rooting them out.

We are happy in having it in our power to give them the recipe of a cheap composition, discovered by William Forsyth, Esq. his majesty's gardener at Kensington, which has been found effectually to answer the purpose. It is as follows:

R To 100 gallons of human urine add as much cow dung as will bring the whole to the consistency of paint, with which anoint the infected trees about the end of March.

[*Phil. Mag.*

AMONG those who have successfully contributed to inspire the American people with the love of literature and liberty, who directed their minds to sound views of the nature of government, and refined their taste by the twofold means of criticism and poetry, the author of "*M'Fingal*" deserves to be considered as one of the first. Indeed, before his time, however they might have been cultivated in the middle and southern portions of North-America, letters were in a very crude and debased condition in New-England. Efforts, it is true, had been made to lead the general mind towards their more assiduous culture; but the slightest comparison of the writings of Mr. Trumbull with those of his immediate predecessors, will surprize the critic with a dissimilitude which, in any European country, could scarcely have been expected to have happened in less than a century.

John Trumbull was born in the town of Waterbury, in Connecticut, in the year 1749 or 1750. His father, a wealthy and respectable clergyman of the place, early instructed him in the usual elements of education; and, flattered by his docile and active genius, led him from English to Latin and Greek. Nor were his cares unrewarded: for such was the uncommon vigour of the intellect of his son, and so assiduously did he apply himself, that, at the age of seven, after a full examination, he was declared sufficiently advanced in his academic studies to deserve admission into Yale College. His tender years disinclining his parents to place him there so young, he was withdrawn, and did not join that

institution till he was thirteen, or had entered his thirteenth year. His collegiate life was one continued scene of success. The superiority of his genius, attainments, and industry, elevated him, on every trial, over all his competitors; and such of his collegiate exercises as have been made public, evidence a spirit and correctness of thought and expression rarely discernible in more advanced years, and after greater opportunities of instruction. Mr. Trumbull graduated in 1767. In what manner the interval between this period and 1771 was spent, the writer of this article is not particularly informed. He has an indistinct recollection, however, that Mr. Trumbull was engaged in the business of instruction, in some part of Connecticut. In 1771 he accepted a tutorship in Yale College; in which office Dr. Dwight was also engaged, and was concerned in various periodical publications with that gentleman; all of which contributed to his reputation.—Some of these performances were satirical; and their surprizing success induced the author to turn his attention more particularly to a species of writing for which, till then, he had himself modestly questioned his qualifications. But, whatever might have been his own conceptions as to the peculiar bent of his talents, his companions were too often forced to smart under the lash of his satire to entertain any doubts of his success. Nor does he appear to have been long held in doubt himself; for, in 1772, he published his poem, entitled, "*The Progress of Dullness*," in three parts, separately printed. This poem had an amazing sale; and, notwithstanding several editions, and one as late as 1794, is now seldom to be met with, either in shops or in libraries. To judge properly of the merit of this performance, the reader should be accurately, and even minutely,

acquainted with the peculiar manners of the New-England people, and particularly with their manners at that time—for twenty years have made many changes—and as few foreigners can acquire this knowledge, the perusal of the "*Progress of Dullness*" cannot be expected to interest the European reader in any remarkable degree.

Mr. Trumbull resigned his tutorship in 1773, and repaired to Boston. His original design was to devote himself to literature; but his father, judging, perhaps, more prudently for his son, obliged him to make choice of a profession; and Mr. Trumbull having determined in favour of the bar, he was placed under the direction of Mr. Adams, then a distinguished advocate and counsellor in Boston, now President of the United States. But though he was now condemned to a pursuit little congenial to one whose inclination continually tempted his feet to stray into the pleasant paths of poetry, Mr. Trumbull did not forget the Muses; and an occasion soon presented itself worthy of his pen. How he acquitted himself may be seen in his "*Elegy on the Times*," first published at Boston, in 1774. On his admission to the bar, Mr. Trumbull returned to Connecticut; and, after no long time, settled at Hartford, where he has ever since continued. Here he soon became one of the ablest and most popular advocates; and till within a few years, (when his health had been so much impaired as to oblige him to decline the exercise of his profession) he was considered as the ablest counsellor in the county, and among the ablest in the State. His domestic habits, which seldom permitted him to mingle much in society at large; and, perhaps, the fear of his satiric talents, prevented that eager interest in his behalf, among a large body of men, which would have car-

ried him forward into public life; and it is owing, perhaps, to these sedentary habits, and to this seclusion, that he has become the victim of hypochondriac and nervous affections, which now impair his usefulness, and poison his felicity.

Mr. Trumbull has been the sole or part author of numerous periodical publications, on literary, moral, and political subjects, all of which have commanded great respect. Of those, in which he was concerned with others, none has attracted more applause than a series of papers; somewhat on the plan of "*The Roland*," and executed with equal wit, entitled, "*American Antiquities*," and extracts from "*The Anarchiad*," originally published in the *New-Haven Gazette* for 1786 and 1787. These papers have never been collected; but they were republished, from one end of the continent of America to the other, in the newspapers of the day. They were the joint work of Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Barlow, Col. Humphreys, and Dr. Hopkins.

But the work which has most contributed to establish the reputation of this poet, is the poem of "*McFingal*," a poem which has been favourably received in Europe; and which was read with rapture in America.

Mr. Trumbull has published—

1. *McFingal*, a modern epic poem, in four cantos, printed in 1784—last American edition, 1796.

2. *The Progress of Dulness*, first printed in 1772—last edition in 1794.

3. *Elegy on the Times*, 1774—collected with his smaller serious poems, in *American Poems*, vol. i. published in Litchfield, Connecticut, 1793.

It is said that Mr. Trumbull is preparing a complete edition of his works, illustrated with notes, and comprising many unpublished essays and poems. S.

VOL. I. No. 2.

SCHILLER.

THIS dramatic writer has acquired an uncommon degree of celebrity, as well among the Germans as the English. None of his performances have escaped the lash of criticism, which, perhaps, never has been more justly inflicted than upon his eccentric compositions. It will hence be understood, that, in *his own* country, particularly among critics, who combine a correct taste with a judicious arrangement of facts—facts founded upon the *purity* of moral motives—he holds but a middle rank.

Schiller is a native of Stuttgart, the capital of the duchy of Wurtemberg, born in 1760. As his father was an officer in the army of the late reigning Duke of Wurtemberg, who had erected a *military academy*, in imitation of that established at Berlin, by the late Great Frederick; our bard was naturally placed in this seminary, where he received the first rudiments of his education—by no means congenial to his talents. Under all the disadvantages of a military school, he, however, soon distinguished himself among his companions, by his metaphorical language in conversation, and his poetical turn in composition. Though the leader in almost every class through which he passed, his talents did not render him the object of envy and hatred among his schoolfellows; for he was a perfect stranger to reserve and artifice.

Schiller's parents obviously wished him to try his fortune in the army; but his natural propensity to dramatic studies soon determined him to prefer the elegant pursuits of the Muses, to the riotous and dissipating scenes of a military life.

We are not informed at what period of life Schiller left Stuttgart; but he must have been very young, (perhaps not twenty years of age,)

K

when he wrote, at Manheim, his famous tragedy "*The Robbers*."—Manheim then possessed one of the best theatres in Germany, and was well supported by the dramatic talents of Beck and Ifland, two excellent performers; the latter of whom has also written a considerable number of good plays, amounting to twenty-five at least, with the various merits of which his countrymen are well acquainted.

Schiller's next performances were "*Cabal and Love*," (translated into English by Mr. Lewis, under the title of "*The Minister*;"*) "*The Conspiracy of Fiesco*," and "*Don Carlos*." Each of these plays, particularly the latter, met with a favourable reception on the German stage. It is, however, worthy of remark, that, though all Schiller's compositions bear the stamp of great genius, supported by a brilliant and fertile imagination, yet they are neither calculated to become completely popular, nor to withstand the attacks of the most lenient critics. In fact, they are meteors on the German horizon; they are not only deficient in the design, or arrangement of parts, but are likewise written in so extravagant, or rather infuriated, a dialogue, as to excite the idea, that they must be acted by beings inhabiting a very different world from that we live in. Besides, the style and phraseology of Schiller cannot be held out as a pattern of German writing, to those who apply to the study of that copious and energetic language. The natives of Germany, who have studied their language grammatically, and critically, are annoyed in every page of

his earlier compositions, with Swabian and Bavarian provincialisms.

Soon after the four dramatic pieces above-mentioned had made their appearance, Schiller presented the public with a volume of poems, which greatly increased his reputation, already established among a certain class of readers, who delight in the marvellous, and which, not undeservedly, were the means of introducing him into the higher circles of life. The reigning Duke of Saxe-Weimar, a true Mæcenas in German literature, is said to have been so much pleased with Schiller's poems, that he appointed him one of his Aulic Counsellors,* and conferred on him a professorship of history and philosophy in the university of Jena. Here he composed his "*History of the Thirty Years War in Germany*;" a work of great merit, and, in the opinion of some Germans, not inferior to the compositions of Livy, Voltaire, or Gibbon. This, however, is a pardonable prejudice in favour of Schiller, since his countrymen cannot boast of many good historians, and perhaps of none of superior excellence, or at least equal to Hume and Robertson. So much is certain, that the last mentioned two writers greatly gain in the comparison with the best German historians, namely, Häberlin, the two Henrys (*Heinrich*) Schmidt, Galetti, Buchholz, Wagner, and Baczko.

The next work of Schiller's is "*The History of the Netherlands*;" which, however, he has not yet concluded, although it was begun several years ago. Perhaps, the severe criticisms that appeared on this

* This is a mere title, attended with no other emolument than that of being called *Her Hofrath*, instead of the simple word *Herr*, i. e. Sir, or Mr.—The Germans, however, are still very fond of titles—being an appendage to the old feudal system: and as the petty sovereigns rarely reward a meritorious literary man in a more effectual manner than by loading him with an empty title, the first characters in Germany are reluctantly obliged to submit to this farcical mode of rewarding literary merit, until a better prospect opens.

work in the German Reviews, have discouraged him from prosecuting this very important subject.*

Another work of Schiller's, that excited considerable attention in Germany, is, "*The History of the most memorable Conspiracies.*"—But, as a work of imagination, displaying all the powers of invention, his "*Ghost-seer*" may be ranked among the principal compositions of that kind. It has been very imperfectly translated into English; and many superficial readers have concluded, that the genius of the Germans strongly inclines to the marvellous and romantic, because this book was received with such satisfaction by certain classes of people in Germany, that it has been several times reprinted; though the first part of it only was published by the author. Another writer, of inferior talents, has published a surreptitious continuation of the "*Ghost-seer*," which, notwithstanding its inferiority, has met with an unmerited degree of success.

Schiller now conducts a monthly publication, which is supported by the first German writers, among whom we find the names of *Dalberg, Engel, Garve, Gleim, Goethe, Herder, Hufeland, Humboldt, Jacobi, Matthison, Pfeffel, Schütz, &c.* This classical Magazine is printed at Tübingen, under the title, "*Die Horen*," alluding to the three graces, *Eunomia, Dike, and Irene.*

Besides these publications, Schiller is the editor of an annual poetical almanack, (*Musen Almanack*,") which serves as a vehicle for the occasional effusions of young bards, who wish to bring their poetical talents to the test before the public, and to profit by the previous criticisms and corrections of the editor. In this almanack he also commu-

nicates the latest productions of his own muse.

Our poet is said to have displayed a strong propensity, in his youth, to whatever had the appearance of eccentricity. His dress, his mode of life, even his courtships, were as original as his mode of writing. It is, however, not very difficult to account for these peculiarities. If we consider him as a youth endowed with a fertile and active mind, with the strongest sensations of virtue and liberty, and, at the same time, checked in his intellectual career, within the narrow path of a military school, where every thing moves by the dimensions of space and time; his earlier productions, such as "*The Robbers*," and "*The Conspiracy of Fiesco*," are, in a high degree, characteristic of the situation and circumstances in which he was placed at a time of life, when the human mind is susceptible of the strongest and most lasting impressions.

We cannot suppress a singular anecdote which forms an epocha in the life of Schiller. As a distinguished favourite among the fair, his courtships in general were more of the passive than of the active kind. Thus it happened, that a young lady, of rank and fortune, in the vicinity of Jena, sent him an unexpected challenge, by offering him her hand at the altar of Hymen. This he could not easily refuse, without being guilty of great rudeness and cruelty; especially as the enamoured lady would undoubtedly have fallen a victim to an affection which he alone could relieve, and which she had contracted by the perusal of his poems.—Such is the power of language, even in the dead letter of a book! Schiller married this frank and amiable

* Meanwhile, the Bishop of Antwerp has written a most valuable "*History of the Netherlands.*"

lady, who now enjoys more favourable opportunities of studying his character, and of testifying her esteem for his talents and conjugal virtues, than at the former distance when reading his captivating poems.

Miscellaneous Articles of Literary and Philosophical Intelligence.

THE last number of the *second* volume of the *MEDICAL REPOSITORY* has been published this month, by Messrs. T. and J. Swords.—A second edition of the first and second volumes of that very valuable work is preparing, and will shortly appear.

An HISTORY of PENNSYLVANIA, by Robert Proud, in two volumes 8vo. has lately been published in Philadelphia.—*Some notice will be taken of this work in our next number.*

Mr. Nancrede, of Boston, has issued proposals for an American edition of the "*Pursuits of Literature.*"

Republications of many valuable works have issued from the presses of Philadelphia, New-York, and Boston, which will be noticed in the succeeding numbers of this Magazine.

James M'Intosh, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, London, has published a discourse on the study of the law of nature and nations, introductory to a course of lectures on that science; and which is intended to comprehend the whole philosophy of morality, government and law. Those who have seen the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," of this elegant and admired writer, will be pleased that this great and important subject is to be discussed and illustrated by a person of his distinguished talents and erudition.

The admirers of Kotzebue may soon expect translations of two fine dramas of that author, from Miss Plumptree, entitled, "*Virgin of the Sun*," and the "*Death of Rollo.*"

On the evening of the 16th Frimaire (December 7th), C. Bouvard, astronomer, belonging to an observatory at Paris, discovered a comet in the constellation of Hercules. At half after six next morning, its right ascension was $248\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, and its northern declination $31\frac{1}{2}$. It had advanced forty-three minutes per hour towards the east, and twenty-eight towards the south. It was small and difficult to be seen. It forms the eighty-ninth, according to the catalogue, in Delalande's astronomy.

A ridiculous duel is said to have been fought in one of the German universities, between two professors, in consequence of a dispute in the method of observing a comet.

The severe cold which was experienced in London at Christmas, afforded an opportunity to Mr. Pepys, junior, and several other able chymists, to repeat the experiments of Mr. Lowitz, of Petersburg, on the production of extraordinary cold. The result confirmed the truth of them. When the thermometer was at seventeen of Fahrenheit, a mixture of snow and muriate of lime, produced such a degree of cold as to freeze a quantity of mercury in a few minutes. It was then malleable, and, when broken, exhibited a fracture similar to that of zinc.

At the same time the chymists in Paris were occupied in repeating Lowitz's experiments. C. Fourcroy, and Vauquelin, by means of the same mixture, froze twenty pounds of mercury in a platina

crucible in thirty seconds: mercury in a porcelain crucible, took four times as long to freeze. Upon inserting the end of the finger in the mixture, it lost, in four seconds, all feeling, and was not restored to sensation till after it had been held a long time in the mouth. Upon the first insertion of the finger in the mixture, an acute pain was felt, as if it had been violently pressed in a vice.

The extreme cold, by accounts from that continent, was very general over Europe.

The French government have in contemplation, a new voyage of discovery round the world, under the direction of Captain Baudin, who lately returned from a botanical expedition to America. Three corvettes, *le Vengeur*, *la Serpente*, and *la Menaçante*, are fitted out for this purpose, and will sail as soon as passes can be procured from the British ministry. They are to proceed first to Teneriffe, for the purpose of collecting plants, and thence along the coast of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope. They are then to sail along the eastern side of Africa, from which one of the corvettes is to be sent back to France with the plants, that they may not be spoiled by a longer voyage. The other two corvettes will then proceed to New-Holland, to make geographical observations on the unknown parts of that island; and afterwards visit the coast of Peru, Chili, &c. and particularly the river La Plata, which they are to sail up as far as they possibly can.

Mr. H. Herschel has lately discovered four new satellites to his comet, so that there are now six. This discovery was made by a telescope of thirty feet, which he had constructed for the Observatory of Madrid. The first notice that Lalande had of this discovery was from Gotha, the prince of which

is fond of astronomy: he laments, in a short notice which he published upon this subject, that for some years he has not received from Mr. Herschel any account of his discoveries in the heavens.

As a specimen of the rapidity, or rather rapacity, with which some booksellers in Germany emulate certain honourable publishers in London, in the art of multiplying books, and pirating literary projects, early in the month of August, 1798, two different translations were advertised in the intelligence to the Jena Literary Gazette, of the intended BRITISH NECROLOGY, not then published.

The same whimsical anticipation prevails also in Germany, in announcing translations of Mungo Park's "*Travels in the Interior of Africa*." These had actually attracted the attention of no less than half a dozen German publishers before a sheet of them was printed in England. The old proverb of *phlegmatic Germans* can no longer be applied with justice.

One of the most complete dictionaries of the English language now extant, is one which lately appeared at Strasburg, entitled, "*Phraseologia Anglo-Germanica*," or a collection of more than fifty thousand English phrases, extracted from the best English writers, reduced to alphabetical order, and translated into German by F. W. Haussner, professor at the critical school of the department of Lower Rhine: to which is added, all such words as did not require to be explained by phrases.

Miscellaneous works of the Abbe J. J. Barthelemy, have lately (1798) been published in Paris, in two volumes 8vo. to which is prefixed, a life and an eulogy.

A voyage of discovery to the North Pacific Ocean, and round the world, in which the coast of North-west America has been carefully

examined and accurately surveyed, by Captain George Vancouver, undertaken by command of his Britannic Majesty, and performed during the years 1790, 1791, 1792, 1793, 1794, and 1795, has been published in London, in three vols. 4to.—This is a valuable and interesting work.

“The voyage of the “*Sieur de la Perouse*,” who lost his life in his ardent pursuit of discovery, published in conformity to a decree of the National Assembly, has been translated into English, in three vols. 8vo. illustrated with plates.

Several numbers of a new and valuable Journal have been received, entitled, “The Philosophical Magazine.”—It is conducted by Mr. *Tilloch*, who was for many years the editor of the London paper, *The Star*. It comprises natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, mechanics, astronomy, mineralogy, œconomics, natural history, geography, antiquities, &c.

The metallic tractors of Dr. Perkins have met with some attention in Denmark. A work has been published at Copenhagen by M. Herholdt, surgeon, and assessor Kafi, with the observations of Dr. T. C. Tode, professor and physician to the court, entitled, “On Perkinism, or the metallic tractors of Dr. Perkins of North America, with American testimonies and experiments of the physicians at Copenhagen.”—The tractors appear to have been tried by various gentlemen at Copenhagen, with very

different success. In some cases, they produced no effect, in others good, and in others harm. Professor Abilgaard is of opinion, that Dr. Perkins’s tractors will never acquire much value in medicine, and scarcely ever have the merit of being a palliative; but in a physical point of view, he thinks they deserve the attention of physicians, and particularly of physiologists. Mankind, he observes, have paid too little attention to the influence which electricity has on the human body, otherwise they would know that the effects produced on it by our beds, is no matter of indifference. If the feather beds and hair mattresses are perfectly dry, the person who sleeps on them is in an insulated state, but the contrary is the case if they are moist.—Some rheumatic and gouty pains were removed by the use of the tractors. Tractors of ebony, ivory, silver, lime, copper, and lead, were tried with different effects. Mr. Tode tried them in rheumatism, tooth-ach, inflammation of the eyes, and observed that they did neither good nor harm. They are considered by the editor, as acting as a mechanical stimulus, as conductors of electricity, as galvanism, and by the effects of the imagination.

The plants brought by Captain Baudin from America and the West-Indies to France, and contained in one hundred and fifty boxes, are now in a high state of vegetation. Many of those trees and plants will, probably, be naturalized in France.



P O E T R Y.

*On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.**By COWPER.*

OH that those lips had language! Life
has pass'd
With me, but roughly since I heard thee
last.

Those lips are thine—thy own sweet
smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears
away!”

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the
same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
Oh, welcome guest, though unexpected,
here!

Who bidd'st me honour with an artless
song,

Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial
grief,

Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou
wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I
shed?

Howe'er thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just be-
gun?

Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen,
a kiss,

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah! that maternal smile! it answers—
Yes,

I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee flow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window,
drew

A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou
art gone

Adieus and farewells are a sound un-
known,

May I but meet thee on that peaceful
shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no
more!

Thy maidens griev'd themselves at my
concern,

Of't gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And disappointed still, was still deceiv'd;
By disappointment every day beguil'd,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and
went,

Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er
forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard
no more,

Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry
floor;

And where the gard'ner, Robin, day by
day,

Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bawble coach and
wrapt

In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house
our own.

Short liv'd possession! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness
there,

Still outlives many a storm that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and
warmly laid;

Thymorning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks be-
flow'd

By thy own hand, till fresh they shone
and glow'd;

All this, and, more endearing still than
all,

Thy constant flow of love, that knew no
fall,

Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and
breaks

That humour interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so, to my latest age,

Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps, a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little no-
tic'd here.

Could time, his flight revers'd, restore
the hours

• When, playing with thy vesture's tissued
flowers,

The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the
while,

Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head
and smile)

Could those few pleasant hours again ap-
pear,

Might onewish bring them, would I wish
them here?

I would not trust my heart—the dear
delight

Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is
such,

So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bounds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark, from Albion's
coast,

(The storms all weather'd and the ocean
cross'd)

Shoots into port at some well haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons
smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods that
show

Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play

Around her, fanning light her streamers
gay;

So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd
the shore

"Where tempests never beat nor billows
roar,"

And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous
tide

Of life, long since, has anchor'd at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,

Always from port withheld, always dis-
tress'd—

Me howling winds drive devious, tem-
pest tofs'd,

Sails ript, seams op'ning wide, and com-
pafs lost,

And day by day some current's thwart-
ing force

Sets me more distant from a prosperous
course.

But Oh! the thought, that thou art safe,
and he!

That thought is joy, arrive what may to
me.

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd and rulers of the
earth;

But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.

And now, farewell—time, unrevok'd,
has run

His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is
done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er
again;

To have renew'd the joys that once were
mine,

Without the sin of violating thine; and,
while the wings of fancy still are free,

And I can view this mimic shew of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—

Thyself remov'd, thy power to soothe me
left.

ERRATUM.

Page 120, 2d col. line 31, for "Genesee" Lake, read Seneca Lake.

✍ *SOME difficulty has been experienced in procuring a fit person to deliver the first numbers of the Magazine to Subscribers in this City. Those to whom they have not been sent, it is hoped, will excuse the delay, which has unavoidably arisen from circumstances naturally incident to the commencement of a new publication. This, and other slight and temporary embarrassments, will shortly disappear.*

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
AND
AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. I.]

JUNE, 1799.

[No. 3.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

PORTRAIT of an EMIGRANT.

Extracted from a Letter.

I CALLED, as you desired, on Mrs. K—. We had considerable conversation. Knowing, as you do, my character and her's, you may be somewhat inquisitive as to the subject of our conversation. You may readily suppose that my inquiries were limited to domestic and every-day incidents. The state of her own family, and her servants and children being discussed, I proceeded to inquire into the condition of her neighbours. It is not in large cities as it is in villages. Those whose education does not enable and accustom them to look abroad, to investigate the character and actions of beings of a distant age and country, are generally attentive to what is passing under their own eye. Mrs. K— never reads, not even a newspaper. She is unacquainted with what happened before she was born. She is equally a stranger to the events that are passing in distant nations, and to those which ingross the attention and shake the passions of the

statesmen and politicians of her own country; but her mind, nevertheless, is far from being torpid or inactive. She speculates curiously and even justly on the objects that occur within her narrow sphere.

Were she the inhabitant of a village, she would be mistress of the history and character of every family within its precincts; but being in a large city,* her knowledge is confined chiefly to her immediate neighbours; to those who occupy the house on each side and opposite. I will not stop to inquire into the reason of this difference in the manners of villagers and citizens. The fact has often been remarked, though seldom satisfactorily explained. I shall merely repeat the dialogue which took place on my inquiry into the state of the family inhabiting the house on the right hand and next to her's.

"McCuley," said she, "who used to live there, is gone."

"Indeed! and who has taken his place?"

"A Frenchman and his wife. His wife, I suppose her to be, though he is a man of fair complex-

ion, well formed, and of genteel appearance; and the woman is half negro. I suppose they would call her a mestee. They came last winter from the West-Indies, and miserably poor I believe; for when they came into this house they had scarcely any furniture besides a bed, and a chair or two, and a pine table. They shut up the lower rooms, and lived altogether in the two rooms in the second story."

"Of whom does the family consist?"

"The man and woman, and a young girl, whom I first took for their daughter, but I afterwards found she was an orphan child, whom, shortly after their coming here, they found wandering in the streets; and, though poor enough themselves, took her under their care."

"How do they support themselves?"

"The man is employed in the counting-house of a French merchant of this city. What is the exact sort of employment, I do not know, but it allows him to spend a great deal of his time at home. The woman is an actress in Lailson's pantomimes. In the winter she scarcely ever went out in the day-time, but now that the weather is mild and good she walks out a great deal."

"Can you describe their mode of life, what they eat and drink, and how they spend their time?"

"I believe I can. Most that they do can be seen from our windows and yard, and all that they say can be heard. In the morning every thing is still till about ten o'clock. Till that hour they lie a-bed. The first sign that they exist, is given by the man, who comes half dressed, to the back window; and lolling out of it, smokes two or three segars, and sometimes talks to a dog that lies on the out-side of the kitchen door. After sometime

passed in this manner he goes into the room over the kitchen, takes a loaf of bread from the closet, and pours out a tumbler of wine; with these he returns to the front room, but begins as soon as he has hold of them, to gnaw at one and sip from the other. This constitutes their breakfast. In half an hour they both re-appear at the window. They throw out crums of bread to the dog, who stands below with open mouth to receive it; and talk sometimes to him and sometimes to each other. Their tongues run incessantly; frequently they talk together in the loudest and shrillest tone imaginable. I thought, at first, they were quarrelsome; but every now and then they burst into laughter, and it was plain that they were in perfect good humour with each other.

"About twelve o'clock the man is dressed, and goes out upon his business. He returns at three. In the mean time the lady employs herself in washing every part of her body, and putting on a muslin dress, perfectly brilliant and clean. Then she either lolls at the window, and sings without intermission, or plays on a guitar. She is certainly a capital performer and singer. No attention is paid to house or furniture. As to rubbing tables, and sweeping and washing floors, these are never thought of. Their house is in a sad condition, but she spares no pains to make her person and dress clean.

"The man has scarcely entered the house, when he is followed by a black fellow, with bare head and shirt tucked up at his elbows, carrying on his head a tray covered with a white napkin. This is their dinner, and is brought from *Simonet's*. After dinner the man takes his flute, on which he is very skilful; and the woman either sings or plays in concert till evening approaches: some visitants then ar-

rive, and they all go out together to walk. We hear no more of them till next morning."

"What becomes of the girl all this time?"

"She eats, sings, dresses, and walks with them. She often comes into our house, generally at meal times; if she spies any thing she likes, she never conceals her approbation. 'O my, how good *dat* must be! Me wish me had some; will you *gif* me some?' She is a pretty harmless little thing, and one cannot refuse what she asks.

"Next day after they came into this house, the girl, in the morning, while our servant was preparing breakfast, entered the kitchen—'O my!' said she to me, 'what you call dem tings?'

'Buckwheat cakes.'

'Ahah! buckawit cake! O my! how good dey must be! Me likes—will you give me one?'

"Next morning she came again, and we happened to be making *muffins*. 'O my!' cried she, 'you be always baking and baking! What you call dem dere?'

'Muffins.'

'Mofeen? O my! me wish for some, me do.'

"Afterwards she was pretty regular in her visits. She was modest, notwithstanding; and, seeming to be half-starved, we gave her entertainment as often as she claimed it."

"Are not these people very happy?"

"Very happy. When together they are for ever chattering and laughing, or playing and singing in concert. How the man is employed when separate we do not certainly know; but the woman, it seems, is continually singing, and her hands, if not employed in adorning her own person, are plying the guitar. I am apt to think the French are the only people that know how to live. These people, though exiles and strangers, and subsisting on scanty

and precarious funds, move on smoothly and at ease. Household cares they know not. They breakfast upon bread and wine, without the ceremony of laying table, and arranging platters and cups. From the trouble of watching and directing servants they are equally exempt. Their cookery is performed abroad. Their clothes are washed in the same way. The lady knows no manual employment but the grateful one of purifying and embellishing her own person. The intervals are consumed in the highest as well as purest sensual enjoyments, in music, in which she appears to be an adept, and of which she is passionately enamoured. When the air is serene and bland, she repairs to the public walks, with muslin handkerchief in one hand, and parti-coloured *parasol* in the other. She is always accompanied by men anxious to please her, busy in supplying her with amusing topics, and listening with complacency and applause to her gay effusions and her ceaseless volubility.

"I have since taken some pains to discover the real situation of this family. I find that the lady was the heiress of a large estate in St. Domingo, that she spent her youth in France, where she received a polished education, and where she married her present companion, who was then in possession of rank and fortune, but whom the revolution has reduced to indigence. The insurrection in St. Domingo destroyed their property in that island. They escaped with difficulty to these shores in 1793, and have since subsisted in various modes and places, frequently pinched by extreme poverty, and sometimes obliged to solicit public charity; but retaining, in every fortune, and undiminished, their propensity to talk, laugh and sing—their flute and their guitar."

Nothing is more ambiguous than the motives that stimulate men to

action. These people's enjoyments are unquestionably great. They are innocent: they are compatible, at least, with probity and wisdom, if they are not the immediate fruits of it. Constitutional gaiety may account for these appearances; but as they may flow, in one case, from the absence of reflection and foresight, they may likewise, in another instance, be the product of justice and benevolence.

It is our duty to make the best of our condition; to snatch the good that is within our reach, and to nourish no repinings on account of what is unattainable. The gratifications of sense, of conjugal union, and of social intercourse, are among the highest in the scale; and these are as much in the possession of *de Lisle* and his wife, as of the most opulent and luxuriant members of the community.

As to mean habitation and scanty furniture, their temper or their reason enables them to look upon these things as trifles. They are not among those who witnessed their former prosperity, and their friends and associates are unfortunate like themselves. Instead of humiliation and contempt, adversity has probably given birth to sympathy and mutual respect.

His profession is not laborious; and her's, though not respectable according to our notions, is easy and amusing. Her life scarcely produces any intermission of recreation and enjoyment. Few instances of more unmingled and uninterrupted felicity can be found; and yet these people have endured, and continue to endure, most of the evils which the imagination is accustomed to regard with most horror; and which would create ceaseless anguish in beings fashioned on the model of my character, or of yours. Let you and I grow wise by the contemplation of their example,

B.

On the Reformation of PENAL LAWS.

Mr. Editor,

I CONFESS myself considerably pleased with the manner in which your work is conducted; and have no doubt but that, in time, it will gain the attention it deserves from candid and enlightened readers. I am not able to contribute any useful matter to your stock, but it occurs to me that there is one subject on which the attention of some of your correspondents might be usefully employed, and for which the world would be greatly indebted to your Repository. I mean some account of the change that has lately been effected in the Penal Laws of the State of New-York, and of the institution that has been formed for the employment and reformation of criminals.

On this subject there is much zeal and curiosity in minds accustomed to speculate upon the causes of human happiness and misery. The means of information are, in general, disconnected, scanty and vague, even with regard to those who reside in this city. Such as live at a distance, are deprived even of those means, and must remain in ignorance of schemes so momentous to the public happiness, unless some judicious and industrious writer should collect all the facts that relate to this scheme, and exhibit them in a popular and perspicuous dress.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of this subject. Many speculative minds have employed themselves in investigating the means by which crimes might be lessened, and punishments be rendered efficacious. They conceived that this end would be answered by taking down the whipping-post and gallows, and rearing in their stead a spacious building, where men, convicted of breaking the laws, might be immured for definite periods; be

subjected to a discipline favourable to the establishment of habits of sobriety, temperance, and industry; and be confined to regular and beneficial labour.

This scheme has been partly carried into execution. It is extremely desirable to know the history of this establishment, the inducements that procured it patrons and promoters, the means that were used to gain the concurrence of the people and the sanction of the legislature, the outlines of the plan that was adopted, the execution of the plan, the superintendence, and expense and time which it has cost; all the particulars of the arrangement and economy of this institution, and impartial statements of the consequences that have already flowed from it.

If this scheme has been futile or injurious, it is of moment that the world should be informed of it; and that the fathers of the public happiness should be prompted to repeal the laws to which it owes its existence. If, on the contrary, benefits have flowed, it is a gratification that benevolence may justly claim to have these benefits exhibited. It is to be wished that all mankind should admire and imitate the example of beneficence and wisdom which we have set; and, for this end, that the knowledge of it should be diffused as extensively as possible.

This is no mean or humble task. A man of narrow views and slender abilities, is by no means qualified to execute it. It is a theme suited only to one whose genius and knowledge are combined with virtue, who is able to comprehend all the means of national felicity, and who fervently loves that felicity. That such a man may speedily undertake the task, is ardently desired by your friend

L. N.

An Instance of LONGEVITY.

(*From the Journal of a Traveller.*)

Paris, April, 1792.

I MET with an incident to-day that has excited many reflections. I was passing along the *Rue de Bons Enfants*, in my morning walk to the *Palais-Royal*. Having need of a new hat, I stopped at a shop where hats were hung out for sale. As I was trafficking with the woman that stood behind the compter, I chanced to spy an old man sitting in the inner apartment. He was leaning on the back of a chair, and appeared in profound sleep.

There was something in the placid features, silver locks, and ruddy and healthful tints of this old man, that forcibly arrested my attention. Age, unattended by decrepitude, by marks of dotage or folly, always constitutes a delightful spectacle. It excites reverence and awe, and consoles us with the hope of long life, without damping our courage by anticipations of its usual attendants, helplessness and insensibility.

Appearances bespoke him to be not more than seventy years old, and yet there were tokens of robustness and serenity almost incompatible, even with that age. My attention was withdrawn from the bargain I was making, and fixed upon this venerable figure. The woman observing what it was that occupied my thoughts, glided from the cheapness and excellence of her hats, to the history of this patriarch. Observing her readiness to discuss this topic, I inquired into his age and relation to her.

She answered, that on the 10th of November next he would be an hundred and twenty-three years old. It was difficult to credit this assertion; but she repeated it often and with much earnestness. She added,

that in the autumn of 1789 he was placed under her care by an officer of government, and that till a few months past he received a pension of two hundred livres a year. Now this stipend was, for some reason, withdrawn; and she was obliged, poor as she was, to maintain the old man. He was, indeed, willing to work, but contrary to appearances, was extremely feeble, and unqualified for any thing but running a thread through an hat-lining. He came from one of the distant provinces, she knew not which, and had never seen nor heard of him till he became a lodger in her house. Many came to see him, attracted by the rumour of his great age; and sometimes presents, to a small amount, were made to him by those who pitied his forlorn condition. Since his arrival at Paris, his hearing and sight, as well as his health in general, had decayed, and he perpetually regretted his departure from his cottage.

I wished to make some inquiries of the man himself, but was unwilling to awaken him, and therefore determined to postpone this gratification. Dining, afterwards, with a party of friends, I took occasion to mention this adventure. I immediately found that several of the party were acquainted with this old man and his history. I collected from them the following particulars, which may be worth preserving.

He was borne at Charme, a remote district in the mountains of *Franche-comté*, and on the borders of Switzerland. He was a peasant; his only task was to sow and to reap; his amusement consisted in scraping a violin in the evening and on holidays: his food was brown bread, baked semi-annually, and usually cut with an hatchet, and goats milk. Twice or thrice a year, on extraordinary festivals, this homely fare

was improved by the addition of a little bacon. He never was married, and was remarkable for continence and sobriety.

During one hundred and ten years he was unable to recollect the slightest decay of appetite, or interruption to his nightly slumber, or a moment of lassitude or pain. His senses were perfect and acute, and he was always distinguished by the superiority of his dexterity and vigour in the harvest field; and by his good appetite, his mirth, and his songs at table. During this time he ate and slept on the same spot, and never wandered farther than a league from his habitation. At the age of one hundred and fifteen his strength began to decay; and being unable to perform his usual tasks, he began to suffer the inconveniences of indigence. From this distress he was relieved by the intendant of the province, *Mr. De St. Ange*, who procured for him a pension of two hundred livres. Some years afterwards, he was conducted, much against his inclination, to Paris, and presented to the king; since which time he has resided with the good woman of whom I purchased my hat. His infirmities have rapidly increased, his sight and hearing are nearly gone, and there is little reason to expect that he will survive another year.

It is remarkable that his decays are not perceptible when he is asleep. When awake, his tongue falters, he raises his eyelids with difficulty, his steps totter, and his features assume an air of forlornness and anxiety. He reasons and remembers with considerable accuracy, and his talk affords an instructive theme of speculation to the inquisitive. He neither reads nor writes. His knowledge, therefore, is limited to a very narrow sphere; and his conceptions of men and

things beyond the sphere of his immediate observation, are ludicrously absurd.

It is amusing to reflect upon the effects which would flow from the union of extensive authority and energetic qualities with the healthful constitution and long life of such a man. Yet this union is perhaps impossible. Talents and power are perhaps connected inseparably with tendencies to speedy dissolution. Fontenelle and cardinal Fleury are merely exceptions to a general rule.

Z.

THOUGHTS ON STYLE.

Mr. Editor,

YOUR remarks upon the style of some English historians, have suggested an inquiry to me, which I wish to lay before your readers. What author, or what composition in the English language is freest from defect, and most deserves to be studied as a model?

I scarcely know any question of more difficult solution. My own opinion has, indeed, been long since formed; but I am conscious that this opinion is, in some sort, the birth of accident, and if called upon to justify it, should be somewhat at a loss to enumerate the reasons of my choice.

Style, like most other things, is a complicated structure. It exhibits various properties, which cannot be easily defined and accurately denominated. Each of these properties exists in different degrees of excellence and strength; and, in comparing these properties with each other, a scale might perhaps be formed exhibiting their relative value and importance.

Science consists in analyzing the structure of any object into parts or properties, in assigning names to these parts, and in rigorously de-

fining these names. This, with regard to style, has been imperfectly attempted by Dr. Blair. This author's performance, though in many respects superficial and inaccurate, is greatly and deservedly popular. Whatever objection I may have to his arrangement, I am by no means qualified, by abilities or leisure, to invent a better. Let us recollect, for a moment, his analysis of style.

Style divides itself, according to him, into three primary parts or properties: perspicuity, strength, and harmony. These may again be subdivided into several departments. Perspicuity has three ingredients, purity, propriety, and precision. Harmony and strength stand in opposition to many qualities which are clearly defined.

In weighing the merits of a writer, we are obliged to prefer him who possesses most of the good properties of composition, and fewest of the bad. Perhaps, if we were to form a table or catalogue of these properties, and laying a book before us, read it attentively and frequently, having, at each reading, an exclusive view to one property of style according to its order in the catalogue, we might be able to form a plausible conclusion.

For example; let the book be the life of Savage, the romance of Rascelas, or the senatorial controversy, on the deposition of Sir Robert Walpole from the post of Prime Minister, by Samuel Johnson.

Perspicuity being the most essential quality of composition, let it be asked what are the claims of the book to the praise of perspicuity? To solve this question it is requisite to have in mind the various ingredients of perspicuity; and, in the first place, to inquire how far the style is *pure*. *Purity* implies the absence of several things; and first, it is incompatible with *foreign* idioms and terms. English style is

liable to contamination in this respect, from *three* sources, Latin, Scottish, and French. Johnson has been much censured for *latinity*; but without waiting to discuss the exact value of this objection, supposing it just; and without denying the excessive latinity of some of Johnson's compositions, it may safely be affirmed that these three works are wholly free from it.

The most popular British writers are natives of Scotland, and their best works are not free from Scotticisms. Many of these writers have either been much conversant with French authors, or been long resident in France. This source of impurity is exceedingly prolific, and all the current compositions are copiously infected with Gallicism; but neither Scotticisms nor Gallicisms are discoverable in Johnson's page.

A second source of impurity, is the use of *new-fangled* terms. On this head, it is not easy to form satisfactory conclusions. Language is essentially mutable. Each day adds some new, and modifies the meaning of some old term. If we address contemporaries, why not use the language to which contemporaries are accustomed?

Considerable attention to the subject is necessary to show us the immense innovations that the lapse of fifty years has produced in our language. Idioms and terms are now found plentifully scattered over the most popular modern books, which are never to be met with in the pages of Addison and Swift, of Johnson and Hawkesworth. I confess myself inclined to consider Johnson's composition as a model and criterion in this respect. He that uses words which this writer uses, will never be accused of adopting new-fangled terms, and terms with new meanings. He will never say *novel* for *new*, *description* for *kind*, *idea* for *subject*, or *opinion*, or *thing*,

and a thousand other of yesterday's inventions.

The third source of impurity is the use of obsolete terms; which, indeed, is a fault rarely committed, and which cannot be imputed to Johnson. Whatever therefore debases the purity of style, is not to be found in either of the above-mentioned works.

Propriety is a second ingredient of perspicuity, and implies the absence of low, vulgar, and colloquial expressions. We need not hesitate to affirm that, in this respect, Johnson is without a competitor. His elevation and refinement are absolute and uniform, and are blended with simplicity and ease; if not in all his compositions, at least, in the life of Savage. The vehemence of eloquence, and the dignity of narrative, never were exhibited with more felicity than in the speeches, and in *Rasselas*.

Precision is the last and most essential quality. This consists in the use of words that exactly convey our meaning, and that express neither more nor less than our meaning. No attainment is more difficult than this. Precision requires that absolute command of language should be united with the utmost cogency and clearness of thought. In this respect, beyond all others, the style of Johnson is unblemished. His style is luminous and transparent, and his excellence in this respect, is so great that it perpetually presses itself upon our apprehension.

The use of ambiguous words, of words that express more than we intend, of less than we intend, or of something different, are all deviations from precision. The prevalence of these faults in most compositions is enormous, though this is no subject of wonder, considering the imperfection of the human mind.

The accuracy of Johnson's con-

ceptions, on every subject which he thought proper to treat, is universally acknowledged. Hence arises the precision of his style, in consequence of which nothing is deficient or redundant. No useless or unmeaning epithets, and no repetitions or extensions of phrase for the sake of harmony, occur.

Precision is chiefly violated by the improper use of what are called synonymous terms. This fault arises from ignorance in the writer, but commonly escapes detection; because the writer and the reader are, for the most part, equally ignorant. A cogent and vehement thinker is not necessarily invested with command of language. He may, therefore, incessantly violate precision; and so far will be feeble and obscure: yet, notwithstanding this defect, his genius will shine forth with considerable lustre.

In modern times, no two men have been more eminent for variety, and depth of knowledge, and ardour, and versatility of genius, than Johnson and Edmund Burke. The latter is a singular example of one who unites powerful conceptions and splendid images with almost every defect in style. He vies with the most vulgar writer in contempt of purity, and neglect of precision. His page is stuffed with colloquial barbarisms, foreign and new-fangled terms, repetitions, obscurities, and redundancies.

Johnson, on the contrary, displays consummate correctness and perspicuity. All that is wanting in the other is possessed by him. To lofty sentiments and splendid images, are added all the graces of

propriety and purity, and all the force of precision.*

As to harmony and strength of style, I believe the superiority of Johnson, in these respects, might be easily proved; but I have already trespassed too long on the patience of your readers, and shall therefore dismiss the subject with observing that this disquisition has confirmed me in my belief of the pre-eminence of Johnson among English writers. I hope your readers will concur with me.

CRITO.

Gossiping: A Dialogue.

Mrs. L. **A**H, *Mrs. B.* I am glad to see you. How do you do ma'am?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, not very well. I have had a cold for several days. Last Thursday night I went to pay a visit to our new neighbour, and didn't put on a shawl: you know the weather was quite cool, and Mr. B. advised me to put on one, but I says to him, says I——

Mrs. L. O, ma'am, did you know Sammy Wiffet is going to be married to his rich cousin at last? I always told you it would be a match. The family, I knew, would never let such a fine fortune go out of it. I'm told they are going to live at her father's on the North River. I pity her, poor thing, for that. The old lady, I understand, has not the best temper in the world. Besides, I'm told, she is not heartily for the match. She thinks the girl and boy are too young for mar-

* Like all men, Johnson is unequal to himself. His earlier works are the least defective. The longer he lived and the more he wrote, he became more accurate, perhaps, in reasoning, and more subtle in his speculations; but his style grew less flexible and simple, and betrayed a greater fondness for Roman derivations. I would, therefore, be understood to confine my panegyrick to the three works above-mentioned; and, among these three, to select the life of Savage as being, on the whole, most perfect.

riage, and, 'pon my word, I think so too. I do assure you she is no more than fifteen, and he, I can't tell his age exactly, but I remember he was born about the time of my Jemmy's marriage; and that is, let me see, next November will be — pray (looking out at the window) whose coach is that?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, I don't know; some upstart's, I dare say; but my cold's so distressing, and I have not been out of the house this five days, and haven't seen a soul at home, and just run over to have a little chat with you, though Mr. B. was much against my going out till I'm quite recovered. 'If you must go,' says he, 'be sure to put on a shawl.' So I says to Betty, 'Betty' says I, 'do run up to my room and bring —'

Mrs. L. Ah, ma'am, now I think of it, let me ask you if you've heard whether the Calthorpes are going to stay in their house this year? I'm told they're going to give it up and going to live in the country: business is so dull, and the yellow fever, and Mrs. Calthorpe's health is so bad, and their young children, and altogether, makes them resolve to go into the country. So they give out; but I understand the true reason is, Mr. Calthorpe's affairs — But I beg you'll not mention this again as coming from me; it's mere report, and I dare say an't true; but I just tell you what I've heard: it was whispered to me as a great secret, by Mrs. Pry, who told me not to mention it to any body, and I wouldn't, except to a particular friend who will keep it to herself. Mr. Calthorpe's affairs are quite *deranged*, and he leaves town to prevent his ruin; and that, I think, is quite prudent. To be sure, he's lived in quite too high a style since his marriage. His wife had no fortune; he married her a poor *ga'al*, an orphan, poor thing, and living alto-

gether on her aunt; who brought her up. Pray, ma'am, have you heard any thing of their affairs?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, now you put me in mind, I think I *did* hear something of these folks. A gentleman, a relation of my husband's, a Mr. —, I declare I've forgot his name, a tall portly man. Mr. B. invited him to dine with us on Sunday, and told me his name. The day before, he says to me, says he, 'let's have something nice to-morrow, for I've asked Mr. —, I can't think of his name, I wonder I'm so forgetful; but my cold's so troublesome that I don't remember nothing. I wanted to take advice, but Mr. B. laughed me out of it.' 'Wouldn't it be as well,' says I, 'my dear, to send for Dr. Bolus? I'm afraid,' says I, 'this shocking cold will settle on my lungs.' This was on Friday night about dusk, and just as I was speaking, who should go by (I was sitting at the window) but the Doctor himself. So my husband called him in, and so —

Mrs. L. Ah, ma'am, that puts me in mind of something I wanted to ask you. I'm told Dr. Bolus is really engaged to the widow Waddle, and that they're to be married very shortly. The widow, I understand, has a pretty snug estate, and no children, and the Doctor's practice, they tell me, is lessening every day, since that unfortunate mistake of his with Polly Pepperill's child. I suppose you've heard of this story. The poor child was drooping for some time, and the Doctor was called, and he said it was the measles, and that no time wasn't to be lost; and he physick'd and physick'd till the poor child actually died. 'Twas a sad mistake, indeed, of the Doctor's. I'm told the family was very angry, and the Doctor hasn't held up his head since. Its high time the Doctor was married, if he means to be at all; though, for my part,

I can't say I'm over-fond of late marriages. What do you think, ma'am?

Mrs. B. Why, ma'am, I must needs say I don't like them at all. I was married myself at seventeen, and I'm sure I have no reason in the world to repent that I was married so early. Mr. B. was four years older than I was; but twenty-one, you know, ma'am, is quite young for a man: and Mr. B. was in a good way of business to maintain a family: and, to be sure, we've had a family to maintain; for Mr. B.'s sisters were dependant on him. They lived at our house till they were married. When Jemmy Mather courted Patty, who was the last, I was heartily glad; for you can't think, ma'am, how disagreeable it is to have many mistresses in a family. When the wedding was fixed, 'I'm sure,' says I to Mr. B. 'I'm glad on't. The poor girl will get an husband, at last,' says I, 'and that's what she's wanted,' says I, 'a long time.' Patty was quite too fine a lady for me, and she greatly imposed upon her brother's good nature. She used to tease him for tickets to the play and the assemblies. One night we made up a party —

Mrs. L. Ah, ma'am, now you talk of maiden sisters, what, I wonder, will become of Betsy Bolus if her brother marries? I'm told she's no friend to the match. The widow, I understand, made it a condition with the Doctor, that Betsy should live somewhere else. She is quite of your opinion, that one mistress in a family is enough. And Betsy, they tell me, is a little of the old maid in her temper; peevish as the deuce; always quarrelling with the maids. The Doctor can't keep a servant more than a month. The girl who lives with me, lived with them some time, and tells odd stories of Miss Betsy's peevishness.

Mrs. B. O dear! it's clouded up,

I see. It looks very like for rain. I must run home before it wets, or I shall only increase my cold. Mr. B. made me promise to come home if there was the least sign of rain; so good night, ma'am. Pray come over soon; it's a long time since you've called, and I hope you'll come shortly. Good night.

Mrs. L. O, ma'am, what's your hurry? Do stay a little longer and take tea, it's just coming in.

Mrs. B. Can't, indeed, ma'am. Good night, good night. N.

A RETORT MERCANTILE.

Mr. Editor,

HAVING some business lately with a friend of mine, a merchant, I called at his compting house. I found him busily employed in writing a letter, and making up a packet, which were to be immediately transmitted to London by a vessel that was just preparing to set sail. I waited till he had finished this affair. He then apologized to me for making me stay so long, by explaining the nature and contents of his packets.

"I have," said he, "a very obliging friend in Hamburgh, who has favoured me with eight or ten letters within these two years past. His attention is the more entitled to my thanks, as I never saw the man in my life, and know nothing of him but what his letters communicate. To be sure, his kindness is thrown away upon me, as his letters are always out of season, and contain no information of which I can make any use.

"His information, though absurd and unseasonable, is still entitled to thanks. Thanks are cheap. I have no objection to be generous in this way. I am just as willing to give a score of them as a dozen; but, unluckily, the regulations of

the post-office require a much more solid recompence, and have obliged me to pay not less than ten or fifteen dollars for his letters.

"Till now I have received them and thrown them aside, but it seems as if it were high time to give him some proofs of my gratitude. To be longer silent, would argue great laziness or great insensibility to favours. I have just been writing him a letter, stating my obligations to him, and enclosing some papers and documents, which will be not less seasonable and useful to him than his have been to me. Besides, they will by no means be as costly; for though they will be very bulky, and will go a great way about, the postage will not amount to much more than a guinea.—There is my letter."

—
Philadelphia, December 9, 1798.

*To Mr. J. AMBERG, a Merchant in
Hamburg.*

I HAD the peculiar satisfaction of receiving, *on the 7th instant*, by the way of Baltimore, your very respectable favour of the *first of January last*, covering a price current of Hamburg, and a state of your market for articles of import as well as export.

Having been honoured with several like communications from you, by the way of Boston, New-York, &c. for which I have paid several dollars postage, I thought it but just and grateful, to make some handsome acknowledgments of such singular favours; and have, therefore, enclosed for your perusal, one of Poulson's almanacks for the *present year*; in which you will find some very shrewd prognostics of the weather; and, although the year will in a few days expire, yet it will, no doubt, afford you great pleasure to know, that we mostly have some sort of weather in this outlandish country; and, furthermore, it must

prove very agreeable to be informed of the kind we have had, even in times past.

For your further information, I have sent herewith "*Gales's Independent Gazetteer*," for January 3d, 1797—in it you will perceive advertised for sale, "twenty thousand weight of rappee snuff, fit for exportation:" *a capital job*; and several other advertisements and articles of equal value and present utility.

I have annexed, *for your particular government*, a list of several articles of domestic produce and manufacture; which, I have no doubt, will also contribute much to your advantage.

This goes *via England*, and you may expect to have the benefit of frequently hearing from me in the same way—Waiting your very agreeable commands,

I am yours, &c.

Johannes Vanderlagen.

Potatoes—Small ones, 2s. 10d. to 3s. 3d. per bushel; large and mealy, 3s. 9d. to 4s. 6d.

Cabbages—Small and tough, 2d. to 4d. per head; large, fit for sourcrout, 6d. to 10d.

Onions—Red and strong, 5d. to 10d. per rope; white and comfortable, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 10d. $\frac{1}{2}$.

* *Magnolia Flowers*—2d. to 5d. per bunch: none at market.

Bear's meat—Best quality, 10d. to 1s. 6d. per lb.

Samp—9d. to 11d. per quart.

Rabbits—Skin and all, 5d. $\frac{1}{2}$ to 11d. $\frac{1}{2}$ per piece.

Opossums—Single bellied, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 7d. $\frac{1}{2}$ per piece; double bellied, 5s. to 7s. 6d.

* *Eggs*—Fresh laid and virgin, 1s. 8d. to 2s.; with chickens in, the same.

Cows' tails—1d. per piece.

Bulls' do.—2d. to 4d. do.

Peppier-pot—Made of tripe, 3d. a cup full; with chickens in it, 5d.

* Cash—7s. 6a. per dollar.

N. B. Articles marked thus * are not to be depended on for large supplies.

FEMALE SOCIETY for the Relief of
Widows with small Children.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine,

SIR,

AS a philanthropist, you cannot be displeased to be made acquainted with every thing which may tend to benefit mankind; and more particularly with those schemes of benevolence, whose direct and sole purpose is to relieve and support the indigent and the helpless. Examples of beneficence, while they are honourable to human nature, stimulate others to pursue the same course, and can never be exhibited in vain. To promote, in some degree, this salutary design, I am induced to send you a brief account of an association formed in this city for the relief of widows with small children.

This institution was proposed by the ladies of New-York, in 1797, and in December following was organized. The society meet statedly, twice in a year, in April and November; and eleven members are requisite to transact business. The annual subscription for each member who is admitted by the board of direction, is three dollars. The affairs of the society are placed under the direction of a committee, which is elected at each stated meeting, by a plurality of ballots, and consists of a first and second directress, a secretary, a treasurer, and six managers for the summer, and twelve for the winter season. The directress presides at the meetings of the society, and of the managers. The secretary and treasurer have charge of every thing relative to the

collection of all monies, and the accounts of the society, and their expenditures; and the former keeps records of all their proceedings. The managers meet twice a month. The proportion of the society's bounty to be expended monthly, is divided among the managers, for their distribution. Each manager is obliged to keep a book, in which are inserted the names, places of abode, and circumstances of the persons relieved by her; together with the names and ages of their children, and the nature and amount of the relief granted to each family. Every manager is also to endeavour to find schools for the children whose names are inserted in her book; and places, in sober and virtuous families, for such of them as are fit for service. They are also bound to encourage them to industry, by furnishing them, as far as possible, with suitable employments.

No relief can be granted until after a previous visit by the manager, and a particular inquiry into the character and circumstances of the applicants. This relief consists in necessities, and never in money, unless by a special vote of the committee. Nor is any patronage granted to the immoral; and rarely to those who refuse to put to suitable trades those of their children who are fit for service, and to send the younger ones to school. By these means mendicity and vice are discountenanced, and habits of industry and virtue are fostered and encouraged. Those who contribute to the funds of the society are certain that their gifts are applied to purposes of real utility. Common charity, though it may benefit the giver, by keeping alive the benevolent impulses of pity and fellow-feeling, is rarely of service to the receiver, and can scarcely be regarded as a virtue. Its exercise will seldom be beneficial, unless ac-

accompanied by a knowledge of the object, and by activity and perseverance in the pursuit of its happiness.

The funds of the society arise from the annual subscriptions, and from the donations of ladies and gentlemen. The total amount of these in March, 1799, consisting of subscriptions, donations, and other voluntary contributions, was three thousand seven hundred and sixteen dollars. Of that sum, one thousand nine hundred and seven dollars have been expended in the relief of the persons taken under the patronage of the society. The residue remains in money, linen and clothes. Care is taken, that by a provident and economical management and appropriation of the funds, that they should be, at no time, exhausted; and that the benefits of their application should be felt as extensively and efficaciously as possible. Its resources, however, must necessarily depend on the continuance of that bounty which has hitherto supplied them. The success which has attended the efforts of this association, will, in some degree, appear from the following statement:

At the first stated meeting of the society, in April, 1798, there were two hundred and fourteen subscribers for the annual sum of three dollars each. In the winter of 1798 and 1799, two hundred and fifty widows, with six hundred and forty-three small children, received the assistance of the society; and, by the supply of provisions, cloathing, and needle-work, were rescued from misery, and maintained in a state of comparative cheerfulness and comfort.

Thus, in the hour of adversity,

oppressed with grief and penury, when, by the dispensations of providence, she was bereaved of an affectionate partner, and thought herself doomed to hear her offspring supplicate, in vain, for bread, hath sympathy soothed the disconsolate widow: Charity hath stretched out the hand of relief, recalled the smiles of interesting infancy, and created to the parent, the grateful hope, that virtuous indigence would ever find a friend. EGERIA.

Description of a Universal Standard Measure, invented by DUDLEY SALTONSTALL, Esq. Attorney and Counsellor at Law at Canandaqua, County of Ontario—described by S. M. H.

THERE is, perhaps, no subject which has more completely eluded the researches of mathematicians and philosophers, than that of a universal standard of measurement. Nature either nowhere furnishes this desideratum; or, if she affords it at all, it is in bodies or spaces too great to be applied to the uses of mankind, and not devisible with such certainty or ease that any of their aliquot parts can be resorted to as a standard. Among the productions of the surface, and the interior of the earth, we never find that exact sameness of dimension which art has so often and so vainly* endeavoured to attain. The planetary bodies would seem, at first sight, to have the advantage of affording, at least, an invariable and perpetual standard, though difficult to be ascertained. But even this is doubtful. Astronomy has not yet deter-

* An eminent artist, who was employed by the committee of the National Institute, found himself unable to make three rods at once equal to each other, and whose sum should amount to a given length. In the *Annales de Chimie*, there is an interesting account of this operation, and of the calculations by which the comparative length of the three-rods was found, and their difference ascertained.

mined with much exactness, what is the diameter of the disk of the sun or any planet. The length of a year, and the space described by the earth in its orbit, vary, perhaps, at every revolution; and, even if they did not, they are hitherto known only by approximation. If we resort, with the French academy and institute, to the diameter of the earth, we find that the earth cannot be compassed and measured in a direct line; and if, like them, we practically measure a certain number of degrees of a great circle, those degrees cannot determine the actual measure of the whole circle while the true form of the earth remains as it does, not accurately determined. But this is not all; the surface of the earth is *uneven*, and that of the ocean is both *uneven* and *fluctuating*. If it is attempted to reduce the measurements on the surface of the earth to the level of the ocean, I say that this level never was, nor ever can be ascertained: but, besides that, even such a measure would not be perpetual. The face of nature every where shows, that the *ocean* either sinks or wastes with time. I believe it perfectly demonstrable, that at some period since the earth existed in its present form, the whole watery part of the globe flowed many feet higher than at present.

But admitting this measure to be ascertained, how is it applicable to use? How am I the wiser for being told by the French institute, that a "*metre*" is the ten millionth part of one quarter of a meridional circle, or a forty millionth of the whole circle? Can I take a meridional circle and divide it into forty million equal parts? And even when those philosophers have done so, and when they have made the rod of *platina*, which they contemplate, (if they ever do make it), that rod becomes the only standard of the "*metre*;" and thus the subject is reduced back to the simple footing

where it stood many ages since. A single *rod* becomes the standard; when that rod is bent, bruised, melted, lost, or even *worn*, the world has no means of ascertaining what was its length; or, at least, none but that of recommencing the measurement of the earth, which might give a second result considerably different from the former.

The idea of Mr. Jefferson has always appeared to me more simple, accurate, and applicable to common use, than that of the academy or institute of France. He proposes that the length of a pendulum, which, in a certain latitude, at a certain height above the surface of the ocean, and at a certain temperature, will vibrate a given number of times in a year, shall be made the unit of measure. This proposition is liable to all the fundamental sources of error that I have mentioned as objections to the former one, together with some too arbitrary to be made the subject of calculation, and others too minute to be here examined. But it has this advantage, that every clock may be constructed with a pendulum, which, though not a perfectly exact standard, will be near enough so for common purposes, and far more accurate than any of the standards now in use.

Neither of these ideas, however, is a very great improvement upon the simplicity of ancient measures, which were originally derived from the dimensions of some parts of the human body. The fathom and the nail, which are measures of the same kind, are still in use. Our "*mile*" is derived from the latin expression "*mille passus*," a thousand paces. The cubit was the length of a man's arm from his elbow to his wrist: the words *elbow* and *ell* (in latin *ulna*) have an evident relation to each other; and the derivation of the measure which we call a foot, would not be doubtful, even if tradition had failed to

inform us that a prince (I think it was Charlemagne) made his own *foot*, or more probably his *shoe*, the standard of long-measure. When once a standard is made for a *foot*, *cubit*, or *ell*, and deposited among the archives of a nation, it becomes as certain as the unit proposed by the institute, or by Mr. Jefferson, though perhaps not quite so easily renewed as the latter.

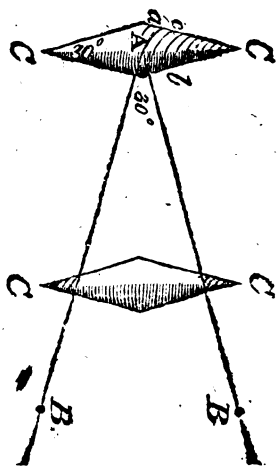
The fact is, that all the measures now in use are *traditional*. They probably vary from age to age; and it is certain, that in Europe weights and measures are not only different at almost every market town, but in the same place various weights and measures are used for different substances. The confusion arising from this circumstance is a great embarrassment to commerce, to the arts, the sciences, and to the intercourse of society. It has been in vain, that for several centuries, most governments have applied themselves to remedy the evil: habit is more powerful than laws, and still defies even the iron statutes of republican France.

Our own government has felt the importance of an early attention to this subject. Congress have the constitutional power of providing a uniform standard of weights and measures; and it is believed that the discovery which is to be here explained, furnishes a perfect standard of measurement, and will enable them to effect the object, in a manner at once certain and consistent with public convenience.

This discovery was made by Dudley Saltonstall, Esq. a gentleman of the law, in the county of Ontario. The object which he sought was two-fold. 1st. He wished to discover some mere mathematical principle, from which to derive a rule of measurement that should be perfect in theory, independent of any material standard whatever; and therefore *unchangeable*, uni-

versal, and capable of being transmitted from age to age, and from country to country, by description merely, and without the possibility of alteration. 2d. To find the means of applying this principle to material substances for the purpose of making measures that should be accurate in proportion to the excellence of the workmanship with which they should be executed, or in proportion to the degree in which they should approach the theoretical perfection of the principle. For it is evident that every mere geometrical proposition is founded on principles not perfectly reducible to practice when applied to matter. A *point* in geometry has no dimensions; a *line* has no breadth; and a surface is not material; although when we work wood and metals into geometrical forms, their points will have a certain *size*; the lines intended to be strait or circular, will be neither one nor the other, and will have a certain *thickness*; while a *surface*, besides being the surface of a body, will never be that of a perfect plane, sphere, or cone.

I proceed, therefore, first to explain the abstract principles on which the proposed standard is founded.



From the point A in this diagram, let two right lines be drawn towards B B to an indefinite distance, diverging so that the angle B A B shall be of some convenient fixed quantity. In the figure it is of thirty degrees. Let these lines, so diverging, be called the *triangle*, for distinction's sake, although it is not necessary to join B B. Let the triangle be supposed to be raised above the plane on which it is drawn, for the purpose of supporting the double cone hereafter mentioned, and allowing it to roll freely.

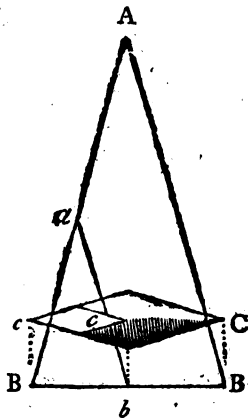
Let C C be a double cone, (here represented in two different positions), of which cone, the greatest angles formed at the point C, shall be of a fixed quantity; and which, also, in the figure, are of 30° .

First. Let the two points of the cone be placed on the triangle exactly at the points B B, which are equi-distant from the point A, and let the cone be rolled towards A any given number of times, suppose *ten*.

Now I say that the angles A and C, being given, and also the number of revolutions of the cone C, the space from B towards A described on either leg of the triangle, must eternally be the same, whether the triangle and the cones be greater or smaller, longer or shorter: and that this space will furnish a unit of measure, the length of which may be resorted to as a standard in any age or country. On the contrary, the popular measures of any country being measured by the number of revolutions in which the cone will describe their length on the legs of the triangle, may thus be ascertained and made known, as long as the remembrance of that number of revolutions can be preserved, and as far as the knowledge of it can be communicated. Thus, the invention furnishes the means of stating an exact comparison between the mea-

sures of all nations. It is hardly necessary to observe, that the length of the spiral line, described by the triangle on the cone, will be the same with that of the spaces passed over on the legs of the triangle; or that the length of the axis of the cone projecting beyond the sides of the triangle, or included within it, will be an equally uniform standard of measure. I presume that every person accustomed to contemplate geometrical propositions, will perceive the truth of the position, "that the space passed over by any number of revolutions of such a cone, is wholly independent of the *size* of the cone and triangle; that it depends entirely upon the *quantity* of the angles, and that the angles being the same, a very *small* cone, supported on a very *small* triangle, will, in ten revolutions, (for example) describe the same space as a very *large* cone supported on a very *large* triangle."

In order, however, to leave no doubt upon this point, and for the sake of giving a demonstration which, in its manner, shall be rather popular than scientific, I have added another figure,



in which the small triangle, *a b B*, is, by construction, perfectly similar, in its angles, to the larger one, *A B B*. By construction also, as is evi-

C

ent from the figure, the small cone, cc , is perfectly similar in its angles, to the larger one, Cc , since one end of the former is commensurate with a part of the latter; or rather, the exterior angle c , is common to both.

Now the large cone, Cc , being placed upon the larger triangle, at the points Bb , may be supposed to advance from them, to where it is now seen, in ten revolutions. But the end c of the small cone being also a part of the larger one, must advance, at each revolution, as far as the larger cone, Cc : and the angle c of the larger cone being also the same as the exterior angle c of the small one, it is also evident that the end C of the larger cone can advance no farther in the same number of revolutions than the end c of the lesser one: consequently, if the cone Cc advance from Bb to Cc in ten revolutions, the cone cc will advance from Bb to cc in ten revolutions also, which was to be proved.

Secondly (fig. 1.) Suppose the cone to be placed with its axis and central point exactly over the point A ; and parallel to a line to be drawn from B to B , then it is evident that the size of the cone becomes important to the question, and that no standard can be drawn from the space described by any given number of revolutions, since, by rolling in this direction, a large cone will describe a greater space in one revolution, than a smaller cone. But if the cone be continued rolling till it fall off within the triangle, and the number of revolutions be counted, and be designated by the letter x ; then, I say, that the angles A and C being given, and the double cone having been found to fall off exactly at the completion of x revolutions, the length of such cone is also a perpetual and invariable standard of measure.

In the application of this theory to practice, the only material diffi-

culty which arises is the impossibility of causing such a cone to rest, at its extreme points, upon the triangle; or of ascertaining the number of revolutions which it must make, at and near those extreme points. To this it might have been sufficient to answer, that every other mathematical instrument is attended with equal inaccuracy; and that an ingenious artist might construct cones and triangles so exact as to give results far more accurate than those of any of the standards now resorted to, and indeed not sensibly erroneous.

Mr. Saltonstall has, however, obviated the difficulty in a way which leaves nothing to the uncertainty of such an operation; and which, like the rest of this invention, is scientific, original, and perfect.

Let the cone rest on the point A in the manner I have before described, and be rolled towards B . till it has completed three or four revolutions; each leg of the triangle will describe on the cone a spiral line; the distance between these spirals, will decrease at every revolution, and that decrease will be in a certain ratio. Then, as the distance from a to b is to the distance from b to c , so is the distance from b to c to that from c to d , or more shortly, $ab:bc::bc:cd, cd:ef::ef:gh, \&c.$ Thus, after the spirals of three or four revolutions are known, calculation will determine the others to where they become evanescent; and will consequently determine the number of revolutions which the cone must have made at the moment when its extreme points fall within the triangle. And supposing, as before, that number of revolutions to be expressed by the letter x ; then, I say, that the angles being fixed as before, the length of the axis of that cone which will fall within the triangle at the completion of x revolutions, may be found by calculation, and be ex-

pressed either in the terms of a mathematical proposition or in any vulgar measure; but when so found, it is in itself an invariable standard. This last idea leads to the point, which, freeing us from the embarrassment of mathematical points and evanescent spirals, renders the proposed standard perfectly feasible, and almost as easily reducible to use as Gunter's scale.

For this purpose let a rolling body be constructed, similar to the cone I have described, except that no nice attention need be paid either in the construction or use of it, to the extreme points C; the ends may even be continued in a small spindle or cylinder. This body being applied to the triangle at the point A, and rolled, as before, three or four times towards B, calculation will determine what would be the length of a cone of the angularity of this (which length may be expressed in any arbitrary measure, or in the vulgar measures of any country), and then either calculation or measurement will determine what number of revolutions will complete the *half, third, quarter*, or any other *aliquot part* of the whole length of the axis of the cone. That aliquot part being thus easily ascertainable, may, in fact and practice, be made a universal standard of measure. It also furnishes a convenient medium for comparing the measures of all nations: for if I should be told that the cubit of China is described on either leg of the triangle, in the manner I have last mentioned, by $6\frac{1}{4}$ revolutions of a cone which, it is found by calculation, would fall within the triangle at \approx revolutions, I have only to turn this cone $6\frac{1}{4}$ times on the triangle, and the distance described gives me the exact measure of the Chinese cubit.

It cannot be necessary to mention the numerous facilities which an ingenious artist would give to

the use of such an instrument. The spiral line itself might be marked on the cone. It might be graduated; and various scales might be added, showing the distance described on the axis, or the surface of the cone, by each revolution and its parts, and the same might be shown on the triangle. Indeed, this single idea is so prolific, and so many new uses and modifications of it crowd on my mind while writing, that I am obliged, for the sake of brevity, to suppress much matter that I think important.

It may not, however, be impertinent to remark, that when once a standard of *length* is discovered, standards of *weight, capacity, and surface*, follow almost of course. Nature furnishes several substances, such as water, gold, silver, mercury, &c. whose qualities, when they are pure, being invariable, a given cubic volume of them (whose measure may be determined by the standard of length) easily furnishes a unit of weight.

But one step more is necessary, completely to free us from the difficulty of using any instrument peculiar to this object, and to reduce the subject to a mere mathematical problem. Mr. Saltonstall has not furnished me with the process, and my own leisure has not enabled me to investigate it. It will, I presume, be sufficient to point out its leading principles, which any person accustomed to analytic and geometrical operations, will be able to apply.

In the first place, then, it is one of the simplest truths in geometry, that like sides of like triangles are proportional. It follows, that if many parallel lines were drawn equally distant from each other, and also parallel to a line to be drawn from B to B (which the figure does not supply), these lines would be in a continued proportion to each other; and, consequently, if a *cylinder* were rolled from A towards B, by

each revolution of the cylinder would be included within the triangle a certain additional quantity of the axis of the cylinder, and that quantity would (the angle A being given) be in proportion to the circumference of the cylinder. Secondly, Preserving the same principles in view, and supposing that instead of a cylinder, a cone (as in the diagram) is rolled from A towards B: it is still true, that each revolution of the cone will, like those of the cylinder, include within the triangle a certain quantity of the axis of the cone. But the spirals of the cone differ from those of the cylinder in this, that the former decrease in distance from each other, and finally become evanescent; but that decrease is always in a certain *ratio*, and that ratio (the angles A and C being given) is in proportion to the size and length of the cone, and that size and length are determined by the number of revolutions which the cone would have made when its points should coincide with the sides of the triangle. Or the question will arise thus—given the angles A and the greatest angle formed at C, what is the length of the axis of a cone, the points of which will coincide with the legs of the triangle at n revolutions (say twenty, or any other number). The result may be expressed in feet, cubits, ells, or paces, or in the vulgar measures of any country. But however expressed, it is in itself immutable, and may always be found by calculation without the aid of any instrument whatever.

As far as my recollection extends, this idea is wholly original in its kind. I am not aware that any man previous to Mr. Saltonstall, ever imagined the means of deriving a *definite measure* of quantity or space, from any mathematical proposition. If La Place and La Grange had understood this, they would hardly have undertaken to

measure an arch of nearly ten degrees of the meridian, from Dunkerque to Barcelona, for the sake of finding that which, by means of this theorem, either of them can ascertain, without leaving his study. It has always, I believe, been understood, that the mathematics are conversant in *proportion* only; that they consider numbers and quantities as *relative* and not *absolute*, and that they are incapable of being connected with any *arbitrary, absolute, or definite* quantity whatever. If I am right in this idea, the problem in question may be considered as forming, in a great measure, a new æra in the science of quantities. Like all the other productions of the same mind, it is simple and original, and thousands will doubtless exclaim that it was easy and obvious. Like the first principles of other discoveries in science, it will probably branch out into different improvements, and new varieties and applications, which no person can now anticipate. As far as respects its use in forming a standard of measure, I think we may say, with truth, that it will enable the world to dispense with the further discoveries of d'Alembert, La Place, and Jefferson; and that it equals, at least, the best labours of the academy, the institute, and the philosophical society upon this subject.

I should not have indulged in these last observations, but for the too prevalent custom of decrying, even among ourselves, the productions of American genius. This has arisen, perhaps, from a general comparison of the works of the old world during thirty centuries, with those of three or four millions of people during the space of twenty-two years, that we have existed as a nation. Such a comparison ought to be instituted with a due regard to numbers, time, and circumstances; and giving those their just weight; I think we may hazard the assertion,

that no country of the same population, ever produced an equal portion of works and inventions of genius, in the same space of time.

June 10, 1799.

Philadelphia WATER-WORKS.

June, 1799.

THE zeal and industry of the people of Philadelphia, in supplying their city with water, cannot be too much admired or too zealously imitated. Measures are already pursued by which all the benefits connected with perennial fountains and running streams will be effectually secured. In a few months, pipes will be carried through all the principal streets, from which a superabundant stream may be drawn for the purposes of food, of scouring floors, kettles, and gutters; of extinguishing fires and diffusing coolness and health, in as many fountains as choice may adopt. The reservoir is so high, and the sources so abundant, that fountains may be every where constructed capable of throwing a considerable column of water fifty feet into the air.

The waters of Schuylkill, which are found, upon experiment, to be eminently pure and wholesome, will be raised to a considerable height by the force of steam, and conducted through a subterranean channel, to a reservoir, built in the central square of the city. Hence it will be copiously distributed to every quarter; private persons must supply their kitchens and chambers at their own expense, by means of secondary and smaller tubes, inserted into the principal ones.

It would be endless to expatiate on the benefits of this establishment. Abridgment of labour, by the spontaneous flow of that which has hitherto been raised with diffi-

culty from wells, and transported from a toilsome distance; the promotion of health by the substitution of wholesome and pure water, for what is polluted, and poisonous, and nauseous, are the immediate, certain, and best effects of this scheme.

It is no less conducive to the cleanliness of the streets, through which purifying torrents may, at any time, be made to roll; and to the salubrity of the atmosphere, which may be incessantly filled with dewy exhalations. Conflagration, the great pest of American cities, if it cannot be wholly prevented, may be extinguished in its birth.

If pleasure may be considered separately from usefulness, no scheme can be more fertile of pleasure than this. A trivial expense will supply every court-yard with a reservoir, and every chamber with a bath; personal impurities of every kind may be hourly washed away. All that is troublesome and noxious, all that is hostile to delicacy, decorum, and health, may be instantly swept from sight. A thousand hateful, toilsome, expensive, and unwholesome offices will be abolished, and the services of hirelings and menials be superceded by the unbought and all-sufficient activity of nature.

Streams, fountains, and groves, for which the imagination is so apt to languish, and which are so grateful in our torrid climate, may henceforth be introduced into the very bosom of the city. All the principal streets are wide enough to admit, without inconvenience or impediment to carriages and passengers, a double row of trees. The Italian poplar is hardy, of quick growth, and graceful form, and will be generally preferred to others. Avenues of unrivalled extent and beauty, may thus be created, and our senses be regaled at every step and every turn, with all the verdure, and fragrance, and shade, and mur-

muring rivulets, and fountains, which constitute the highest pleasure of the country.

The dread of yellow fever has been the cause of these improvements. Whether pestilence come from a distance or is generated at home, whether stagnant air and putrid exhalation be the source or the vehicle, the parent or the nurse of this disease, or whether its birth and progress be wholly independent of these circumstances, are questions liable, perhaps, to some doubt. Theory has been very zealous and active on opposite sides; but hitherto it has reared its structures on other ground than that of absolute experiment. Now this experiment is about to be made, and it will quickly be discovered whether pestilence be capable of being washed away; whether water and shade, in addition to the strictest law of quarantine, will shut out this enemy.

However experience may decide upon the efficacy of these preventives of pestilence, there is no doubt that they are, in a very high degree, propitious to health, in general, to convenience and to pleasure. The expense attending their use, will be immeasurably compensated by the benefits flowing from them. It will not be among the least of these benefits, that a powerful example will be set by Philadelphia to the other cities of the continent, and this may be the commencement of a general and rapid reformation.

The progress of civilization is nowhere so conspicuous as in the improvements gradually introduced into the structure of cities. The crooked and intricate have somewhat yielded place to the regular and strait; the narrow to the spacious; dark corners and stifled airs to avenues and squares, open, light-some, and verdant.

No city in the world exceeds the metropolis of the United States, in the number of its public squares,

and the commodiousness and regularity of its streets; but the greatest improvements, and those of which its plan and site have made it remarkably susceptible, have hitherto been wanting. These, its inhabitants are now hastening to supply; and the opening of a new century will witness a new scene of salubrity and luxury.

If the evils of pestilence be now exhausted, or if they be prevented from recurring by these schemes, what that city has already suffered will scarcely be a subject of regret; since past sufferings will be infinitely overbalanced by the future benefits to which they have given birth.

B.

Remarks on the Erection of a Turnpike Road from the Genesee Country to Fort Schuyler, on the Mohawk River.

IT is contemplated to make a turnpike road from Fort Schuyler, on the Mohawk River, to Geneva, in the county of Ontario, and to pursue, with some trifling deviations, the road commonly called the State road. The distance is ninety-six miles; and the road will pass through a country, in general, level. Some inequalities and gentle swellings occur; and the soil, for the most part, is hard and dry. The chief impediment from water, at present, is the Cayuga Lake, which will, very probably, be removed, in the course of this summer, by the erection of a bridge, agreeably to a law passed in 1796.

About two years ago this road was declared a State road, and a lottery was granted to raise fifteen thousand dollars, to be expended in improving it. At the same time Mr. Williamson, of the Genesee Country, was appointed sole commissioner, with power to apply the

money, and to lay out, and permanently fix, the road.

In the summer of 1797, the inhabitants of the adjoining country, anxious to see this law, in which they were so much interested, put into immediate execution, proposed aiding the commissioner in opening the whole line of road, and making it passable for teams and carriages. To effect this object, a general subscription of labour and money was commenced, which soon amounted to four thousand days labour, and one thousand dollars in money. The amount of this subscription, and five thousand dollars of the lottery money, advanced by the State commissioner, were immediately applied to open the road; the greater part of which, by the public exertions of the inhabitants, was the same season completely cut open sixty-four feet wide. A number of good bridges were erected, and the most impassable of the wet places were paved with logs, and gravel or earth thrown on them.

Above sixty miles of this road passed through a country perfectly new, and without one white inhabitant. But no sooner was the line fixed, and the road made passable, than the settlers crowded on it in such numbers, that, at this time, though only two years since it was opened, there is not a mile without a house, and very often within that distance five or six. This great increase of population renders any operation, with regard to improving the road, very easy, and will facilitate the important and useful object now in view.

Last summer the inhabitants renewed their labour with energy, and completed the road to the distance of one hundred miles, by opening it as they had done the

other part, sixty-four feet wide, removing all the difficult passes, completing the bridges over the creeks and swampy places, so that little labour is now necessary to make this line of road equal to any in the back country. The only serious interruption, as has been before observed, is the ferry across the Cayuga Lake, which, by reason of the mildness of the winter in the western country, is very troublesome, and often dangerous, at the beginning of winter. The delays and dangers attending this ferry were so obvious to the legislature, that they incorporated a company to build a bridge* across it.

Though the State commissioner has still at command near ten thousand dollars, to be expended on this road, and the inhabitants are willing to give all the aid in their power; yet in no instance has the desired perfection, in the means of facilitating the transportation of the produce of distant parts of the interior country, been obtained without tolls. It should be considered too, that the work of the inhabitants is too uncertain to be depended on for the attainment of a great national object; and is, as to them individually, more or less oppressive. An object which affords such general benefit ought to be executed by more general means. It is, therefore, proposed to have this communication effected by a turnpike road, so that a revenue will arise not only to repay the expense now necessary to complete it, but also to repair and improve it from time to time. The advantage a country derives from an improvement of this kind is in proportion to the greater speed you can travel, and the additional weight of bulky articles you can carry to

* The Bridge Company, last winter, employed a person to count the number of teams that passed each day. The average was about fifty; but in many days seventy, and in some, ninety-six teams passed.

market with the same force, and with less tare and wear. If the quantity carried, or increase of speed be doubled, it must be acknowledged that the advantage to the inhabitants of any country will, in effect, be the same as if the whole territory had been lifted up and laid down at one half the distance from the point or market: and so far as the value of a country depends on its vicinity to market, this value will be proportionably increased. In this point of view, the improvement of roads, when carried to such perfection as to facilitate the conveyance of bulky produce to market, is equally important to the great land-holder as to the farmer. Such improvements will not only raise the value of the lands that may be for sale, but enable those who have purchased to make punctual payments.

The inhabitants of the country having expressed great readiness to co-operate in the accomplishment of the object, it has been proposed by them, and partially assented to by the State commissioner, to make, in three different places on this road, a mile of turnpike road, by way of experiment, to show the manner of making it, and the labour necessary; and to furnish to the Legislature some guide by which they can instruct their commissioner to grant proper certificates to the contractors when the road is finished.

Should the object be finally attained, the subscribers of work or money to make these three miles will be entitled to the same number of shares of stock as if the work had been done after passing the desired law.

By the contracts now made in New-England for the forming of turnpike roads, three dollars is found to be a reasonable price for a road from eighteen to twenty-five feet wide, which is equal to near one thousand dollars for a mile. Though

the distance is only ninety-six miles; yet, as there will be some other expenses attending the operation, such as paying the commissioners, &c. and perhaps repairing some of the bridges, the scheme should be calculated for two thousand shares, at fifty dollars per share, making the whole one hundred thousand dollars. The present population of the country will render it more easy for the inhabitants to complete the road, agreeable to the plan proposed, than it was, with the scanty population two years ago, to bring it to its present state. Besides, from this projected improvement, the inhabitants will not only find themselves well paid for their labour, but will receive considerable aid from proprietors not resident in the country. In a country abounding more in provisions and hardy and industrious inhabitants than in money, it is necessary to adopt some mode which will turn their labour to immediate use without the aid of money. And it appears not more difficult to suppose a certain number of chains of turnpike road to represent a share of stock, than to say that fifty dollars shall represent such share. It is only necessary to estimate the different value of each particular measure of the road with judgment and accuracy. That this estimate may be formed with the greater nicety, it is proposed that the present State commissioner cause the State road to be accurately measured, and each chain distance to be marked from Fort Schuyler to Geneva.

It will then be the business of the turnpike commissioners to make a correct estimate of the expense necessary to make a chain of turnpike road; and this will enable them to ascertain how many chains, at any one place, will equal one share of stock. For example, it is supposed, in general, that three dollars will make a road of turnpike road where there are no great difficulties to en-

counter, and, of course, twelve dollars will make one chain: so that if each share of turnpike stock is valued at fifty dollars, every share would be represented by four chains and thirteen links of road. But in so great a distance, and where there are varieties of soil and surface, the value must depend on the particular circumstances of each part. It may be more difficult to make two chains at one place than eight at another. The specimens to be made this season, as before mentioned, will greatly facilitate the equalization.

When application is made for the law, it will be proposed, that the stock be transferred to those who shall complete the shares laid off as shares of turnpike stock, and the specimens previously executed will be the standard. To facilitate the whole operation, it is intended to divide the whole line of road into four districts, as near the division lines of the counties it passes through, as may be practicable; and in each district to fix a gate for the collection of tolls. And to make the toll as little oppressive as possible, it is proposed, that, in each district, those inhabitants who may reside within five miles of the toll-gate shall be permitted to pass and repass free of toll. This privilege should not be extended farther than five miles from any gate. Thus, every appearance of inconvenience or oppression in the transaction of ordinary country business, will be removed. Each district will collect their own tolls, and be answerable for their own repairs; and will, as soon as they shall have completed their road, receive a certificate from the commissioners, and be allowed to erect their toll-gate.

From the great anxiety expressed by the inhabitants of the western part of the State, adjacent to the

proposed turnpike road, to adopt some plan similar to the one now suggested; and from the great exertions they have already made, with no encouragement from those who are much interested in so valuable and important an improvement, it may, with truth, be asserted, that, at present, it is only necessary for those individuals to whom these settlers are indebted for their lands, to give their assent to the measure, by agreeing to take in payment, for arrears due to them, the turnpike stock which the inhabitants may secure by their labour. Others who may have claims on those men, from whatever cause arising, and experiencing difficulty in collecting money, will find it their interest to offer the same accommodation to the industrious farmer.

The Legislature of the State, in this case, appears to be doubly interested. It is, in the first place, their duty to forward every measure on which the general prosperity of the country depends; and, in the next place, they are bound to foster those who have settled, and purchased lots immediately from them. The latter are numerous; and, from the present pressure in all money negotiations, find great difficulty in paying up the interest annually. The accomplishment of this object will not only secure the payment of the interest due, but, from the immediate improvement of the country in consequence of it, will render all future payments more certain.

From the recent settlement of the western part of the State of New-York, it may be doubted by many, whether the travelling will be sufficient to make a suitable return for so great an expenditure. In answer to which it may be said, that this road is the great communication not only to the western part of the State, which is settling

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with a rapidity never before experienced in any part of America, but also to Upper Canada, and all the settlements bordering on Lake Erie, &c. and even at this moment, the travelling from New-England to Presque-isle and New-Connecticut, is considerable. It is well known that great facility of travelling, even in the oldest countries, will increase the number of travellers; but, in the instance before us, we have not only to expect this effect, but a great addition from the increasing population of the country. The company engaged under the act of the Legislature, to build the bridge over the Cayuga Lake, with great pains endeavoured to ascertain the number of travellers, that they might have some guide in estimating the probable return for an expenditure of thirty thousand dollars. The issue of the inquiry was so satisfactory, that the preparations were immediately made to commence the building.

All men are more or less sensible of the advantage derived from easy and safe communications, but it requires a knowledge of the effects of turnpike roads to be able justly to estimate their value and advantage. In almost every instance, the labour of transportation will be reduced more than one half, even where wheel carriages have been long in use. Thus, for example, on the roads generally in use in America, two horses, with a waggon, will carry twelve hundred weight, at most, twenty-five miles per day; but, if the same road was made equal to what is understood by a turnpike road, the same horses would carry, with more ease, twenty-five hundred weight thirty miles a day.

So that the farmer or merchant will, by this improvement, at only the expense of the toll, carry an additional weight of thirteen hundred. Turnpike roads, even in England, where they are now carried in every direction, are but recent improvements. It is still in the memory of many men when the greater part of the carrying business was done by pack-horses, each horse carrying from 250 to 300lb. But the same horse would now, with more ease, transport, in a carriage, 20cwt. One horse, by this means, does nearly the work of seven. In every country the advantage will be the same, with this difference only, that as the size of the carriage and number of horses are augmented, so will the advantage increase.

By such improvements as will facilitate the transport of bulky articles to market, thousands of acres are brought into cultivation that would have long continued in a state of nature; and the situation of every individual living within reach of the road, is evidently changed for the better.*

When the difficulty of carrying any articles to market in one country occasions more expense and trouble than is experienced by the countries in general where the same articles are produced, this difficulty must be considered as a tax, and at last may amount to a prohibition. Removing these difficulties, in a particular place, on the contrary, acts as a bounty, and the quantity produced will increase proportionably.

When we consider, that, taking only ten miles on each side of the proposed turnpike road of ninety-six miles, there will be one million three hundred thousand acres of ex-

* On a good turnpike road, a waggon, with four horses, or five at most, (the daily expense of which will not exceed five dollars) will carry three tons thirty miles per day; of course, two hundred miles will be scarcely seven days journey.

cellent land immediately benefited, and the road, instead of ending in a waste, opens to a body of the finest lands in the United States; the object in view must not only appear important to the cities of New-York and Albany, but to the State of New-York in general. The trade of these western countries is now considerable, and must increase and be of great importance. A generous conduct on the part of these *two cities* will effectually secure this trade to them; which, by putting it in the power of the farmer to send his produce to market with advantage, will afford the merchant an opportunity to receive in pay such articles as the industry of the farmer will produce: and the roads being brought to such a state of perfection as will enable him to carry his own produce to market, is a clear saving to that industrious class of men.

The use of sleds in northern countries, in winter, is frequently, though very erroneously, brought into comparative competition with turnpike roads in Europe. Allowing them to be as commodious, the traveller must study not the necessity of the moment for a journey, but the coldness of the weather and depth of snow; but when taken at the very best, they are far inferior, and will scarcely admit of a comparison. A sled, with the same force, under the most favourable circumstances, will go with one fourth more speed, but will carry one half less weight than may be carried on a turnpike road with wheels. It was in Pennsylvania that the first considerable turnpike road was made. The distance between Philadelphia and Lancaster is sixty-six miles. The farmers' waggon, which are drawn by the very best horses in America, formerly carried from Lancaster to Philadelphia, from thirty to thirty-six hun-

dred weight with five horses: now, since the making of the turnpike road, the same teams will carry from three to three and an half tons.

The accommodation to the men of business is not less. The stage from Lancaster to Philadelphia, left Lancaster early in the morning, and used to reach Philadelphia the following day at three o'clock. Since the establishment of the turnpike road, the stage leaves Lancaster at the former hour, and reaches Philadelphia at three o'clock the same day, by which one complete day is saved.

Thus, reckoning the carriage of a certain weight of flour from Lancaster to Philadelphia, sixty-six miles, suppose 36cwt.

	dollars.
Five horses, at five dollars per day, three days,	15
Returning, three days, at three dollars per day,	9
	<hr/> 24

Or sixty-six cents per cwt.

By the turnpike road, five horses will, on an average, carry three and an half tons, or 70cwt.

Five horses, at five dollars per day, three days,	15
Returning, three days, at three dollars per day,	9
Toll,	1 50
	<hr/> 25 50

Or 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents per cwt.

The distance from Geneva to Albany is one hundred and ninety-six miles. Suppose this distance to be made into such turnpike road as would admit of five horses carrying, as on the Lancaster road, 70cwt. the expense will stand thus:

	dollars.
Seven days, at 5 dolls. per day,	35
Returning empty, six days, at four dollars per day,	24

Brought over 59
Turnpike road, and passing
the bridge building over the
Cayuga Lake,

Whole carriage will come to 63
dollars, or 90 cents per. cwt.

This is supposing there is no
back carriage; but it is well known
that until the exports are very con-
siderable indeed, there will be full
loads for many years for all the
return carriages—which will more
than bear the expense.

The expense, at present, of car-
riage from Schenectady to Geneva
is three dollars per cwt. at least;
sometimes three dollars and an half;
and the expense from Albany to
Schenectady is twenty-five cents
per cwt.

The difference will be thus:

	dols.	cents.
Seventy cwt. from Geneva to Schenectady, at three dollars per cwt.	210	
From Albany to Schenec- tady, 25 cents per cwt.	17	50
	227	50
Expense by the turnpike,	63	
Saving by the turnpike on a single waggon load,	164	50

From this statement it will appear
that the produce of the Genesee
Country will, by a turnpike road,
be carried to market with more ease,
and at less expense, than the produce
of Lancaster county was brought to
Philadelphia before the establish-
ment of a turnpike road. The value
of lands in Lancaster county, a
country which, in general, is far
inferior to the western part of the
State of New-York, has, for many
years, been from thirty to fifty
pounds per acre, and farms have
constantly been in demand. This
never has been a speculative or sup-
posed value, but the real value to
the farmer who occupied it.

On CARDS.

Mr. Editor,

YESTERDAY evening I paid
a visit to a new married lady,
with whom I found a circle of gaily
dressed females. The company was
divided into small parties, each of
which was engaged in the discussion
of various subjects. Politeness en-
joined that I should contribute my
share to the general amusement.—
I looked round in search of one
with whom to converse, but was
unsuccessful.

The conversation becoming more
general, I was content to listen
with attention. Numerous topics
were suggested, discussed, and de-
cided.

Fashion, a visit, the conduct
and character of individuals, pro-
duced numberless comments and
opinions. Subjects so trite and fa-
miliar afforded little room for use-
ful discussion, and were enriched
with few ideas, and embellished
with little illustration. I was, ne-
vertheless, surprized at the rapid
elocution of the speakers, and the
apparent copiousness of the topics
they had selected. I asked myself
what was the source of this seeming
interest and ceaseless volubility.
Does the fashion of a robe furnish
so vast a field for disquisition? or
can the reputation of a friend or
acquaintance yield such ample ma-
terials for criticism?

My mind was occupied in pur-
suing this inquiry, when the con-
versation, as if by one consent, ter-
minated. I looked anxiously for
the cause of this sudden interrup-
tion.

A servant had entered the room,
and was busied in arranging the
card tables, at which the party
quickly and eagerly seated them-
selves. My entire ignorance of
this amusement happily saved me
from the fatigue of shuffling the

cards, and the irksome repetition of a dull monotony of phrases.

I withdrew to some distance from the party, and amused myself with *knitting*, and reflecting on the scene before me.

The train of my ideas was soon interrupted by a voice, which accused me of unkindness in abstracting myself from my friends. I raised my eyes, and perceived that I was addressed by a gentleman whom, in the throw of the cards, chance had deprived of a share in the game.

Do you never play at cards? said the gentleman, drawing a chair nearer to me.

No, I replied.

Indeed! said he, is it possible? May I ask the cause?

Certainly.—Cards impart no pleasure to my mind. I have ever considered them, even when admitted into the class of amusements, as a very dull and stupid pastime. It is but an ill compliment to your company to suppose that they know ~~no~~ better way of entertaining each other than by shuffling, casting, and picking up a parcel of spotted pieces of paper, and uttering a set of unmeaning words. Of all amusements it is the most unsocial. Besides, it tends to sour the temper; which, as it regards a female, you will allow, is an important objection.

True, said he; but as we do not here play for money, we do not take that deep interest in the game which may produce the consequences you imagine. It is an amusement countenanced by every genteel society; and, surely, you will not be so presumptuous as to refuse obedience to the laws of fashion.

I shall always resist the claims of fashion, said I, when it demands a sacrifice of virtue.

Well—I own, he replied, I like a game at cards, and must think

your ideas concerning them a little singular. You will at least grant that it is an *innocent* amusement.

No—nothing is innocent which does not contribute to virtue.—Utility is essential to virtue, and to waste our time in a frivolous and useless occupation is not innocent but vitious.

Your notions are very rigid—But permit me to ask if the work in your hand is more conducive to virtue than cards. I do not, at present, perceive the utility of making so many knots; though some skill might be exerted, and some benefit produced, by untying them.

My present occupation, I replied, is useful, at least so far as it promotes a habit of industrious employment. It does not inflame the passions, nor impede or prevent reflection. It amuses me without injuring another. *Knitting* costs no fellow being a sigh or a tear, nor draws on me the reproaches of a friend or a neighbour. Industry and economy are the parents of many virtues; whatever is favourable to them is so far useful. My employment is, therefore, innocent and virtuous.

I must own, said he, that your notions, though somewhat primitive, are, nevertheless, just. But if you banish cards, how will you contrive to amuse a large and mixed company of visitants. What substitute would you find for the amusement you wish to explode?

Other modes, I answered, might be devised and adopted. Conversation, well directed and supported, is the most delightful and instructive employment for rational beings. We learn to estimate our own intellectual worth by a comparison with others: the mind is awakened and stimulated to present and future exertion; and we are alive to a thousand pleasing and sublime sensations. But I need not enter into a description of the charms of that

converse which exists among intelligent and benevolent minds. If some are less informed than others, or less gifted with eloquence, they can listen with pleasure and advantage to those who possess superior powers, and are disposed to exert them. The fingers need not be idle; at the same time they may be engaged in some light, useful, or elegant employment.

I readily admit, said the gentleman, the superior advantages of the conversation of such as you describe. Talents, when accompanied with benevolence, possess an irresistible power over the minds and hearts of men, and they can nowhere be exerted to more excellent purposes than in conversation. But conversation is an art which few understand, though it consists in little more than "attentively to hear and properly to reply." I should deem it an arduous task to amuse the ordinary circles of my visitants with conversation alone. If left to themselves, they would fatigue one another, and soon wish to separate. No—they must have something immediately interesting; something to rouse the attention, and keep their passions alive; and for this purpose I have only to place them at a card-table.

But unless you play for money, said I, the game will soon lose all its power to charm; and when money becomes the object of attention, there is no meanness or folly, no madness or guilt, to which men may not be led, in its pursuit.

But pleasure, he replied, not money, is our chief object.

Call you it a pleasure to lose an hundred or a thousand pounds at one sitting? Is it a pleasure to be gradually stripped of property, to behold your family reduced to want, to have your passions stimulated to madness, and, perhaps, to violence and outrage?

But, said he, you have sketched

only one side of the picture: you have neglected the brighter parts. How soon may an indigent person, without the endless toils of avarice, be made, by skill, or a lucky chance, the possessor of an ample fortune? Surely this is an important consideration.

True—it is something. But is a fortune so attained to be desired by a just man? Is he not certain that his own acquisition has made another, perhaps a whole family, miserable? And what, as it respects himself, is the usual consequence of what is called good-luck? He who thus obtains wealth, without exertion, becomes elated with his good fortune: ambition, and a thirst for accumulation, lead him again to the gaming table, to complete the amount of that fortune which he fancies within his reach. The morning presents him the image of despair. He feels the silent, yet keen reproaches of his wife. His ears are pierced, and his heart tortured by the cries of children, whose wants his folly has rendered him unable to satisfy. Existence becomes insupportable—Death presents the only refuge from misery; and he terminates his career by the last act of folly and of guilt.

You have drawn an alarming picture indeed. But these are consequences which are experienced only by the professed and habitual gamester. By what means are many men to be cheated of the dull hours which oppress them, or how are they to dispel the gloom of solitude and vacancy? Cards and lively company present a ready and sure relief. If not carried to excess, may they not be indulged in seeking such amusements?

The remedy, I replied, is a greater evil than that which it is intended to cure. You disperse the clouds of listlessness for a moment, that they may re-appear with accu-

mutated gloom. What is a family, if, in its bosom, a few gloomy moments cannot be cheered, or, at least, tolerated? Why is an amiable and affectionate wife chosen, if it be not that she may sooth the anguish of your mind; support you by her tenderness and friendship, animate you by the example of her cheerfulness and serenity, and strew the rugged portions of your way through, life with rosebuds of kindness and delight? Do not the conversation of a beloved wife, the endearments of children, afford more genuine pleasure than can be found elsewhere? Can objects so interesting be viewed without the most heart-felt pleasure and unmingled satisfaction? Can they be abandoned to pursue a path which must terminate in a frightful abyss?

The gentleman was about to reply, when he was prevented by a call from the company to take his chance at another cast of the cards, and I was left to my knotting and my own meditations.

ALMERIA.

Memoirs of STEPHEN CALVERT.

YES, my friend, I admit the justice of your claim. There is but one mode of appeasing your wonder at my present condition, and that is the relation of the events of my life. This will amply justify my choice of an abode in these mountainous and unvisited recesses, and explain why I thus anxiously shut out from my retreat the footsteps and society of men.

My present scene is without perils or vicissitudes. I cultivate my field of maize; I ramble on the bank of the lake;* I fish in a canoe made by my own hands; I eat the pro-

duct of my own labour; I hewed the logs of which my dwelling is built; I conform all my measures to a certain standard of simplicity and order, and am rewarded by the uninterrupted enjoyment of health and tranquillity. I make no use of my rifle but to exterminate panthers and wolves. What my own hands do not supply me, I purchase from Canadian traders, and my poverty secures me, for the most part, from the visits of the *Red-men*.

For this solitude and labour I was induced to change my habits of corruption and idleness, by a just estimate of benefits and evils. I tried the world, and found it too abundant in temptation and calamity for me safely to remain in it. Some men, gifted with extraordinary endowments, or fortified by an auspicious education, may preserve their integrity in every scene; but, as to me, experience has taught me that I can be safe only by withdrawing from temptation, and can escape from guilt and remorse only by interposing deserts between me and the haunts of mankind.

It was a taste not wholly congenial with mine that led your steps hither. You are delighted with the aspect of rude nature. You reflect on the destiny for which this extensive wilderness is reserved. Scarcely half a century will elapse, before this desolation will give place to farms and villages, and commerce will be busy on the banks of the Ohio, and in the islands of this lake. You are willing to contemplate one stage in this memorable progress, and to view this region, covered as it now is, with marshes and woods. To these views I am indebted for this visit, and wish you would prolong it sufficiently to discover all the advantages of my condition.

Cast your eye over this wide ex-

* Michigan.

panse. That waving and bluish line which almost blends itself with air, is a chain of rocky summits, ninety miles distant from the spot where we stand. They range along the opposite shore of the lake. Your eyes, unaccustomed to the scrutiny of distant objects, are, perhaps, unable to discover a darker spot which breaks the uniformity of this line. *That* is a lofty isle, about half-way across, which contains six hundred acres of fertile ground. The banks are steep, and only accessible at one spot. This entrance was detected by me, by a rare fortune, and would probably escape the notice of any other. Here, if you please, you may take up your abode, and be in no danger of molestation or intrusion. Exuberant verdure, spouting rivulets, hickory and poplar shades, commodiously and sparingly distributed, preclude the necessity of any laborious preparation. No animal larger than squirrels and rabbits, can be found in it. There will, therefore, be no foes, either of human or bestial kind, with which you will be under the necessity of waging war. I will enable you to go thither, and assist you in making a plantation, and erecting an house.

But this scheme, desirable as it is, more experience of the evils of society may be necessary to induce you to adopt. Return, therefore, to the world, and, when tired of its monotony, and disgusted with its iniquities, remember the recluse of Michigan, and take refuge on this peaceful shore. Perhaps this is a choice which can be recommended only by calamities similar to those which I have endured. There would be cruelty in wishing you a fate like mine; and yet, if your course should terminate in the same manner, and misfortune should instruct you in the benefits of this seclusion, this wish might, perhaps, be reconciled to benevolence.

There is, indeed, little danger that the story of any other human being will resemble mine. My fate is marked by uncommon hues: neither imagination nor memory can supply you with a parallel. Of this, however, you will be more qualified to judge after my tale has been told. I have brought you hither for the purpose of relating it: now, therefore, lend me a patient ear.

My ancestry were English. If I had not long since dismissed the folly of annexing dignity to birth, I might lay claim to some respect on this account, since I can number, in the founders of my line, some of those who aided the achievements of Rollo in France, and Bohemond in Syria. A younger branch of my family owes the dignity of baronet to the profusion of James the First, and the English usurpations in Ireland. He that first acquired the dignity, was Stephen Porter. This man, like the rest of the gentlemen of that age, conceived that all merit was comprized in the profession of arms. He early enlisted in the Palatine wars, and relinquished the service of Gustavus, only to take part in the contest between Charles the First and his parliament.

When this contest was terminated, he retired to an ample patrimony which he possessed in Lancashire. Here a life which had so often been exposed to pikes and bullets was destroyed by a stag, whose despair prompted him to turn upon his hunters. His estate passed to his son, whose character was, in many respects, the reverse of that of his parent. He was indolent, vindictive, irascible, and carried the pride of birth to a ridiculous excess.

In his marriage choice he was governed by no considerations but those of family and property. His wife, however, chanced to possess many excellent qualities. These

did not secure to her the affections of her husband. Some slight opposition to his will changed his indifference to hatred, and he compelled her to live apart from him. No time, and, no concessions on her part, could abate his animosity. He vowed never to admit her to his presence; and when a friend, by means unsuspected by him, had brought about an interview, he not only spurned her from him as she kneeled at his feet; but challenged the officious agent, who expiated the offence by his death.

His separation from his wife was preceded by the birth of two sons. These were torn from the arms of their mother, and consigned to the care of hirelings. No solicitations could obtain from him permission that the mother should be indulged, even for a moment, with the sight of her offspring. This inflexible severity soon put a period to the life of this unfortunate lady.

The sons were educated at a foreign seminary; in the religious faith of their father, which was that of Rome. One of them was the heir of the estate, and the other was intended, by the father, for the military service of Austria or Spain. In proportion as the younger advanced in age, and exercised his judgment, he found reason to disapprove of parental schemes. He had been exposed, while in Flanders, to the arguments of a Protestant divine, who had nearly won over his belief. His return to England interposed to prevent or suspend his renunciation of his ancient faith; but his attachment to his country, and his love of the peaceful occupations of learning, made him irreconcilably averse to military service among foreigners. He knew, however, his father's inflexibility, his lofty notions of prerogative, and his impatience of contradiction. These reflections were a source of considerable inquietude.

VOL. I. No. 3.

The brothers arrived in London. The elder was a thoughtless and generous youth, who was willing that his conduct and opinions should be moulded by convenience. He, therefore, readily complied with the will of his father, who had taken care, in his absence, to select for him a bride, and who had called him home for the purpose of fulfilling the contract. The younger, whose name was Stephen, was fraught with different sentiments and principles. He felt insuperable reluctance to pursue the path which was chalked out for him, while his obedience was enjoined by the most powerful considerations. With regard to property he was wholly dependant on his father; and his education had unfitted him for any servile or lucrative occupation. He was summoned, at the same time with his brother, to the paternal residence in Lancashire. He would willingly have dispensed with the interview; the purpose of which he knew to be the final settlement of plans for his future life; but this was not possible. He prepared himself, therefore, for his journey, but eagerly sought and profitted by any excuse that tended to delay.

At Chester he permitted a trifling impediment to detain him for some weeks. At the end of this time, an accident enabled him to perform a friendly office for a family who resided in the environs. The master of it, who was an exile from France, had been pursued by the vengeance of an hereditary enemy to his retreat. Assassins had been hired to destroy him, and, being apprized of his motions, they had posted themselves so as to encounter him on his return from the city to his own habitation. The timely interference of my father (for it is to this man that I am indebted for my being) rescued him from the power of the ruffians, and conducted him to his family, but

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not until he had received wounds which shortly put a period to his life. This incident gave birth to intercourse and friendship between my father and the wife and daughter of the deceased. On making suitable inquiries as to their name and condition, he discovered the following particulars.

The Calverts were a noble family of Provence. Their domain consisted of obscure and elevated valleys, embosomed among those Alps which border upon Italy. They early became converts to the reformation, and the head of their family was renowned among the defenders of Rochelle. Persecution and war had nearly extirpated their race, and the only survivors were brothers of the name of Felix and Gaspard. These, on the revocation of the edict of Nantz, were driven into exile. The eldest retired first into Flanders, and, twenty years afterwards, emigrated to America. He purchased and cultivated ground on the bank of Delaware, just below its conflux with Schuylkill, where his antique and humble dwelling is still to be discovered.

The younger, who possessed some property, in consequence of marriage, passed into England, and took up his abode in the neighbourhood of Chester. Here he led an obscure and indigent life till the institution of French regiments, under king William. He then obtained a command in the army, and signalized himself in Flanders. Thence he went to Ireland, and died of his wounds received at the siege of Limerick.

His daughter accompanied her father in all his perils. On his death she accepted the protection of a young officer of her own country. Wedlock succeeded, and they returned to her ancient abode, near Chester. Their union was productive of one child, to whose im-

provement and felicity their cares were limited.

This was he whose life was now sacrificed to private revenge, and, by whose death, his wife and daughter were deprived of their protector. My father easily invented excuses for postponing his departure from this city, and for devoting most of his hours to the society of his new friends. The lady was a woman endowed with peculiar advantages of education, a zealous adherent to her faith, and eager to impart its benefits to others. My father's belief had already been undermined, and the exhortations of this eloquent apostle accomplished its destruction. Perhaps his facility of conviction might be partly owing to the charms of the young lady, of whom he speedily became enamoured, and of whose favour he could entertain no hope as long as he adhered to what she deemed an idolatrous and detestable religion.

His condition was now changed, and his embarrassments greatly multiplied. A change of religion, the marriage of an outcast, indigent, of obscure birth, and an heretic, were, in the eyes of his father, the deepest crimes that it was possible for him to commit. He would punish it by inexorable wrath, by rejecting all claims to pecuniary assistance, and, perhaps, by the infliction of some greater evil. Sir Stephen was powerful and subtle, and would not scruple any means of vengeance on an occasion like this. If the son flattered himself that his personal safety would be unaffected, he could not hope but that the helpless objects of his passion would incur the bitterest persecution. Means, at least, would be employed to raise an insuperable bar between them. His imagination contemplated no greater evil than this, and, in order to prevent it, he secretly embraced the protestant religion, and prevailed upon the lady.

to consent to a private marriage. For the present, this marriage was solicitously concealed. He trusted that some propitious event would occur, putting an end to the necessity of secrecy. For the present, a separation took place, and my father arrived, at length, at Sir Stephen's residence.

The intercourse between them proceeded for some time without any occurrence to ruffle its tranquillity. By judicious forbearance and a circumspect demeanour, Sir Stephen was prevented from imbibing any suspicion of the genuine condition and creed of his son. The future was occasionally mentioned, and the plan of foreign service alluded to, as something about which no hesitation or question could arise. No measures to effect this plan were immediately suggested. A delay which Sir Stephen hinted to arise from a project of a more momentous and general nature, which had lately started into birth; and, in which, the efforts of Stephen would be wanted.

Stephen had a perfect reliance on the justice and fidelity of his brother, and therefore, with regard to him, made no secret either of his change of religion or his marriage. Both of these were heartily disapproved by Henry, but one could not be recalled and the other was irreparable by any strength which he could apply to the task; he exerted himself to make the evil flowing from them as light as possible. He laboured to penetrate into the designs of his father, and insensibly to sway his thoughts conformably to the wishes of Stephen.

In no long time proposals were formally made to Sir Stephen, for marriage between his second son and a daughter of the Earl of Lucan, who had been king James's general in Ireland, and who had attained great wealth and honours in Spain. No alliance could more flatter the

pride, bigotry, and avarice of this man. It coincided with his fondest schemes of military promotion, and as the young lady was maid of honour to the Spanish queen, the road would thus be opened to the most illustrious elevation.

Stephen was seasonably apprized, by his brother, of these proposals. He had reason to regard himself as remarkably unfortunate. Every new event seemed to conspire against him. He watched it in anxious expectation of a summons to his father's presence, in which this inauspicious union would be proposed to him.

This summons, however, was delayed. Week after week passed; and no intimation was received. It seemed impossible that an offer like this should be rejected, or that the indecorum of a slow or difficult acceptance would be practised; it was not less incredible that Sir Stephen should not hasten to impart the tidings of his good fortune to his son. The brothers, at length, began to doubt the truth of this intelligence; but a new and closer inquiry removed their doubts. Some interviews had taken place between Stephen and the lady, during some months residence of the former at Madrid. At that time nothing existed to render this union undesirable, and the lady had been pursued by Stephen, with a juvenile and incautious enthusiasm. Now, however, these crude feelings were supplanted by a rational attachment; and conscience, as well as love, regarded this alliance with horror.

In the midst of this perplexity, a message was delivered to my father, commanding him into Sir Stephen's presence. The purpose of this interview was easily divined. Obedience, however, was inevitable, and the interview took place. It was accompanied by much appearance of mystery. Solitude and a solemn hour was selected. Ave-

nues were shut, and care taken that no listener should be posted near. These precautions being employed, Sir Stephen began, by communicating to his son the proposals which had been offered and accepted on his behalf. He reminded my father of his former devotion to the lady, noticed the purity of her religion, the illustriousness of her rank, the high station which she occupied at the court of Spain, and inferred that providence could not have ordained an event more auspicious than this.

He easily anticipated the desires of his son, and experienced all the sympathy of a parent in his happiness; but he appealed to my father whether this were not a blessing which, in reality, outstripped his merits. He was young, and had hitherto made no sacrifice to duty, or exerted his talents in any cause of national utility. Though much might be expected from his birth and education, yet, perhaps, it would be unreasonable to expect his consent to postpone this union on any consideration that could be proposed. Perhaps, indeed, in labouring to avoid the favourable prepossessions of a parent, he had passed into the opposite extreme, and underrated the zeal of his son in the cause of his country and of God. He should rejoice to discover that this was the case, and would therefore propose to him a scheme, for the sake of which he might postpone his marriage; because the disinterestedness of this conduct would enhance his title to the happiness that awaited him.

He then proceeded to unfold a plan of insurrection in favour of Charles Stewart, which had long been meditated by the English catholics, and which the present was believed to be a suitable opportunity for carrying into effect. Caution was the soul of this enterprize, and men of long experience, deep views

and unconquerable perseverance, had been selected for this purpose. The concealment of all preliminary measures was indispensable to its success; but Sir Stephen so little suspected the change that had taken place in the opinion of his son, that he deemed it superfluous to enjoin secrecy.

Such is the imperfection of every scheme founded on imposture. Sir Stephen's character was well known. His devotion to the persecuted family and faith of the Stewart's, his wariness and penetration had raised him to the station of leader in this plot, yet, such is the deceitfulness of appearances, that this man, unknown to himself, was now disclosing a scheme of rebellion and massacre to one whose principles compelled him to abhor the project, and who would probably conceive it his duty to counteract it by all his efforts.

He did not enter, in this first interview, into a minute detail of particulars. He mentioned no names, and vaguely alluded to the means which had been suggested. Enough, however, was unfolded to show the horror and extent of this treason. All lenient and dubious measures were rejected. The long triumph of heresy and usurpation required a rigorous and unrelenting hand. The sanctity and greatness of the cause would be disgraced by narrow schemes and effeminate scruples. The spirit of Charles the Ninth, and of Guy Faux were applauded as models of true heroism, and success was to be rendered certain by a blow which should exterminate at a moment, every adversary. The king, his ministers, and three hundred of those whose opulence, and talents, and birth, rendered them obnoxious, was to perish in the hour in which an invading army was to land in Scotland.

The agents of this destruction were to be sublimed above all self-

ish considerations. They were to devote their lives to this cause, and the same poniard which dispatched the victim, each assassin was immediately to turn against his own breast. Stephen was even allowed to suspect that the part most illustrious and arduous in this drama was reserved for him; and that his claim to execute vengeance on the reigning prince would be readily admitted.

The interview ended with an admonition to deliberate on this proposal with calmness. The preference of public to private good, the magnanimity of sacrificing love and life to the altar of the true God, and in the service of the rightful prince, were artfully insisted upon; but, if this effort were too great, he might fill an inferior part, and perform essential services without relinquishing these blessings. The possession of his mistress would merely be postponed, and his personal safety be, in a slight degree, endangered. He would assign no period to the deliberation of his son, but wait patiently till Stephen, having formed his determinations, should himself demand an interview.

The sensations with which my father parted from this conference may be more easily conceived than described. Concurrence in either of these schemes was impossible; yet what would be the consequence of refusing to concur? The real impediments must be disclosed, for no others will be deemed sufficient. What shall screen him from the rage of his imperious father? He will not be permitted to retire from the interview, in which his real situation shall be disclosed, with life. Sir Stephen acknowledged no bounds to paternal prerogatives. The life which he gave he believed to be forfeited by disobedience, and conceived himself authorized to take it away. But now, in addition to the crimes of disobedience

and apostacy, the secret of this plot resided with him; and, to prevent a discovery, his death would be inevitably exacted.

For a time my father was absorbed in fears for his own safety; but, at length, his thoughts were turned to the nature of that conspiracy which had thus been proved to exist. Was his duty limited to mere forbearance? Should he stand an idle spectator, while his religion and his country were destroyed? Was he not bound to communicate his knowledge of this plot, and exert himself in its suppression?

As his father's honour and life were involved in this disclosure, no wonder that this suggestion was a plentiful source of anxiety. He fled into solitude to avoid all witnesses to his perturbation. His purposes perpetually fluctuated. When he thought upon the extent of that ruin which was threatened, he felt himself disposed to prevent it, even by the ignominious execution of his father; but when he recollected his imperfect knowledge of the scheme, and its connection with invasion, which a thousand accidents might frustrate, he was again restored to irresolution and reluctance.

Meanwhile some decision daily became more urgent. Some delay to concur in his scheme would be forgiven, and was expected by his father; but to protract his silence would excite suspicion. He felt irreconcilable repugnance to an interview in which his true condition should be disclosed; and yet was at a loss by what other means to account for his aversion to the plot.

At length it occurred to him, that he might withdraw himself beyond the knowledge and the vengeance of his father. He might decline a second interview, and immure himself in some remote and inaccessible corner, and live with his wife and mother, beyond the

circle of Sir Stephen's operations and researches. His father might not only be kept in ignorance of his place of abode, his marriage, and his change of religion, but might be taught to believe that he was dead.

This scheme was highly advantageous; but the obstacles to its execution were not few. No part of the British Islands would be sufficiently secure. In Holland he would be easily detected. Difficulty of subsistence would attend him everywhere. Some provision must be made for his immediate support in a foreign country. The means of secret and unsuspected flight were neither obvious nor easy. My mother was pregnant, and the usual period had nearly elapsed. Until her delivery should have taken place her removal was nearly impossible.

His visits to his family, who still occupied their ancient abode, had hitherto been frequent, but clandestine. Now the disturbance of his mind made him visit them more rarely. He had too much regard for the health of his wife to unfold to her the dangers of his situation; and to exclude from his countenance every token of the anguish of his mind, was an undertaking that surpassed his strength.

To forbear his visits entirely was, for similar reasons, improper. At one of these interviews the name of one who dwelt in their neighbourhood was introduced into conversation. It appeared that he was one of those known by the appellation of Quakers; that his religious scruples had subjected him to numerous vexations, from a continuance of which he was now preparing to escape, by emigration to the English colonies in America.

This incident suggested a train of ideas to my father, which terminated in a resolution to follow his example. Pennsylvania was remote, unvisited; subsistence was easily

procured: and hither it was less likely he should be pursued by paternal vengeance than to any other asylum. He might easily embark in London; and as he was personally known to few in that city, the interval previous to embarkation might be passed there with more security than elsewhere.

His marriage was an event known only to the parties themselves, his mother-in-law, and the clergyman who performed the ceremony, and who was now a chaplain to the regiment in garrison at Gibraltar. My mother was contented to endure the loss of reputation, because the seclusion in which she lived exposed her to few of the inconveniences that flow from it. Her personal condition could not escape the notice of all, and was a source of some obloquy; but this she even preferred to the publication of the truth. The knowledge of my father's visits would never have generated a suspicion that he was her husband. The world would merely have inferred the existence of an illicit connection; but even this inference was precluded by the secrecy which all parties observed.

In due time this lady became the mother of twins. A feeble constitution hindered her from nursing both her children. One of them, therefore, was entrusted to the charge of a French woman, whose mother had been the companion of the flight of the deceased Madame de Calvert from Provence, and who had lately married an honest and thrifty farmer in the neighbouring district, by name Thurston.

This woman had been eminent for her affection and fidelity to the Calverts; but it had not been deemed prudent by my mother to entrust her with the secret of the marriage. She was willing to sink in the good opinion of her servant, rather than to incur the least hazard of being

betrayed. Alice cheerfully assumed the province assigned her, and divided with the stranger the tenderness due to her own child.

This obstacle being now removed, my father began to think seriously of the execution of his project. A second interview with Sir Stephen had not yet taken place. This delay was owing to a severe indisposition by which the former had been seized. No more fortunate or seasonable occurrence could have happened; but the respite which it afforded was short. His recovery was speedily effected; and certain tokens had appeared, which showed that the procrastinations of my father had excited some suspicion. The necessity of removal became hourly more urgent; but the want of money rendered it impossible.

Since his return to his father's house the annual pittance formerly allowed to him had been withdrawn. Sir Stephen was far from being of a covetous temper, and his fortune was ample; but the scheme on which he had embarked his personal safety absorbed likewise all his revenue; and he whom the world considered as incessantly hoarding his income, and daily becoming more rich, distributed his wealth with so lavish an hand, as sometimes to reduce himself to absolute temporary need.

In this strait my father bethought himself of relying on the friendship of his brother. He did not think proper to disclose to him the whole truth, but stated, as reasons for changing his abode, the impossibility of otherwise concealing his condition from Sir Stephen, and the indignation with which he should probably be overwhelmed when the truth should come to be known.

These motives were deemed insufficient by Henry; but finding my father proof against all his re-

monstrances, he readily consented to aid him in the execution of his scheme. Henry had been enriched, and thus rendered independent of his father, by his marriage. He offered to divide his possessions with his brother; but Stephen was satisfied with a small sum at present, and with an annual remittance until he should be able to provide for his own subsistence.

Philip Thurston had conceived the design of improving his fortune by emigration to America. His little property, however, could not be disposed of time enough for him to accompany my father. My mother's health disabled her from affording nourishment to more than one child. A substitute might, perhaps, have been found for Alice; but this woman had contracted a mother's fondness for the babe which she nursed, and her fidelity was liable to no doubt. She entreated to be still allowed the care of the infant; and as her husband prepared to embark for the same port in America, in a few months, it was thought that no inconvenience would arise from leaving the infant in her charge. The separation would be brief; and this arrangement enabled them to keep Alice and her husband in their former ignorance as to that connection which subsisted between my father and the Calverts.

Suitable preparations being made, my father secretly embarked at London with his wife, her mother and her son, in a ship bound to Philadelphia. Here they safely arrived, and, taking an obscure house, they hoped to enjoy the remnant of their days in tranquillity. My father assumed his wife's name, and permitted the world to consider him as one of the victims of the blind and destructive policy of the French government in recalling its concessions to the Protestants.

Meanwhile it will be supposed

that some impatience was felt for the arrival of the son who had been left in the care of Alice Thurston. Henry was apprized of the existence of this child, and of the views which had been adopted with regard to it. He had promised to bestow some attention on its welfare, and not to withdraw from it his guardianship until it was safely embarked. A punctual correspondence was maintained by the brothers.

The sudden disappearance of his son excited no small alarm in Sir Stephen. For a time he was willing to ascribe it to some casual and unimportant cause. At length his anxiety prompted him to set inquiries on foot. Stephen had appeared as usual at breakfast and dinner, but in the evening he was no where to be found. He had left behind him neither verbal nor written intimations of his absence. The servants and tenants were unable to remove his uncertainty. Henry, when interrogated respecting his brother's destiny, pretended the same ignorance. More exact inquiries and extensive searches were made, but were no less ineffectual. Weeks and months rolled away, and produced no tidings of the fugitive.

As no conjecture was less probable than the true, time produced no cessation of the father's inquiries and doubts. At length he was compelled to acquiesce in the belief that the son had perished by some unwitnessed and untoward accident. This event was fatal to his fondest hopes, and he deplored it as the most signal calamity that could befall him.

Thurston found no difficulty in the disposal of his property, and was taking measures for entering on the meditated voyage, when he was attacked by a fever which, in a few days, put an end to his life. This

event incapacitated Alice for prosecuting her design. The Calverts used to be her counsellors in every difficulty, and she knew no other on whose sympathy or succour she could place dependance. Henry was speedily informed of this disaster. He saw that Alice, encumbered with two infants, and resigned to her own guidance, would be exposed to numerous embarrassments and dangers. Hence originated a scheme which he made haste to impart to his brother, and which he recommended with uncommon zeal. He proposed that Alice and the child should continue in England, under his protection; and that as soon as his nephew should grow beyond the necessity of her care, he should be taken under his own protection and treated as his child.

The letter containing this proposal, was received by the vessel in which my father impatiently expected the arrival of Alice and her charge. Deep and almost insupportable, especially to my mother, was this disappointment of their hopes. She was by no means inclined to adopt this proposal, but she yielded to my father's councils and wishes, and my brother was transferred to the family of Henry.

Time would, of course, reconcile my mother to separation from her offspring, especially as the charge was so auspicious. Their fears, however, were quickly roused by the failure of a letter from my uncle, and by the receipt of an incoherent epistle from Alice, who, to their unspeakable astonishment and grief, informed them first of the death of Henry Porter, and, secondly, of the loss of my brother Felix. She related that the two children had been left alone for a few minutes, at the door of her cottage, in the dusk of evening, and that, on her return to the spot, Felix

was missing. Her random and limited inquiries had led to no discovery.

The influence of such tidings may be easily conceived. As to the fate of their infant son, there was room only for the gloomiest predictions. Such instances were not uncommon. Beggars, and the vilest of mankind, were accustomed to make prize of helpless innocence, and train up the unfortunate subject of their theft to their own detestable profession. This lot was infinitely more deplorable than death. All the hope that remains to the parents in such cases, is that negligence and cruelty may put a speedy end to the life of the unfortunate victim.

It is not certain that my mother would have long survived to sustain the anguish of these thoughts. A new occurrence diversified, and in some degree, alleviated their grief. If Henry Porter were dead, his father would, of course, become the guardian of his child and of his property. Letters had passed between the brothers, in which the secret of his flight, his marriage, and his conversion, were copiously related or intelligently alluded to. It was possible that these letters, in obedience to the writer's injunctions, were destroyed; but it was likewise possible that they had been preserved, and therefore had fallen into the hands of Sir Stephen. What use he would make of them, to what excesses his anger and his bigotry would transport him, were subjects of fearful conjecture.

In no long time a letter was received, in which my father's apprehensions were confirmed. Sir Stephen was the writer. The sudden death of his eldest son had made him master of his cabinet, and all that my father desired to be concealed was known. The first burst of indignation in the mind of Sir Stephen was followed by im-

VOL. I. No. 3.

pulses of terror, lest the unwary disclosure of his plot should have tended to defeat it. Rage yielded to policy. Alice was robbed of her charge, and my father was informed that the son was kept as a sort of pledge of his fidelity. Maledictions and invectives were heaped upon the fugitive, the rights of kindred were disclaimed; but my father was flattered with impunity, provided he maintained an inflexible silence on certain topics.

This epistle assured my parents of the personal safety of their offspring; but they naturally inferred from it, the incurable perversion of his principles. He would be tainted in an obnoxious faith, and, perhaps, kept in ignorance of his birth. To them, therefore, he was lost; and his destiny, though somewhat better than that for which they had before imagined him reserved, was more to be lamented than his death. Their affection was now centred in me, on whom they bestowed the name of my brother. My original appellation was Stephen, but henceforth I was called Felix.

The death of his brother deprived my father of the established means of his subsistence. It was necessary to discover some new method of supplying his wants. Several expedients were tried, but he at length decided in favour of the legal profession. To fit him for this pursuit time and money must be previously consumed; and he reconciled himself to this necessity by the lucrative employment of his pen. A practical knowledge of conveyancing was easily gained, and by this he procured the means of subsistence till he was qualified for the bar.

Meanwhile my father could not but reflect on that criminal project in which he had been invited to concur. He was haunted by fears, that his duty to his country enjoined

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ed upon him a different proceeding from that which he had adopted. At one time he painted to himself the scenes of confiscation and proscription which would ensue the success of this plot, and was almost prompted to abjure his silence, and hasten to disclose the knowledge he possessed. Then he revolved the numberless incidents which might occur to frustrate it, to hinder the conspirators from prosecuting their design, or detect it before its execution. This scheme was to coincide with a project of invasion; but France was the only power from which an attack could be dreaded, and the sceptical and pacific character of the regent Duke of Orleans was well known. It seemed as if the Jacobite enthusiasm had nearly vanished, and that the adherents of the exile family must at length have discovered the desperateness of their cause.

Peace of mind was incompatible with these thoughts. My father's anxieties could not escape the watchful tenderness of his wife. It was easy for him to assign a plausible cause for appearances very different from the true one, and his dissimulation succeeded for a time. He knew not the consequences of disclosure, even to his bosom friend. My mother fostered a magnanimous spirit, and was an enthusiast in religion. What use she might conceive it her duty to make of her knowledge could not be foreseen. He recollected the penalty that had been menaced if he should violate his faith, and these reflections fortified him in concealment.

But the impossibility of destroying the connection between thought and speech was eminently illustrated in my father's case. My mother was a jealous and perpetual observer. The negligent and yielding moment was skilfully employed, and the secret was extorted.

My mother had no ties of habit

or affection to restrain her from compliance with the dictates of duty. She permitted her actions to be controuled by her husband, and forbore to make any other use of the knowledge she had acquired, than to exhort my father to unveil and defeat this plot. She proposed nothing less than that he should entrust the protection and subsistence of his family to providence, and immediately embark for England, where he should hasten to communicate the particulars of this conspiracy to government.

Her remonstrances were earnest and incessant, and might, probably, have finally conquered his aversion, had not the next packet brought tidings which precluded the necessity of his interference. Intimations of this plot had been conveyed to the ministers, and Sir Stephen Porter was marked out as the principal agent. Messengers were secretly dispatched to arrest him.

One hour before the messengers arrived at the end of their journey, Sir Stephen was engaged at dinner, with a numerous company. In the midst of their festivity a person entered the hall, and whispered something in the ear of the host, and instantly retired. A pause of uneasiness and abstraction ensued. Sir Stephen, at length, rose from the table, and retired, under pretence of some unexpected and urgent business. Shortly after the messengers arrived, but their victim had profited by this interval to assume the disguise of a clown, and effect his escape. On the most diligent search, no papers, throwing any light on these transactions, could be discovered: either they had been burnt, or buried, or secreted, or, which was least probable, had been carried away by the suspected person.

These are the only facts relative to this plot which were made public. No further discovery, nor any other

consequence, is generally supposed to have been produced. To this detection, however, it is probable that my father was indebted for an early and untimely grave.

He could not but rejoice at the defeat of so destructive a project, especially as the personal safety of his father had not been affected; but he that imparted this information to the government had probably stipulated for concealment. The conspirators, therefore, would remain ignorant of their betrayer: but were there not reasons to believe that Sir Stephen's suspicions would fall upon his son? Vengeance, cruel and implacable, would probably be excited in his bosom. This vengeance would fall on his defenceless child, and might extend to himself. This imagination could not fashion to itself the species of injury that was to flow from this source, but this uncertainty by precluding him from the means of defence, only aggravated his terrors.

My mother partook of these anxieties. Time had some tendency to lighten them, but this effect was not allowed to be produced. One evening, four months after the receipt of this intelligence, a letter was found by my father in the entry of his house. It was couched in the following terms:—

“SIR,

“You need not be informed of your offences; you know that they surpass those of the greatest criminals whose guilt has been recorded. You have rebelled against your God; you have been a traitor to your rightful prince; and, finally, you have done all that in you lay, to bring your father to the scaffold. What punishment do you think you deserve?—Tremble!—Vengeance, though so long delayed, is now preparing to crush you!”

This epistle was written in an unknown hand, and was without superscription or signature. Its pur-

port was fully comprehended. He was conceived to be the betrayer of this fatal project, and the dreaded vengeance was at length to be inflicted. No condition is more deplorable than that in which my father was now placed. When we know that danger impends over us, but are unable to assign to it a distinct shape, there is no respite to our fears.

What measures of safety were adapted to his situation he knew not; or at what hour, and in what spot the toils were to close upon him. Whether his life would be taken, or his reputation destroyed, or his means of subsistence annihilated, whether he should be assailed in his own person or in that of his wife, or whether both were to perish by a common fate, were questions not to be solved.

My father's mind was distinguished by some degree of imbecility. He allowed this incident to affect his happiness in a greater degree than a reasonable estimate of danger would justify. It was scarcely ever absent from his thought, and when present, it filled him with disquiet and suspicion. Solitude enhanced his fears, and the aspect of a stranger was regarded with a shuddering he was scarcely able to conceal. He was careful to bar up all avenues to his house. Not only the windows, but the shutters of his chamber, were closed. His dreams terrified him into wakefulness, and he was startled by the slightest sound, the cause of which was, in any degree, ambiguous.

My mother was endowed with a masculine and daring spirit. She was far from being devoid of apprehension, but her mind escaped more easily from it, and she was more inclined to extenuate the danger. My father conformed himself to many of her precepts; but her efforts to encourage and console him on this occasion were resisted with

an obstinacy that almost allowed room to suspect that terror had confused his intellect.

Among other precautions which he used, was that of never venturing abroad at night. To this resolution he inflexibly adhered for some time; but, at length, there occurred an event which induced him to forego it.

A man of large fortune, who resided a mile beyond Schuylkill, was seized with a mortal disease. His death was predicted to be near; and, in this extremity, my father, who had received from him many friendly offices, was summoned from the city to draw up his will. This summons was received at eight o'clock in the evening, and his immediate attendance was required. There were many motives to enforce compliance with this summons. It was probable, that in the disposal of his estate, this person would not forget my father, whom he had always distinguished by marks of peculiar regard. He had requested my father's attendance, on this occasion, as a favour; and, to refuse without assigning any plausible reason, might be expected to give offence. The scruples of the dying man were fastidious on this head, and his refusal might, at least, occasion a delay which perhaps might hinder the will from being made. In that case the sick man's property would be given, by the law, to one in whose hands it would merely be an instrument of vice and oppression; whereas, a testamentary act would probably transfer it to those whose personal merits and wants gave them an unquestionable title.

Notwithstanding these reasons for going, my father would have declined the task had not my mother's remonstrances interposed. With much reluctance, and a bosom filled with dreary forebodings, he set out upon his journey. The

messenger who brought the summons accompanied him, and contributed, in some degree, to his security. It was resolved that he should postpone his return till the next day.

Her husband having gone, my mother composed herself to rest as usual. The succeeding day was stormy and inclement. My father did not appear. The state of the atmosphere would naturally account for his detention; but my mother's mind was not free from uneasiness. The question could not fail to occur, Would not her husband quiet those alarms which he knew that his absence would excite, by dispatching a messenger to acquaint her with the cause of it? The patient might indeed be dead, and the sorrow and confusion consequent on such an event, might exclude all other thoughts.

The succeeding night she passed in like manner alone, but not without a great increase of uneasiness. On the second day, at noon, her suspense became too painful to be longer endured, and a man and horse was dispatched to procure some tidings of his situation. The messenger speedily returned with a letter from the lady who superintended the family of Mr. Thomson, informing her, that her husband, having performed the business for which he came, had immediately left the house on his return to the city; that he had been earnestly solicited to postpone his departure till the next day, but had persisted in his resolution to go immediately. He had set out on foot, though an horse had been offered him.

On returning, as on going, it was requisite to cross the ferry. Enquiry being made, it was found that he had not applied for a passage at the river. What then had become of him? Diligent searches were made; but none of them were

effectual. Six weeks passed away and no tidings of his destiny were received. At the end of that period a dead body was discovered concealed among the reeds, at low water, on the left shore of League-Island. The remnant of clothes which still adhered to him, served to ascertain this to be the body of my father.

No marks of violence being discoverable, it was unavoidable to conclude that he had been drowned. It was difficult to conceive that chance had occasioned this event. My mother had some reason to believe it to be the result of a malignant stratagem, and the accomplishment of that vengeance that had been threatened. Her fancy teemed with distressful images. In her dreams she beheld him set upon by ruffians, his speech inhumanly stifled, and his body cast into the river. By this means their cunning would best avoid not only detection, but suspicion.

Sometimes she admitted a doubt whether he had not been the author of his own destruction. His resolution, suddenly conceived to return to the city alone, on foot, and at midnight, so opposite to the usual tenour of his conduct, and so apparently unnecessary, was remembered. He had often expressed his impatience of existence, linked as it was with incessant and excruciating fears. His profession was obnoxious to all his indolent and literary habits, and he had placed considerable dependance on the generosity of Thomson. A trifling legacy, however, was all that was bequeathed to him. These causes might have concurred to sink him to despair, and prompt him to this act of self-violence.

This event deprived my mother not only of a protector and friend, but of the means of subsistence. I was three years of age at this time, and was therefore helpless and whol-

ly dependant on her care. Her mother had died shortly after their arrival in America, and the pittance which that lady enjoyed in right of her husband, ceased to be paid. My father's profession supplied merely his daily wants. His friends were numerous, but my mother's exigencies were of the most urgent and momentous kind, and such as common friendship could hardly be expected to obviate.

In this desolate state she was not deserted by her fortune. She deliberated calmly on the best means of supplying her wants. She possessed considerable accomplishments, and was encouraged to institute a sort of boarding-school for a small number of female pupils. This scheme was conducted with remarkable skill and success. Her character and situation being known, her terms, though more expensive than was common, were eagerly accepted. The best families in the province contended with each other for the benefits of her tuition. She limited herself to six girls, and three being selected at a very early age, and being wholly consigned to her care, she contracted for them all the fondness, while she exercised the authority of a parent.

When I had attained my sixth year, I was sent to a public school, which a Scottish adventurer had established at the town of Woodbury, in New-Jersey. The plan of this establishment was comprehensive, and all the learning, which indeed was small, which it was thought proper for me to acquire, was acquired in ten years under this man's direction.

During this period my mother had discharged every obligation to her pupils. She had dissolved her family and retired to an habitation near Burlington, which the generosity of a deceased friend, and the profits of preceptress-ship had enabled her to purchase. On leaving

Woodbury, I retired to her house. The management of domestic concerns were divided between us. My chief employment consisted in the cultivation of the garden which appended to the mansion, and which supplied us with the greater part of our annual provision. Health, and pleasure, and agricultural improvement, were blended in this pursuit; and these few acres afforded a perpetual theatre for contemplation and experiment. The intervals were spent in the recreations of poetry and music, and in the society of my mother, the excellence of whose character became the more conspicuous the more closely and constantly it was inspected.

For some years there was nothing to disturb my repose. I was molested by no gloomy anticipations of the future. The property which I should inherit from my mother would suffice for the abundant supply of all my wants, and I felt no desire to augment it. In this immovable calm there was no temptation to lead aside, or passion to bewilder my steps.

The first incident that called away my thoughts from this scene, was connected with the fate of my family in Europe. Sir Stephen Porter, refusing to obey a summons to return and subject his conduct to legal examination, was attainted. His estate was confiscated, but restored, by the bounty of the prince, to his grandson Henry. This person, to whom I stood in the relation of cousin, now entered into his majority, and into the possession of his estate. He became early apprized of the fortunes of his uncle, and was influenced, by a sense of justice, to assist his aunt and his cousin to the utmost of his power. He had been solicitously trained in the Romish religion, but had formally abjured it. This served as an additional incitement to repair the evils which my father had in-

curred, in consequence of a similar department. It was not till after long and painful searches, and the intervention of some propitious chance, that he traced us to our retreat on the banks of Delaware. A correspondence then commenced between my mother and him, in which he persuaded her to resume her ancient country, and to accept of a liberal provision.

Her estimate of happiness was too correct to permit her to accept his offers. Finding her invincible, he addressed himself to me in the same terms, and solicited me to come and partake with him in all the goods which fortune had bestowed upon him.

My youthful and untutored imagination was delighted with the pictures which he drew, and I was sufficiently inclined to adopt his proposals; but I could not hesitate to sacrifice these crude visions to the desires of my mother, and to prefer being her companion and consoler to any other office. I could not forget, however, that her feeble constitution, and the course of nature, must put a speedy end to her life, and then there would exist no impediment to the adoption of this scheme.

My cousin had made strenuous exertions to ascertain the destiny of my lost brother. Alice, his nurse, had been extricated by him from hardship and poverty, and sent to America. She was now become my mother's sole and faithful domestic; but all his efforts to recover the lost Felix were unavailing. On this topic I was chiefly prone to indulge a romantic disposition. My recluse, literary and bookish education, tended to imbue me with the refinements of sentiment and the heroism of friendship. I was without compeers and associates, and those sympathies which are always ardent at my age wasted themselves on visionary objects. I con-

soled myself with the belief that my brother was still alive, and that a meeting would one day take place between us. For want of experience I imagined that there was something peculiarly sacred and tender in the bond of brotherhood, and that this tie was unspeakably enhanced by the circumstance of being ushered into being together; of being cœval in age, and alike in constitution and figure: these resemblances being supposed by me to exist, in those cases, in an eminent degree.

The sensations that flowed from these ideas were not always pleasurable. I was conscious that eternal and insuperable obstacles to our meeting might very possibly exist; and this persuasion was a fertile source of regret. I believed that the chance of separation was increased by the remoteness and seclusion of my present residence, and would be diminished by crossing the Atlantic. This belief was no inconsiderable recommendation to the scheme proposed by my cousin. This scheme, however, was utterly impracticable till the death of my mother. Till this event should take place I expected and desired to remain in my present abode; but my expectations were frustrated from a quarter whence it was least likely to come.

I have mentioned that one of the Calverts, whom the bigotry of Louis the Fourteenth drove into exile, had, after many years residence in Flanders, emigrated to America. He brought with him money sufficient for the purchase of what, in Europe, would be deemed a spacious domain. Here he devoted himself to agriculture, and the gradual increase of population augmented the value of his estate, till he became respectable among his neighbours for opulence.

He was succeeded in the possession of this ground by a French-

man, remotely allied to him, and of the same name, to whom he had married his daughter. This person, whose name was Ambrose Calvert, had insinuated himself, by a long train of hypocrisy, into the good opinion of the last possessor. His habits of dissimulation, in some degree, continued after his accession to the property. He was as punctual as ever in the forms of religious worship, was as strictly observant of the Sabbath, excluded as austere all mirth from his features and levities from his deportment. In these respects he was uniform to the end of life; but in other particulars he conceived himself, by the death of the elder Calvert, delivered from all restraint, and at liberty to obey the genuine impulse of his temper.

This temper was the cause of suffering to those only who were subjected to his power. In his intercourse with his neighbours and with the world, his brow was smooth, his accents tempered into sweetness, and his whole deportment a model of urbanity and graciousness. He was just, and even generous, in his dealings with others, and was always more prone to yield up than to persist in his claims. Little would a casual observer suspect that this man was the slave of ferocious and immitigable passions; that he was a domestic tyrant, and exercised the sternest cruelty in the government of his family and slaves.

His fields were cultivated by Africans. To these he did not allot disproportionate tasks, or condemn them to the use of poor, scanty, or unwholesome food, or deny them necessary, or even decent cloathing. His disposition was remote from avarice, but it was savage and capricious. He inflicted on them the most excruciating punishments for the most trifling offences. He made little or no discrimination in the

choice of objects of his wrath. No tenderness of age or sex, no degree of fidelity or diligence, exempted from suffering the unfortunate beings who were placed under his yoke. His imagination created crimes when they were wanting; and that was an unexpiable offence at one time, which, at another, was laudable or indifferent. When in a sullen mood, merely to smile in his presence was guilt, and incurred inhuman chastisement.

His wife was of a soft and compassionate temper. Many of the servants were of the same age, born and reared under the same roof, and regarded with somewhat of sisterly and maternal emotions. Her father's government had been full of lenity and prudence; and nothing had occurred, previous to his death, which indicated a contrary disposition in her husband.

When, therefore, he dropped the mask, the reverse was the more disastrous and astonishing. The tears, the shrieks, and the deep traces of the lash, in those who had formerly been treated with nearly as much forbearance and affection as herself, were sources of horror and grief not to be endured. To be a silent and passive spectator was impossible; but his cruelty was only exasperated by intercession and remonstrance. By persisting in these his affection appeared gradually to be withdrawn from her, and she sunk, by rapid degrees, from the condition of an equal into that of a slave.

Her education and temper were of that kind which made contempt and indignity more insupportable to her than stripes and blows. The former, however, were only introductory to the latter; and her untimely death bore witness to the acuteness of her sufferings. Even at this distance I cannot trust myself with the task of describing his enormities. When I think of them

abhorrence and rancour arise in my heart, from which I endeavour to escape by diverting my attention to other objects.

One daughter, Louisa, was the fruit of this union. Her mother died soon after her birth. Her education, during her early years, was nearly the product of chance. Her grandfather, who had not been destitute of literary propensities, left behind him some books, to which, in the abundance of her leisure, she betook herself in search of amusement. From these she gleaned crude and numerous ideas, which time, and more judicious instruction, finally converted into useful and admirable knowledge.

She was not exempted from parental tyranny. If these had been limited to stern commands, loud rebukes, and intervals of sullen silence, it would, by habit, have been rendered, perhaps, endurable; and these, it should seem, were sufficient antidotes to content: but these were bounds by which his passion was not accustomed to be circumscribed. I shudder to think of the excesses of which this unhappy girl was the victim. How deeply it is to be regretted, that the happiness of one being should be swayed by the perverseness of another! From the first dawning of reflection till the age of fifteen, pain and fear were almost the perpetual companions of Louisa Calvert. The solace of society, the blessings of liberty, were denied to her. All the affections of her heart were chilled and curbed. No vigilance nor caution could give her any security against mistreatment. If a known path, however dark, intricate, and rugged, had been assigned to her, and her safety was made wholly to depend upon her adherence to it, her lot would have been less deplorable, but the caprice of her father was wholly irregular. He seemed to act by the instigations of a demon

and to be impelled by pure, unadulterated malice.

In her fifteenth year her condition underwent a change. Her father made occasional journeys to the city, which was ten miles from his place of residence. Hither, late in autumn, his engagements chanced to call him. He proposed to return on the evening of the same day. The evening elapsed however, without producing any token of his approach. His daughter was, by this delay, thrown into a state of considerable perplexity. Whether she should await his arrival, or retire to her chamber, leaving a female servant to attend his coming, was a question on which much depended, but which she was unable to decide.

The mood in which Calvert might return, might make him condemn her retirement as disrespectful, or her watchfulness as officious; and his absurd rage would vent itself in blows and contumelies. After some fruitless deliberation, she concluded to go to bed.

There is an energy in the human mind which enables it to conquer every inquietude, or a flexibility that reconciles itself to every constraint. Louisa was gifted with that temper which is not easily bereaved of cheerfulness. Her condition was well known, and no one acquainted with it could refrain from expressing their wonder at the fortitude with which she supported its unparalleled and complicated evils. There were moments, however, when her soul was nearly overwhelmed with the perception of her wretchedness, and when she even admitted a doubt whether death, inflicted by her own hand, was not preferable to a being like hers.

Mournful sensations happened to be particularly prevalent on this occasion, and she lay sleepless and listening to the signal which should announce her father's approach.

This signal was at length heard, but it was obliged to be frequently repeated before the slumbers of the girl, who remained below, were broken. Louisa shuddered on reflecting on the probable consequences of this negligence. Her fears, in this respect, were not groundless, and Calvert no sooner obtained admittance than he proceeded to inflict on the culprit the most barbarous chastisement.

The sufferer, whose name was Althea, had been the playfellow, and was the affectionate attendant of her young mistress. Her form and features were delicate and regular, and her complexion so remote from jet, that the conjecture was generally admitted that her father was Calvert himself. These circumstances, in addition to the loneliness of her state, and the want of suitable associates, fostered in Louisa a sisterly affection for her waiting maid. She partook in all studies and amusements of her mistress.

From the nature of her functions, in the performance of which she seldom had need to enter into the presence of the tyrant, from the unwearied diligence of Louisa to screen her from animadversions; and, perhaps, from some movements of paternal tenderness, she had hitherto, for the most part, escaped that treatment to which her companions in servitude had been condemned.

Every blow which she now received struck upon the heart of Louisa, and she bitterly lamented that she had not, by remaining below, encountered his resentment. Her thoughts were quickly recalled to the consideration of her own safety, for, in a few minutes, Calvert relinquished his present victim and burst into her chamber. He began with heaping on her those reproaches which were usually the prelude to personal violence. This she summoned up her magnanimity

to bear without repining. Having exhausted his abuse, he proceeded to inform her of his solemn resolution, that she should not remain a moment longer under his roof, and commanded her to rise instantly and leave his house.

Menaces to this effect had frequently been uttered by him in the career of passion, but they were considered as momentary suggestions; and when his paroxysm had passed, were mutually forgotten. Now, however, he did not content himself with threats, but showed himself immoveably resolved.

Louisa enjoyed the compassion of all, but the friendship of none. She was little less than an absolute stranger to every one beyond her father's threshold. Exiled from this roof, she knew of no place of refuge, or even of momentary entertainment. In vain she endeavoured, by intreaties, to avert this sentence, or at least to delay the execution of it. Her opposition only exasperated his rage, and transported him beyond all bounds of humanity. He seized her by the hair, and dragging her to the door, thrust her forth without mercy, and locked the entrance against her.

Her dress consisted merely of a thin and long robe which covered all her limbs; but her neck and feet were bare. Winter had already begun its progress by disrobing the trees of their leaves, and whitening the ground with frost. It was midnight, and the atmosphere was cloudy and tempestuous. Such were the circumstances in which this inhuman father thought proper to turn his child out of doors.

For a time, she flattered herself that as his passion subsided, he would see the monstrousness of this act. She waited at the door in vain. The chillness of the atmosphere began at length to be felt; despair at length took possession of her bosom, and she dragged her trem-

bling limbs to a short distance from the house.

The plantation next to that of her father was bounded by the opposite side of the road. Annexed to it were two barns, one of which, smaller in size, and but little used, was sixty or eighty feet from Calvert's door. The first impulse was to go thither and screen herself from the piercing wind, by interposing this building between her and the northern blasts. She hoped likewise to find some hay scattered in its neighbourhood, by which her feet might be protected from the cold. Both of these purposes were in some degree answered, and she found herself at leisure to ruminate on the deplorableness of her condition.

The proprietor of the next plantation was a man of a very different character from Calvert. He had marked with disapprobation the excesses of his neighbour, and sometimes endeavoured, by remonstrances, to check his career. Some occasion had required him to leave his bed on this night, and his station happened to be such as to make him a witness of the scene that took place at Calvert's threshold. He followed the lady to her retreat, and quickly making himself known to her, easily prevailed upon her to take shelter under his roof.

Next morning he paid a visit to her father. I have said that Calvert, in his intercourse with the world, was a strict observer of politeness. His treatment of this guest was by no means an exception to his maxims, but he absolutely refused to re-admit his daughter.

My mother was a distant relation of the sufferer, and the only person in America from whom relationship gave her any claim to protection. Louisa's present protector willingly assumed that province, and would not have consigned it to another with any other view than to the superior advantage of this

young lady. He applied, therefore, to my mother for her advice on this occasion. My mother had recently lost her husband, and was just established in her new profession. She could not hesitate long how to act in this exigence, and Louisa thenceforth enjoyed under her roof, all the delights of social intercourse, and the benefits of maternal superintendence.

For a time, her father appeared wholly careless of her destiny. Being at length informed of her condition, his jealousy of paternal authority, and his malignant temper, made him desire her return. He deemed himself entitled to her implicit obedience, and therefore demanded the unconditional possession of her. Had Louisa been left to her own guidance, no doubt she would have readily complied; but my mother interfered, and prevailed upon her to continue in her new abode. No small firmness was required to resist the authority and menaces of Calvert, and fortify the wavering and timid temper of his daughter.

The cruelty of Calvert, by occasioning, as was strongly suspected, the death of her favourite Althea, took away her most powerful inducement to return. This event might be partly owing to regret for the loss of her young mistress, whom she tenderly loved; but there was likewise reason to ascribe it to inhuman treatment from her master. For many years after, her fate could never be thought upon by Louisa without impatience, or her name be mentioned without tears.

Calvert finding my mother inflexible, informed her that he would not only refuse to discharge the expense of his daughter's subsistence, but would punish her disobedience by excluding her from all share in his estate after his decease. These threats were not likely to influence my mother's conduct. The inheritance of his estate would by no

means compensate Louisa for the privation of all instruction and enjoyment during his life. Besides, she trusted to the favourable influence of time, and believed that the approach of death would make a change in his views.

From this period till the dissolution of her little college, Louisa was my mother's companion. The same generous benefactor who bequeathed a portion of her property to my mother, gave to Louisa the property of three bonds, on the interest of which, by the practice of the rigidest economy, she was able to subsist. To effect this purpose, she was obliged to limit her expenses to little more than necessities, and to perform many personal and household offices for herself. The abode which she selected, and which was recommended by its cheapness, its picturesque scenes, its salubrious air, and its vicinity to the residence of her dearest friends, was eight miles from the town of Lancaster. Here she pursued occupations and amusements which, at first, were prescribed by necessity, but soon became the dictates of choice.

My mother's plan of education was wholly singular and unexamplified. Hence her pupils, while they were bound to each other and to her, by similitude of tastes and opinions, were placed in irreconcilable opposition to the rest of mankind. That friendship, which residence under the same roof and perpetual intercourse for ten years, were calculated to produce, did not languish or expire during their separation. Half the year was usually spent, by Louisa, at the house of one or other of her friends.

All intercourse between the parent and child had ceased from the moment when her final resolution was known to avoid her father's habitation. He acted, on all occasions, just as if she had ceased to exist. Surrounded with the slaves of his

will, and shut out, partly by necessity and partly through choice, from intercourse with the rest of the world, he spent several years in the unrestrained indulgence of his passions. At length he was attacked by an acute disease, which shortly brought his life to a close.

It was now to appear whether he had carried to his grave the enmity which he had fostered against his daughter. If her claim to preference should be disallowed, it did not appear that there was any other person in the world entitled to this preference. Those by whom he was surrounded were his slaves, to whom he was actuated by no sentiment but that of hatred. The rest of mankind were unknown, and must, therefore, be supposed to be indifferent to him. What, therefore, must my astonishment have been, on receiving a letter, shortly after his decease, from a respectable inhabitant of Philadelphia, announcing himself as joint executor with me in the will of Calvert, and informing me that, by this will, I was constituted successor to all his property.

Calvert and I had had no intercourse, and my mother must have been to him an object of resentment. No event, therefore, was more adverse to my expectations. It was a new proof of the capriciousness of this man's temper. My surprise quickly yielded place to considerations as to the mode in which I should conduct myself in my new situation.

I was now become proprietor of three hundred fertile acres, in a commodious and healthful situation, a spacious and well furnished mansion, and fifteen negroes. My wants were already copiously supplied; and any deficiency was ready to be made up by my English cousin. With relation to myself, therefore, this event was no topic of congratulation. In a different view

it was to be regarded with pleasure. The produce of this estate might be applied to far better uses than had been chosen by Calvert. His slaves would henceforth receive the treatment that was due to men, and their happiness be as sedulously promoted as it had been heretofore counteracted. I could not fail to perceive the superiority of Louisa's claim to this property, both as the daughter of Calvert, and as a being of uncommon worth, destitute of the means of agreeable and respectable subsistence. I needed not to be stimulated by my mother to an act of justice, and speedily resolved to transfer this property to her.

Meanwhile it was necessary to visit and take possession of this estate. I prepared for an immediate journey. My unacquaintance with the world, and my speculative education, made this expedition of uncommon importance. I had hitherto pursued a humble and familiar tract, and was oppressed with a consciousness of wanting a guide and instructor in the new path on which I was entering.

I shall not dwell upon the sensations which novelty produces, and whose existence is necessarily transient. The requisite forms were easily dispatched, and possession of my new inheritance acquired. The land was in the highest state of cultivation, and habits of diligence and regularity had been so long established among the slaves, that affairs proceeded in their usual course, notwithstanding the death of the late proprietor.

In the management of a plantation like this, it is requisite to select one to whom the whole authority may be occasionally delegated, and with whom the master may divide the task of actual superintendence. In the choice of a deputy Calvert had exercised his usual judgment. Cæsar, the eldest of the slaves, had a perfect knowledge

of agriculture, was fertile in expedients, vigorous in foresight, and of unblameable fidelity. Cæsar, therefore, was invested with the office of steward. Habits of command, and the influence of example, had a tendency to deprave him; but this tendency was checked by the precautions of Calvert, who not only withheld from him the power of inflicting punishment, but even prohibited him from the use of harsh and reproachful language.

These measures were not adopted by Calvert from a beneficent regard to the welfare of his servants, and from a knowledge of the cruelty which is sure to characterize a slave in office. They proceeded from an imperious temper, which could not endure that any of his slaves should lose sight of his dependant condition, and was unwilling to part, even for a moment, with his tyrannical prerogatives. Hence Cæsar was obliged to secure obedience to his mandates by a mild and equitable deportment, and hence their attachment to his person was proportioned to their antipathy for Calvert.

Their new master was by no means disposed to revive the system of oppression under which they had suffered so long. The management was continued in the hands of Cæsar; and, after a short stay at *Calverton*, I returned to the city. I purposed to return to Burlington; but my curiosity detained me in the city for some time, as well as my scheme with regard to Louisa Calvert. This lady had contracted an engagement with one of her friends and fellow pupils, who was lately married, and settled in this city, to spend two or three months with her. A fortnight was to elapse before her intended arrival; and it had been preconcerted, that, after her visit to Mrs. Wallace was performed, she should bestow the favour of her company, for an equal

period, on my mother at Burlington.

It will not surprize you that I eagerly desired an interview with this lady. The boon which I had to bestow was not inconsiderable, and there seemed some propriety in obtaining a personal knowledge of the object of this benefit previous to conferring it. A letter from my mother, introduced me to Mrs. Wallace; and her husband, whose profession was that of a lawyer, had aided me in the execution of Calvert's testament. Hence, in this family, I was admitted on a familiar and confidential footing; and here my opportunities of intercourse with their expected visitant, would be frequent and favourable.

I have mentioned that my character contained no small portion of enthusiasm. I had mused on ideal forms, and glowed with visionary ardours. At this age there is an inexplicable fascination attendant upon our sex, and I was, in an eminent degree, the slave of this enchantment. My fancy was perpetually figuring to itself a train of consequences to flow from any casual occurrences, and, where marriage was possible to be introduced, it was never omitted. I had never seen Louisa Calvert, but had listened, on numberless occasions, to eulogiums on her character, pronounced by my mother. Her image, therefore, was oftener presented to my mind than that of any other female. It could not but happen that my reveries would sometimes suggest the possibility of marriage; but this idea was thwarted by the timorousness of youth, which made me depreciate my own claims to such felicity, by the consciousness of poverty, and, chiefly, by the unlikelihood that, in our respective situations, any meeting would take place between us.

A surprizing revolution had removed many of these obstacles.

From the conduct which I intended to pursue, I should derive some merit, and, at the same time, remove the obstacle which poverty had erected. My acquaintance with the Wallaces, and her residence in this family, would bring us to the knowledge of each other under the most favourable auspices. Love is an ambiguous and capricious principle. That I was prepared or resolved to love this woman, is not, perhaps, an adequate description of my state. The delineations of her form and mind had been vivid and minute, and these had been truly lovely. I entertained no doubt that my destiny, in this respect, was now accomplished. My anticipations of an interview awakened all those golden dreams and delicious palpitations which are said to characterize this passion. Must it not, therefore, be inferred that I was in love?

Still it is apparent that my passion was merely the creature of fancy, and, as such, liable to be suddenly extinguished or transferred to a new object.

My mother's consent to my remaining in the city was easily obtained. I did not conceal from her my views with respect to Louisa, and they obtained her ardent approbation. The tenour of her discourse and her wishes, frequently hinted, that she might live to see me allied to a woman equally excellent; had no small influence on my meditations. These were likewise assisted by the eulogies of Mrs. Wallace, to whom the virtues of her friend constituted an inexhaustable theme.

My social intercourse was limited to a small circle. Besides this family, I was conversant with no one but a young man, my equal in age, though eminently my superior in wisdom, by name Sydney Carlton. He was the brother of Mrs. Wallace, and newly initiated into the legal profession. I met him at his

sister's house, which he constantly frequented, and where I supped in his company every evening. It was this man whose existence was the source of the first uneasiness which I had ever known, and who was indirectly the author of all my subsequent calamities.

As the brother of Louisa's friend, and as one entitled, by that relationship, as well as by his native worth, to the good opinion of Louisa, he quickly appeared to me in an interesting and formidable light. He was regarded by his sister with an affection little short of idolatry. He was almost an inmate of the house. His intercourse, therefore, with the visitant, would be without restraint, and almost without intermission. His sister would exert herself to unite two persons so equally and passionately loved, and his merit was of so transcendent a kind that all ideas of rivalry were vain.

These thoughts might have tended to repress all hope; but I was rescued from despondency by reflecting on the capriciousness of passion, on the contrariety that frequently subsists between the dictates of desire and the injunctions of reason. Love is a motly and complex sentiment. It is the growth not of reason, but of sense. The concurrence of reason may be requisite to make it a principle of action in persons of unusual elevation and refinement, but not in ordinary cases. The understanding may approve, and fortify, and prolong the existence of the passion, but this can never be the source of its existence.

Highly as I deemed of the discernment and intelligence of my cousin, I did not believe her exempt from sexual impulses. I believed her capable of being dazzled and seduced by a demeanour, characterized by all the impetuosity and tenderness of passion, by dexterity and fluency of elocution, by ro-

romantic generosity of sentiment, and elegant proportions and expressive features. In all these particulars my vanity taught me to believe myself superior to Sydney.

In these reflections I found an antidote to my fears. I was attentive to the sentiments and conduct of Sydney and of his sister, and met with nothing to persuade me that the esteem which the former was always eager to express for the absent lady, was connected with love. No fits of abstraction, no changes of hue took place when her name was mentioned, or the circumstances of her journey were discussed. These perturbations were felt only by myself.

My tranquillity, however, was destined to be interrupted. One evening, my cousin being mentioned, Mrs. Wallace told me that her coming was expected on the next day. These tidings were, as was easily guessed, communicated in a letter. But my surprize and embarrassment were not a little excited when I discovered that this letter had been addressed not to Mrs. Wallace, but to her brother, and that an epistolary correspondence had subsisted between him and Louisa for a long time.

This proof of confidence between them awakened all my fears. My confusion and dejection could not be concealed; but the apparent folly of this motive, hindered my friends from suspecting its influence. My deportment was frequently regarded by them as enigmatical. My fits of hope and of fear, of dejection and vivacity, were to them wholly inexplicable.

I was at first deterred, by a thousand scruples, from requesting the perusal of this letter. The first intimation which I dropped was instantly complied with. Not only this letter was put into my hand, but an offer made to me of perusing all the letters that had passed between them. The offer was ac-

cepted with a mixture of trepidation and joy. I shut myself up in my chamber to peruse them.

I read with eagerness and wonder. The scene exhibited by this correspondence was new. Sydney was four years older than his friend, and their intercourse by letter had lasted during a period equal to this. It began with avowals of love on the part of Sydney, which the lady had rejected. This rejection was unaccompanied with anger and contempt. It was softened by every token of regret, by every proof of reverence, and by pathetic intreaties, that her incapacity to love him might not prove a forfeiture of his esteem, or a bar to their future intercourse.

This procedure appeared to have been regarded by the lover in its true light. Professions of love ceased to be made. The passion, lately so vehement, seemed to be extinguished in a moment, and to give place to the solicitude and fondness of a brother.

A fearlessness of false construction, absolute purity of purpose, and an unbounded disclosure of every sentiment, distinguished the correspondence that ensued between them. Every sentence was pregnant with novelty and instruction. A degree of unreserve was mutually practised, the possibility of which, between persons of a different sex, unconnected by kindred or by passion, I should, without this evidence, have deemed impossible.

The perusal of these letters added inconceivably to my veneration for my cousin. The value of her love was augmented a thousand fold. I vowed, with new ardour, to devote my thoughts and efforts to this purpose. That Sydney had already been rejected, was the inspirer of new hopes; but the proofs of her intellectual and moral attainments which these manuscripts contained, tended to discourage me.

(To be continued.)

American Review.

ART. XII.

The History of Pennsylvania, in North-America, from the Original Institution and Settlement of that Province, &c. in 1681, till after the Year 1742; with an Introduction, respecting the Life of William Penn, and the Society of Quakers; with the Rise of the Neighbouring Colonies, &c. &c. &c. By Robert Proud. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1028. Philadelphia. Z. Poulson, jun. 1798.

THE value of this book lies not in the elegance of its style, the profoundness of its reflections, or the accuracy of its method. Facts, in great minuteness and abundance, are collected. They are either extracted, without variation, from the original records and memorials, or, if the writer clothes them in his own language, they appear in a simple, prolix, and inartificial dress. They are the uncouth narratives of an old man, uninstructed in the arts of selection, arrangement and expression; who always prefers the task of reciting the deeds and papers which he has gleaned from public offices and private libraries, to the more arduous province of stating their contents in his own words.

We are not to look, in this work, for any traces of the genuine historian. The author has taken the path of the humble, honest, and industrious compiler. If his merit were measured by the labour which so large a compilation has cost him, it would not be accounted inconsiderable. If it were estimated by the usefulness of his collection to the student of American colonial history, and, above all, to the writer who shall be desirous of confer-

ring on this theme form and order, dignity and eloquence, it must be admitted to be great.

The materials of the history of Pennsylvania were to be collected from its laws, charters, patents, treaties, records of legislation, official and judicial proceedings, private letters, journals and gazettes. The present work is little more than a series of transcripts, arranged in chronological order, and occasionally connected by a few remarks, from the foundation of the province to the year 1742. There is no reason to doubt the genuineness of the records whence these transcripts are made; and there is as little reason to question the fidelity of the transcriber. They are here exhibited with great typographical correctness and beauty, and form a very copious and valuable catalogue.

Pennsylvania, like some other of the American States, owed its birth not to the restless and avaricious spirit of adventurers, but to the system of ecclesiastical tyranny which prevailed in Europe. The Quakers, conducted by William Penn, whose birth and fortune qualified him to be the leader of his sect, erected an equitable government on the banks of Delaware, and invited to this safe asylum not only their own persecuted brethren, but the indigent and honest of all nations.

Mr. Proud has introduced his work with copious extracts from the principal authors of his sect, exhibiting the system of the Quakers, and the opinions and chief events of the life of William Penn. The relation between the origin, early institutions, and even the present state of Pennsylvania, and the

Quaker discipline, will, perhaps, apologize for these extracts. The writer may likewise be forgiven for some bias to that religious order, of which he is a member; for deep veneration to so eminent a man as Penn; and for that modesty which prompts him to prefer the language and ideas of others to his own.

The subsequent portions of the work are of a more interesting and general nature.

The merit of this author, and the utility of his collection, are enhanced by its being the first publication of this kind. Without his assistance, therefore, future labourers in this field would have been condemned to the drudgery of ransacking libraries, and poring over rolls, a task difficult in proportion to the remoteness of the period to the records of which our searches relate.

To bring together the stones and rafters that are to constitute the building is little more than manual labour. The intelligence that guides us to the holes and corners where the crude materials are deposited, and enables us to drag them together into one heap, is not great. Mr. Proud has, indeed, done more than this. He has distinguished and culled out those blocks and beams that were useful to his purpose, and not only collected them together, but placed them in the order in which they will be successively required by the builder.

To model and build is the province of genius and philosophy; but let them not, in the ardour of invention and the pride of eloquence, hold the industrious collector in derision, or deny to his perseverance and his zeal the praise which they may justly claim. Let them remember that the artist cannot work without materials, and entertain becoming gratitude to him who, by supplying them with stone and mortar, saves them from the toil of years, and permits them to

VOL. I. No. 3.

pursue, unmolested and at freedom, the deductions of their reason, or the suggestions of their fancy.

B.

ART. XIII.

An ORATION pronounced July 4th, 1798, at the request of the Inhabitants of the Town of Boston, in commemoration of the Anniversary of American Independence. By Josiah Quincy. 2d edition. pp. 31. Boston. J. Russell. 1798.

THE day which gave birth to a nation, which is distinguished as the era of its sovereignty and independence, eminently deserves to be commemorated with every demonstration of gratitude and joy. Nations who have loved liberty, have ever delighted to celebrate the virtues and achievements of those by whom their freedom hath been attained or preserved. By a recurrence to the spirit and conduct of their ancestors, they have sought to keep alive and perpetuate those sentiments to which they were indebted for the enjoyment of the noblest attributes of man.

The powers of eloquence and poetry have been engaged to awaken the memory of the past, and to excite each succeeding generation to emulate the virtues of those who have preceded.

The history of mankind does not furnish a more splendid theme for the orator, than that of the independence of our country. Few events are more illustrious and memorable than that of the declaration and establishment of our national sovereignty. To Americans it must be ever interesting and important; and the day on which they resolved to be free and independent, will not cease to be distinguished with triumph and rejoicing.

This glorious anniversary hath,

H

at no period, been more universally and fervently celebrated than at its last return.

Among the numerous orations and discourses pronounced on that day, few hold a more distinguished place than the one now under our notice.

From habits and causes now uncontrollable, the people of America possess a strong sensibility to every movement of Great-Britain and France. The peculiar situation of the United States in relation to the latter, presents a spectacle somewhat analogous to that which preceded their successful struggle with the former. The principles and motives of the aggressors may be different, but the feelings of the people of America, on the subject of their own rights and character, should ever be the same.

Mr. Quincy regards the present moment as too serious and critical to be passed over by him with the common place topics of congratulation and applause. His design is to recur to the maxims and conduct of our ancestors which produced our late revolution; and "not only to extract from our ancient history the principles, feelings, and manners which led to that glorious event, but also to compare them with those of *our day*, and thereby to vindicate that period, and illustrate the events of the present." It is on those principles and feelings, he thinks, that we must rely for our safety in the perilous times in which we are placed. The spirit and character of our ancestors, on that occasion, are thus described by Mr. Q.

"The principle of our revolution was simple; a passion for independence; a high sense of the eternal right of a great peo-

ple to govern themselves after their own choice and manner. However assiduous our ancestors were to hide it from Great-Britain, perhaps fortunate enough to conceal it from themselves, their emigration, their struggles in defence of their rights and soil, their sentiments of civil freedom and subjection, were dictated by the genuine spirit of independence. That to *this dignity* the genius of our fathers aspired, is evident from the principles and manners adopted in the earliest, and *pertinaciously* pursued to the latest periods of their history. Records of a memorable spirit exist. A spirit always vigilant and active, ever constructing barriers against European influence, cementing opposition to it into a principle of patriotism, spurning every concession remotely implicating the independence of their establishment, and hazarding, at all times, every thing dear, to preserve for their offspring, a pure and unincumbered inheritance. *Even to us*, accustomed as we are to hardy avowals of rights, their favourite maxims are objects of equal pride and admiration. That subjection terminated with removal.^a That the duty of allegiance did not follow them to the ends of the earth.^a That not this principle, but the compact contained in the charter, *was the source of the powers of the crown*, which it had no right to extend or resume.^b That the sovereignty of the soil was in the aboriginal princes, whose prerogative purchase had transferred to them.^c [What?] That the rights of self-government resulted from the actual compact of freemen.^d From whence they deduced the qualities of an independent government, free trade,^e peace, if it pleased with the enemies of England.^f Independence from controul in elections,^g from the embarrassments of judicial appeals,^h and the binding force of acts of parliament.ⁱ

"The operation of these principles approximated the old charter government to an independent commonwealth.^k Judicial processes in the name, not of the king, but of the colony,^l the oath of allegiance unadministered,^m laws of trade slighted,ⁿ refusal, at the instance of the crown, to renew or yield their charter,^o holding it treason in their general court

^a Hutchinson's Hist. Mass. Bay, vol. i. p. 230 ^b Ibid. 231. ^c Ib. 230 ^d Ib. 45. ^e Ib. 179. ^f Letter of Mass. Gen. Ct. to Oliver Cromwell, Ib. 166, 452. ^g Petition of Gen. Ct. to Parl. 1651, Ib. 448. ^h Gen. Court's declaration of rights in 1661, Ib. 456. ⁱ Ib. vol. ii. 12. ^k Hut. Hist. Mass. Bay, vol. ii. p. 10. ^l Ib. vol. i. 263. ^m Ib. 289. ⁿ Ib. 290, vol. ii. 12. ^o Ib. 163.

to speak of appeals to the king, *p* are symptoms of an high sense of independence, and precursors of national sovereignty. They sprang up under the old charter, and were nourished by the moral, civil, religious, and military character of our ancestors. The new charter, imposed after the restoration *checked*, but did not destroy the *seeds* of national freedom. They are discovered bursting forth on all sides in opposition to the king's governors and parliamentary influence, in disregard of acts of trade, *q* in declarations of the invalidity of taxation without representation, in securing the controul of the treasury, *r* and *grasping* under every favourable pretence, the *claims* of prerogative."

Mr. Q. then proceeds to show that the evils which called forth this high spirit of freedom into action, were "external luxury, avarice, and lust of domination, co-operating with an internal depraved and disappointed faction." That the cupidity and domineering spirit of Great-Britain, seconded by the malignant passions of a few discontented and ambitious persons among the colonists, by successive aggressions and irritations, aroused that spirit of indignation and resistance, which cast off the chains which were attempted to be imposed.

The resemblance between those enemies of colonial independence and the present opposers of the measures of our government, is thus sketched by Mr. Q.

"The factious spirits, whose intrigues have produced such losses and distress to the United States, and forced our federated stars from the pathway of peace and heaven, are servile copyists of those ancient enemies of Colonial independence. They have neither the claim of originals, the merit of ingenuity, nor the charm of novelty. It is not a mere general resemblance, it is the old piece in a new position. The same in character and attitude, in expression and passion, in dexterity and design. The Tories and royalists of old time, compared with the true friends of America, were a small and

weak party, unable to acquire the confidence of the people. Ambition, which cannot be gratified by honourable means, has a sure resource in intrigue. Their invitations stimulated and encouraged aggression. They marked out the plan for our enemies. Divide and conquer. Insert your influence amid the parties of the State. Corrupt the avaricious, frighten the weak, vilify virtue, turn talents to ridicule, weaken the obligations of morality, destroy the influence of religion, make men worthy to be slaves, and they will sue for fetters. How minutely the opponents of the will of the people have adhered to these principles in our day, is too obvious to remark. We shall find the likeness not less striking, if, keeping our own times in view, we call to recollection the arts by which the Tories and royalists formerly played this eternal game of tyranny. To encourage and unite the inhabitants of the old world, they every where proclaimed us a divided people; that, embarked in a common cause, we refused to bear our share of expense; that, reared under their wing, in our strength, we were unmindful of our patrons. In America different changes were rung. They attempted to set at variance the southern and northern colonies, to make the orders of State contend, to render the poor suspicious of the rich, the rich fearful of the poor. They told the people of fleets and armies, of the power of the adversary, and their [own] weakness. The arms and victories of a nation, then stiled terrible to her enemies and generous to her friends, were painted in colours best suited to alarm. The sin, the crying sin of ingratitude, to a nation who had fought our battles, the bones of whose warriors were mingled in the same plains with ours, was blazoned in terms designed to make us odious and contemptible at home and abroad. Every man of talent and virtue was designated as an object of the most atrocious slander. Our clergy, God ever preserve to them the glorious prerogative!—calumniated by the enemies of their country. Our patriots loaded with every insult, which abandoned minds could invent. *Otis*, the spirited and eloquent statesman; *Mayhew*, the man of wit, learning, and piety; *Adams*, the equal pride of past and present times."

p Hutchinson's Hist. Mass. Bay, vol. ii. p. 64. *q* Ib. 83. *r* Ib. 266.

s Vid. the series of political essays in newspapers for ten years preceding the re-

This comparison is undoubtedly too comprehensive and unqualified. Justice and candour will make numerous discriminations among those whom popular passion and prejudice have classed under one denomination. It is a common and every-day remark, that the abuses of names and of language, exaggeration and misrepresentation among the votaries of party, are manifold and mischievous. The indulgence of those virulent invectives against each other, among political partizans, has a tendency to debase our manners, poison the sources of social intercourse and felicity, and to augment, in a thousand degrees and a thousand ways, the evils which each professes to be desirous to prevent. The grounds of difference of opinion among men are endless; and the chances for this difference are multiplied in proportion to the importance of the subject which interests their attention.

Opinion may be modified by accident and countless circumstances, arising from education, habit, and situation, without supposing any wilful ignorance or depravity among those who entertain discordant sentiments. But, in these times of discord and contention, to look for the empire of benevolence and justice in the minds and hearts of men, may be delightful as a vision of the fancy, but experience teaches us it is almost a chimerical hope.

Mr. Q. aware that his comparison may be too loose and general, has, in a note, with much candour and elegance, admitted the propriety and justice of minuter shades of discrimination in the characters of parties, which the general nature of his subject, and the topics he had selected, did not permit him to make.

The causes of our present danger,

Mr. Q. supposes to arise from our indolence in support of government, in a listless disregard of the public welfare, in the selfish pursuit of private gain, and schemes of individual opulence—in the indifference and unconcern with which we treat the government, our magistrates, and their measures calumniated; in the want of that patriotism and genuine love of the public good which would prompt men to be vigilant of the interests of their country, and active in advancing its property and happiness.

Every good man must unite with Mr. Q. in deploring these evils, and in deprecating their ruinous consequences.

To awaken his fellow citizens from the dreams of avarice and the torpor of indolence, Mr. Q. calls their attention to the state of Europe, and depicts the progress of the Gallic republic towards universal dominion. He reminds them of the artful flattery and insidious conduct of Philip of Macedon towards the States of Greece, by which they were lulled into listless security, till the tyrant had prepared his toils by which the unsuspecting victim was ensnared and enslaved. He invites them to listen to the language of an elegant and admired historian of the Roman republic, while describing the arts and the intrigues by which that republic successively subjugated the nations of the world, and maintained an almost universal empire.

In this history, as in a mirror, may be seen the reflected image of the rulers of France, who, with the professions of Roman virtues, have practised all the arts of Roman ambition, and all the schemes of Roman conquest and injustice.

Mr. Q. presents to the view of

volation, particularly the writings of Novanglus, in *Edes and Gill's Gazette*, commencing January, 1775, and those of *Massachusetts*, in the *Boston Chronicle* about the same period.

his audience "Italy and Holland plundered, prostrate and enslaved; Venice given away at a bargain; and Swiss mountains, whose bare and icy breasts upheld liberty to the heavens, penetrated, vanquished and enchained." He congratulates his countrymen that their spirit was at length roused, and that they would not tamely suffer their independence to be wrested from them. He demands of them whether, "with the records of" their "ancestors in" their "hands, their maxims" in their "hearts," they would "be frightened into disgraceful sacrifices, or descend to try liberty by arithmetical process, open accounts between independence and submission, strike balances, and make nice calculations, how much it will cost to be freemen, and what" they "may hope to keep and be slaves:" And concludes with an assurance, that a virtuous union among themselves, and a manly confidence in their rulers, would secure to them the enjoyment of peace and liberty, and maintain the honour and dignity of the nation.

From this sketch of the topics of reasoning, and the extracts we have made, our readers will be able to judge of the spirit and style of this oration. The strain of oratory is animated and impressive, and well suited to the popular feeling and sentiment. Though as a composition of a superior cast, we should not place it among the common class of similar productions; yet we do not regard it as a finished model of that species of eloquence, in our opinion, the best adapted to such an occasion.

In the perusal we have remarked frequent repetitions of the same idea, and some redundancies and negligence of expression, which are common in the diffuse style of our public speakers, and which would scarcely be noticed by the auditor; but when subjected to the cooler

criticism of the closet, arrest the attention of the reader.

We hope we shall not be deemed fastidious in mentioning a few of those inaccuracies which casually occurred to our observation. While we are anxious to preserve our political and religious principles from foreign and domestic corruption, the man of letters may be indulged in his wishes and efforts to maintain the purity and propriety of our language. The following passages and phrases are those we have thought proper to notice as exceptionable: "Dark and gloomy clouds." "Passions are abroad and operating in the land." "External luxury, avarice, and lust of dominion have again grasped at the sovereignty of our nation, and supported internally by a depraved, ambitious, and disappointed faction, had well nigh effected its intent." "Principles which wrought our independence." "Massive debt." "Groveling intent captivates gross understanding." "Want of spirit to resent, not only invites injury, but is among the marks of its desert." "Entailing slavery and wretchedness on prostrate man." "The infinite shapes it assumes." "Demoralizing man—making one event to patriots and traitors." "Malignity of their virulence." "Recompence upon the people." "Waded through blood and peril." "Firm and stern texture of our constitution."

Some licentiousness of style may, indeed, be allowed the occasional and popular orator; and in this respect, and in every other, the present is far less faulty than any other production of the day which has fallen under our notice. N.

ART. XIV.

Two Sermons, delivered before the New-York Missionary Society; the first on April 23d, in the Scots' Presbyterian Church, by the Rev.

Dr. Livingston. *The second, on April 24th, in the North Dutch Church, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight. To which is added, a Charge given to the first Missionary, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers; together with the Instructions to Missionaries, and the Report of the Directors.* 8vo. pp. 104. New-York. Isaac Collins. 1799.

THE first of these sermons, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, is founded on Colossians iii. 11. *Christ is all, and in all.* After a natural and proper introduction he proposes to show that *Christ is all, and in all.* 1. In the sacred scriptures; 2. In the religion of sinners; and, 3. In Providence. The two first particulars appear to be, in many respects, so nearly the same, that we are inclined to believe the plan would have been more perfect, had they been compressed into one. Do not the scriptures contain and exhibit the religion of sinners? Do not all the histories, precepts, promises, threatnings, and institutions contained in Revelation, go to make up the great scheme of redemption? And is this scheme any thing else than the religion of sinners? We do not consider this an essential fault; but it is highly desirable, in every discourse, to have as little interference of heads, and as little repetition of the same thoughts, as is consistent with a proper degree of popular plainness and amplification.

In the discussion of the second particular, many interesting truths are delivered, and the necessity and excellency of revealed religion are well pointed out. Under the last head Dr. L. glances transiently on what more peculiarly belonged to the occasion. By the doctrine, that Christ is invested with the actual administration of Providence, and is the end of it, he shows that the highest encouragement is afforded

for the promulgation of his gospel. These considerations are applied, with some animation, in the close of the discourse, to the views and exertions of the Missionary Society.

Dr. L.'s style and manner may be judged of from the following quotations:

Page 36 he says,

"Diminutive as man appears when compared with the universe, and less than nothing when likened unto God; mean as a creature in the scale of beings, and still less and unworthy as a sinner; there is, nevertheless, no ground for cavil against the infinite price at which salvation is obtained, or the amazing method by which the work is accomplished. An immortal soul, capable of receiving the divine image, of knowing, loving, and serving God in consummate bliss forever, is not a little thing. Millions of such are not beneath the notice and care of the Supreme. Small and great are comparative terms. No part of the moral creation is in itself inconsiderable. The harmony which must subsist in the divine government, the connexion of systems, the influence of worlds upon worlds, of every part of the vast dominion of God upon the whole, of present transactions upon the ages of eternity, render it absolutely impossible for finite minds to estimate what is small or great, or determine upon the question of propriety and right. If God designs to magnify his love, and display the riches of his grace, in saving even the least, the youngest of the family, it may be expected, that in the plan and accomplishment it will be worthy of himself. No step can be too marvellous, no part of the work too astonishing, nor need it offend the highest intelligences to find that, in becoming a Redeemer, he performs a new work, and assumes the very nature he redeems into a personal union with himself. Nothing is too great for God. The ends hereby attained may not only reach the redeemed, but in their blessed consequences extend to the whole creation, and produce most glorious and salutary effects to all eternity. Whatever it may be, his thoughts are not our thoughts, nor are our ways his ways. Far, then, from exclaiming, how can these things be? or raising objections from the character and relative insignificance of man, it becomes us to believe and adore. The difficulty of reconciling such proceedings in the moral

government to our views and expectations, serves rather to enhance the value of this great salvation, confirm its certainty, and prompt us, with cheerfulness, to submit to the glorious gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Again, in p. 42; he thus speaks of the association by whose appointment the discourse was delivered.

"Every part of this subject has an immediate respect to the work in which we are now engaged. Had the Missionary Society any temporal pursuits in view; did the prospects of gain, of policy or ambition mingle with the motives which have associated us, some other topic would have been chosen this evening, and arguments of a different complexion, derived from other sources, claimed your attention. But, what is our work—what our object? Is it not to honour the divine Redeemer—to make known to the heathen that a Saviour reigns—to extend the Kingdom of righteousness, peace and truth to idolatrous savages—and change the habitations of ignorance and cruelty into enlightened dwellings of purity and comfort? This work, like the kingdom to which it appertains, is not of this world. It partakes of nothing that is censurable; opposes no interest but that of hell; and is entitled to the prayers and benedictions of all who ascribe glory to God, or cherish good-will to men.

"Acting upon such principles, and with the answer of a good and well informed conscience, what instruction, in regard to duty, and what encouragement to perseverance, need now be added? Hope for the heathen, the certainty of their future conversion, and the obligation upon christians to be active and zealous in propagating the gospel, have, upon a former occasion, been urged with such strength of argument, and enforced with so much energy, that the impression then made must be indelible. To present the same objects again to your view would answer no valuable purpose. If you believe, indeed, that Christ is all and in all, your hearts have burned within you while contemplating the glory which succeeded his sufferings, and you are ready to cry out, "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad—say among the heathen the Lord reigneth."

The second sermon in this collection, by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, is on Ezekiel xxxviii. 3. And he

said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest. Dr. McK. after showing the circumstances of this prophetic vision, and that the primary object to which it referred was, "the recovery of the Jews from their captivity in Babylon," proceeds to say, that "there are several other objects to which it may be justly referred." He considers it, 1. As an emblematical representation of the recovery of the sinner from a state of spiritual death. 2. That "it may be referred to the recovery of the church and people of God from a state of degeneracy and declension." 3. That it admits of a particular application to the views of the Missionary Society, in propagating the gospel among the heathen tribes. 4. That it may be considered as a lively emblematical representation of the resurrection of the dead at the last day.

Though each of these points is illustrated in a judicious and perspicuous manner, yet we doubt whether the arrangement adopted will be thought the most happy. We suspect most readers will be of the opinion, that the last particular ought either to have been omitted altogether, or to have preceded the head which it follows. Had the occasion been a common one, this objection, perhaps, would have little, if any weight. But after having entered professedly on the great business of the meeting, it was not advisable to call the attention of the hearers to a new subject. It is true, indeed, sending the gospel among the heathen will, in the order both of time and of nature, precede the resurrection of the body; but while the minds of the auditors were warmed with the views given of the benevolent design and exertions of the Missionary Society, to introduce a discussion on the nature, circumstances, and evi-

dences of the resurrection, was calculated, we think, to distract them, and to weaken the favourable impressions which might have been made.

Those who have not read this discourse will be able to form some judgment of the character of Dr. M'K.'s composition by the following extracts.

Under the first head, p. 53, the Dr. observes,

"However some may boast of the dignity and powers of human nature; or whatever its natural, intellectual, political or moral abilities may be, yet, how to perform spiritual actions, in a holy and spiritual manner, whilst in his natural state, man findeth not. The powers of the soul are not less deranged, nor its competency for spiritual action less destroyed by sin, than those of the body are by natural death. Universal experience confirms the truth of those scripture declarations, that every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart is only evil continually; that he is asleep in security, and dead in trespasses and sins; that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned; that the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be; and that the exertion of the same Almighty Power which created the world, at first, out of nothing, by which Jesus Christ was raised from the dead, and by which our bodies shall be raised at the last day, is necessary to quicken the sinner to a spiritual life, and to make him alive unto God.

"If there are any of you who have not found this to be the case, be assured you are yet strangers to your condition. You know not the plagues of your own hearts; you are strangers to the glorious perfections and character of God, and to the holiness, spirituality, extent, and power of his law; you are yet without God, without Christ, and without hope in the world.

"When, therefore, we preach the gospel to sinners, and call upon them to repent, to be converted and to believe, we are in precisely similar circumstances with the prophet when he prophesied, saying, *O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. Did our success depend on hu-*

man probabilities, or the natural efficacy of even instituted means, never, until time should give place to eternity, would we convert one soul."

And again, under the third head, p. 60.

"This prophetic exhibition justly admits of a particular application to the immediate occasion of our present meeting. We are engaged in an attempt to propagate the gospel among the Indian tribes upon our frontiers. Realize, for a moment, their situation, and the difficulties and discouragements with which we have to contend. You will find them as unfit materials for the object contemplated, as the dry bones in the valley of vision to constitute an army of living men. Besides that depravity which is common to human nature, ignorant, uncivilized and savage: roaming abroad in quest of their prey, like the wild beasts of the forest; and, alas! that there is reason to add, corrupted, and their prejudices strongly excited against Christianity, by the still greater depravity and wickedness of a large proportion of those from among ourselves with whom they have had intercourse.

"*Can these dry bones live? Can these savages of the wilderness become Christians? How shall their roving minds be fixed? How shall they be brought to realize and lay to heart their misery and danger?* How shall they be brought to apprehend and embrace the remedy?"

"*O Lord God thou knowest. We believe it our duty to make the attempt. We believe, and are fully persuaded that thou art able to render it successful. Whether thou wilt or not, belongs not to us to determine. In the name of our God would we set up our banners. Confiding in thy purposes, power, and grace, would we prosecute this important undertaking. Hast thou not promised to give unto Jesus, thy Son, the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession? Hast thou not said, It is a light thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth."*

On the whole, could we keep out of view the occasion on which these sermons were delivered, we should think highly of them, as specimens of serious, judicious, and

evangelical pulpit address. But in judging of any discourse, its fitness for the occasion, and its tendency to promote the design of its delivery, are important considerations. In this view of the subject we cannot help supposing, that the object which should have been most conspicuous and prominent is, in both the discourses, too little dwelt upon, and too faintly displayed. We have no doubt, however, but they will be read with pleasure and profit by all who are friendly to the cause which they are intended to advance.

Of the *Charge* delivered to the first Missionary, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, we can say nothing but what is favourable. The points insisted upon are of the utmost importance, and judiciously selected. They are arranged in a natural order, and expressed in a forcible and affectionate manner.

The *Instructions to Missionaries*, and the *Report of the Directors*, come next in order. These will by no means be considered as the least interesting parts of this publication. It would be thought tedious were we to attempt to give a detail of their contents. It is sufficient to say, that they manifest much attention, disinterestedness and zeal, in the directors of the society; and the perusal of them, while it gratifies curiosity, will give pleasure to the friends of the missionary undertaking. The instructions are drawn up with knowledge, discernment, and caution, and in a style of unaffected simplicity, suited to the subject. As we understand that this publication is made at the expense of the society, and that any emolument arising from the sale is to be applied to the support of missionaries, we wish it an extensive circulation. We are glad to see that sectarian denominations and controversies are kept out of view in the collection which we have considered, and in the various pre-

VOL. I. No. 3.

ceding publications of the society; and we cannot help concluding with the remark, that the extensive missionary schemes which have been lately set on foot, both in Europe and America, and which have hitherto received such unexampled support, amidst the rapid increase of infidelity, and amidst scenes of convulsion, revolution, and blood, form an object of contemplation, interesting, in a high degree, not only to the christian, but also to the philosopher. Z.

Account of American Editions of Foreign Publications.

ART. IX.

Joan of Arc: An Epic Poem, by Robert Southey. Boston. Manning and Loring. 1798. 12mo. pp. 170.

AN Epic Poem is the narrative, in verse, of some momentous and solemn event, generally connected with the fate of nations or large bodies of men. The earliest performance of this kind with which we are acquainted is the *Iliad* of Homer. The reverence for what is ancient, and the influence of education, have combined to make this poem the object of our praise and our imitation. It is, in a considerable degree, the model by which every thing that is called an epic poem is to be fashioned. The metrical form, the distribution into books, the artificial arrangement of incidents, the influence of preternatural agents, the scenes of war and battle, the embellishment of similes and allegories, accompany most works of this kind, chiefly because these constitute the pattern which the Grecian bard has exhibited.

Homer was a man of a barbarous age, and a rude nation. Superstition was vigorous; science was un-

known; war and depredation made up the business and delight of mankind. All mental exertions were limited to the composition of meagre annals of past events, in which the truth was deformed by tradition and credulity; in which effects were disjoined from their causes, and unattended with their circumstances, or of metrical legends, in which invention supplied the defects of memory, and embellished events with causes and circumstances, grotesque, miraculous, and incredible. These legends were more or less copious and complex, and exemplified all the degrees of extent and of intricacy, from the ballad of Chevy-Chace to the *Epopœa* of Homer.

The progress of society enlarged the views, sharpened the sagacity and refined the judgment of men. Language, bound down to a regular succession of *short* and *long*, gave place to the variety and freedom of prose: meagre, diffuse, disjointed and miraculous tales were supplanted by narratives, where invention was chastened by judgment, where effects were duly adjusted to causes, and where motives were properly connected with actions, and actions with motives. Ionic legends, and the chronicles of Cecrops, gave way to the romance of Xenophon and the history of Thucydides. In Italy, *Hetruscan* songs and pontifical records were, in time, supplanted by the speeches of Livy, and the portraits of Tacitus.

It is a problem not easily solved, why, in the periods of Attic and Roman refinement, Homer should continue to be idolized and imitated? The rude and barbarous traditions current among the vulgar, respecting the foundation of the Roman State, by emigrants from Troy, were treated, by Cicero and Livy, with just neglect and contempt: but when Cæsar and Octavius had overturned the liberties of Rome, it behoved them to secure

to themselves the homage which folly and ignorance bestow upon ancestry and names. The memory of Venus, and Anchises, and Iulus was revived; and a poet of Mantua has given a remarkable instance of servile adulation to tyrants, and superstitious reverence for antiquity, in a poem in which monstrous fables, absurdities and contradictions, are woven into a metrical tale.—Homer's verse, images, and allusions; his brutal men and sanguinary deities, are laboriously transfused into the *Æneid*; and the race of the Cæsars, and the enmity of Carthage, are traced to the condescension of a goddess, and to a shipwreck.

Monsters and phantoms may be vividly painted, and may afford a certain species of delight, by the decoration of imagery and numbers. We admire the poet's exhibition of the conflagration of Troy, and the amorous despair of Dido, and are ravished by the music of his phrase. What we wonder at and censure, is the conforming of his fiction to a model so defective as Homer; the consecration of his powers to the embellishment of childish chimera's and vulgar superstitions, and the propagation of slavish maxims and national delusions. An instance of the same folly had like to have been given by Pope, when he designed to write an epic poem on the ridiculous story of Brutus' emigration to Britain from Troy.

Narrations are either fictitious or true. Fictitious narratives differ, among other respects, in their *form*, which is either verse or prose. There are no essential differences between them, but those which arise from more or less abounding in utility and eloquence; from displaying more or less knowledge, genius and sagacity, in the plan and execution of the story.

The selection of a theme truly important, adorning it with the lus-

tre of eloquence, supplying, with judicious hand, the deficiencies of history, in the statement of motives and the enumeration of circumstances; fashioning falsehood by the most rigid standard of probability, and suggesting to the readers beneficial truths, is the sublimest province that can be assigned to man. It is questionable whether verse be a more advantageous garb of such a theme than prose; but whatever superiority we ascribe to verse, this superiority is small. All that constitutes the genuine and lasting excellence of narratives; all the subtilities of ratiocination, the energies and ornaments of rhetoric, and the colours of description, are compatible with prose. Numbers are an equivocal, or, at least, not an essential attribute of a moral and useful tale.

No incident is more adapted to the purposes of moral and political instruction than the revolution produced, in the fifteenth century, in France, by the enthusiasm of Joan of Arc. History has preserved the material events of this revolution, and genius could not be more usefully employed than in filling up the outline sketched by the best historians, amplifying and drawing out the unnoticed parts, charming the attention by minute details, and filling the fancy by luminous displays of actions and motives.

No where is taught a more powerful lesson on the principles of human nature, the tendency of the feudal system, the evils of ambition and war, and the operations of religious enthusiasm and popular passions. No tale strikes the imagination with greater wonder, more frequently eludes and defeats foresight, and produces stronger emotions of surprize, without, at the same time, shocking our belief: Hence no tale is more fitted for lofty and poetic narrative.

Mr. Southey is the first poet who

has appeared to be sensible of the excellence of this theme. The motives of his choice, however, are not of the most comprehensive kind. A resemblance seems designed to be insinuated between the condition of France at that period and at present, and a lesson to be taught on the force of the national spirit to repel invasion. It is a satire on the English nation, and a lesson on the folly as well as injustice of ambition.

The story of the Maid of Arc is well known. It is told by David Hume with perspicuity and judgment that has seldom been surpassed. All divine and miraculous agency is, of course, rejected by him. The tales which the fancy of the fifteenth century invented, to exalt the birth and education, and dignify the motives of the heroine, are justly exploded. Mr. Southey, however, adopts the most fantastic of these tales, which, no doubt, were imagined by him more suitable to poetry, but which, in reality, degrade it, and destroy its usefulness.

The poem opens with the appearance of a wounded knight in a forest. Joan finds him, where he lies in a swoon; and, calling him by his name, (Dunois) encourages him by the promise of a speedy cure. This cure is immediately performed; and the hero, recovering his strength, tenders his thanks, and acknowledges the interference of a deity in his behalf. The maid proceeds to relate her history. She proves to have been the daughter of a cottager living in the neighbourhood of Harfleur, and compelled, by the invasion of Henry V. to retire to that city. She dwells upon the miseries of the siege that followed. The city being taken, she flies, in company with a friend of her father, and finds a refuge in the cell of an hermit, where she remains fourteen years,

and acquires the skill of a physician. On the death of the hermit she accompanies Theodore, a young soldier who had been found, like Dunois, wounded and helpless in the forest, to his home. The occupations and amusements of a shepherdess succeeded. These, in consequence of dialogues on the deplorable state of France, and of supernatural impulses, are exchanged for the design of fighting the battles of her country.

In her way to the residence of the prince, various encounters take place, by which she is informed of previous and contemporary incidents. A vision is described, in which her future exploits and her ultimate destiny are shadowed forth. Being introduced to the king, she displays a miraculous sagacity in singling him out from among his courtiers. She defends, before an assembly of divines, the religion of nature, and the truth of her mission is attested by mysterious sounds issuing from a tomb. Afterwards a magical sword is procured from the tomb of Orlando, and this gift is attested with many marvellous incidents. The remainder of the poem is occupied with incidents which happened at the siege of Orleans, mingled with visions and allegories.

The events of the siege consist chiefly of personal combats, described with some force, and embellished with well-selected circumstances and pathetic allusions. Theodore, the companion and lover of the maid, is slain, and occasion is hence afforded to exhibit Joan in a new and more tender light. The poem terminates with the deliverance of Orleans, the defeat of the English, and the coronation of the Dauphin at Rheims.

An accurate conception of the merit of this performance cannot be easily formed. True genius cannot be denied to shine forth in almost every line; but that genius is

not chastened or exalted by discipline and knowledge. Happy epithets, vivid descriptions, copious imagery, and tender sentiments are every where to be found; but these are constantly mingled with feeble and rugged numbers, with harsh and new coined terms, with affectations and obscurities.

The plan is simple and artless; attention is never roused by expectation, or held in suspense. We are never imperiously called away from the present scene by that which is to follow. Incidents are touched lightly, and connected loosely. They belong to one person, place and time; and by reasoning on the matter, we perceive that they have a kind of subservience to the great event of the Dauphin's coronation; but the narrative awakens neither curiosity nor surprise. The merit of a well-constructed fable does not belong to this work, while, at the same time, it cannot be condemned for incongruity or useless episodes.

The genuine story of Joan lays the highest claim to our curiosity and admiration; but some disgust and disappointment were awakened in our minds, on finding the bold, natural and instructive features of her history displaced by the tasteless and trite fictions of an hermit's cell, miraculous skill in the cure of diseases, Orlando's sword, the innocent amusements of a shepherdess, the sorrows of fantastic love, and, lastly, the serious assertions of preternatural impulse.

Characters, strictly speaking, are not to be found in this poem. Names are introduced, and actions recounted, but no distinct images of the habits and motives connected with them are produced. Joan is feebly and vaguely portrayed. Her speeches are without energy or eloquence, and we meet with none of those pictures which remind us of the extraordinary transitions which she underwent, and the wonderful

energies by which she was actuated. The exploits of a woman of obscure birth, and servile education, in an age of aristocratical pride and military turbulence, are here described as if they were common and vulgar things. The contest of one prejudice with another; the power of enthusiasm over maiden inexperience and womanish scruples, over lordly and martial presumption; the events of war and the fate of nations, which the story of Joan was so well adapted to illustrate, is not exhibited here, or exhibited in a frigid, indirect, and feeble manner.

The male characters, Dunois, Conrade and Theodore, have nothing in them appropriate or distinct. The same hues of mildness, tenderness, and amiable feelings, are diffused over the heroine and her companions. They are beings entitled to our love; they are looked upon with pity and complacency, but without admiration or delight.

But, though we may conceive pictures of more strenuous minds, narratives of more natural and instructive incidents, and inferences more comprehensive and profound, on the state of ancient manners, and in the principles of human nature, than are contained in this poem, we must not deny it the praise which is due. The tale, though languid and marvellous, is not incongruous. The allegories are spun with ingenuity, and much vivacity of fancy; the style is not void of many faults, nor destitute of many beauties; and the moral tendency of the whole is blameless and pure.

If the value of this poem were measured by comparison with contemporary productions, we should rate it very highly. Among the serious and pathetic poets of our own time, the author of *Joan of Arc* must, perhaps, be assigned the highest place. None other pos-

sesses a fancy equally vigorous and sprightly, a strain more equable, melodious, moral, and pathetic. If any should be thought to exceed him in these estimable properties, perhaps it is Cowper, whose tender, enthusiastic, and devout spirit, is shared by this author, but whose poetry is not blemished with so many defects. B.

ART. X.

Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical. By Benjamin Count Rumford. *The first American, from the third London Edition.*

(Continued from page 134.)

THE second essay in this work is designed to investigate the first principles of establishments for the cure of poverty. Money to supply the poor with materials and accommodations, is an indispensable, but not the only or most important requisite. Idleness cannot be removed, profligacy reclaimed, or misery effectually relieved by force. The means useful to this end, cannot be purchased. They consist in voluntary and benevolent exertions. The management of all such institutions must, therefore, be consigned to men contributing their aid without pecuniary recompense, and who are incited by no motive but the desire of doing good. Zeal and integrity in the managers are the only means of effecting the end of such establishments, and of securing the concurrence of the public. To this may be added the notoriety of their proceedings, and their rendering to the public periodical accounts of receipts and disbursements.

The expense of such institutions is much less than is commonly supposed. Economical regulations; the bringing of all donations into one fund; the concentrating of industry,

and simplifying the objects of attention, possess obvious advantages.—Half the money, contributed at random and by chance to beggars, will effectually extirpate beggary, when collected into one fund and subjected to methodical management; whereas, in a different way, instead of correcting, it only aggravates the evil. Assistance to beggars, where such an establishment exists, is highly injurious; and charity can only be effectual by throwing its mite into the funds of that establishment.

In cities, whatever be their size, one establishment only should exist. Subdivisions into districts should be numerous in proportion to the population, but they should form only parts of one system. All essential power should be vested in a supreme committee, and subordinate departments should be merely ministerial; but this supreme committee should consist, in part, of the members of subordinate departments.

Mildness and lenity in the treatment of the poor and vicious, cannot be too much insisted on. Hence zeal and benevolence in the administrators, are absolutely necessary. Men opulent and noble, magistrates and ecclesiastics are, by all means, to be prompted to concur as a supreme committee. Their province will be chiefly that of superintendence, and to authorize the supplying of wants which are certified, by subordinate officers, to be real. This aid will consist in weekly presents of money, provisions, and clothing, or fuel, or supplies of necessary articles at the prime cost of these articles. Business of this kind cannot be simplified and expedited by any means so much as by the use of printed forms.

To relieve immediate wants is insufficient. To impart food to the hungry is a trifling and endless task. It is requisite that temper-

ance and industry should be given. Any other boon is, perhaps, more injurious than beneficial. How are the vicious and idle to be reformed? no undertaking is more delicate and more momentous.

Conciliation and kindness are the chief means. Punishments may sometimes, though rarely, be necessary; but they should be administered without any attendant passion but pity. Rewards, on the contrary, should be plentifully conferred. It is needless to add, that, though a less equivocal instrument than punishment, a vigilant inspection and cautious judgment are requisite to make them beneficial.

Having described an establishment of this kind, it is next considered how it may be introduced in given circumstances; how the curiosity of the public and their zeal may be awakened by the exertions of a single individual in this cause. That individual must be indefatigable and wise: he must possess no mean skill in human nature and knowledge of local circumstances: he must circulate his scheme as widely as possible, by means of printed proposals gratuitously distributed, in which the particulars of his scheme are copiously and perspicuously detailed.

It must be a scheme for feeding and employing the poor, on the principles already explained and reduced to practice in the establishment at Manich. He must begin with protesting the disinterestedness of his own motives; he must enumerate the steps that will be taken when the requisite sums are subscribed. Twenty-five of those highest in the list shall be convened by letter: these shall name, by ballot, five subscribers to collect contributions and superintend the execution of the plan. The author of the plan will settle all details in the arrangement of the establishment. The place selected will be as central,

as cheap, and as healthfully situated as possible.

A public kitchen will first be erected, to furnish food at the recommendation of subscribers, of four kinds, differing in goodness and in price. Eating rooms will be built, in which this food will be served. Additional rooms, cleanly, spacious, well lighted, and well warmed, will be opened for the use of the poor, to which they will be invited to bring their work. Utensils and raw materials will be gradually furnished, decorum maintained, and rewards judiciously conferred.

In fitting up the kitchen, and in lighting, warming, and purifying the edifice, every economical, cheap, and elegant invention will be introduced. The success that will crown this scheme, will stimulate benevolence and incite imitation. Similar plans may be formed and executed in other parts of the city; and poor rates, being no longer of use, may universally give place to voluntary subscription.

Original subscriptions will be all-sufficient. The establishment, once carried into effect, will, ever afterwards, support itself. Relief of poverty is the great scope of this design, but other ends may be comprised in it. Apartments may be opened for the reception and exhibition of new inventions, particularly such as are conducive to domestic comfort and frugality: models of kitchens may be exhibited for the inspection of the public, and their practical utility shown by engaging cooks, and furnishing diners to customers.

Orders for food, on the public kitchen, shall be furnished to all applicants; preferring, first, frequenters of the working rooms, and, secondly, those recommended by subscribers. Subscribers shall receive semi-annually, tickets amounting to ten per cent. on their

subscriptions, till one half of the subscriptions be in this manner repaid. But food being fifty per cent. cheaper than elsewhere, the whole subscription will thus be, in two years and an half, fully refunded; and the establishment will thenceforth subsist on its own income. All property, however, will still be vested in the original contributors. Such will be the scheme delineated, and concurrence cannot fail of being obtained, if judiciously and powerfully solicited.

Relief to the poor will be more cheaply, extensively, and beneficially administered by the means just described, than by any other. Affluent persons may confer considerable, though inferior benefit, by as close an imitation of this model as possible, and by supplying the indigent, to the extent which their revenue admits, with incitements and materials of industry.

One species of charity which consists not in giving money, but merely in lending or refraining from increasing our store, may be practised with great effect. Let provisions, and especially fuel, be purchased at the cheapest rate. Advantage for this end, may be taken of the season, of the circumstances of the vender, of the quantity to be purchased, and of other particulars which influence the price of a commodity. They may be sold to the poor in portions, and at times suitable to their wants, and at prime cost. In articles whose price is variable, the relief impartible by this method, can scarcely be estimated. If we sell that for fifty cents, whose common price is an hundred and fifty, we confer what is equivalent to an alms of one hundred cents, and in a way far less liable to abuse. Another who shall give an hundred cents in money, is poorer by so much, and has probably injured and not benefited the receiver; whereas our gift is equal

to his, without being any deduction from our original stock, and has probably operated to advantage.

Our charity may likewise consist, not in giving money or money's worth, but in imparting knowledge. The poor are ignorant, negligent, and wasteful. Fire, which they use to warm themselves, serves commonly to increase the cold. Slight and cheap improvements in the structure of their chimneys, will obviate this inconvenience. Fuel, for the purpose of cooking, is at present a subject of enormous waste. Portable earthen pots, formed on simple and obvious principles, comprising a tin vessel and a receptacle for fuel, will greatly abridge expense. The gift of one of these would frequently remove the distresses of multitudes.

Cookery is an art hitherto employed to augment expense, and to stimulate the palate at the price of health. No art is of more importance, when unperverted from its genuine purposes, which consist in enhancing the nutritious and savoury qualities of food, and economizing labour, time, and expense. No one can tell to what extent this

art might be made subservient to these purposes. How greatly would the condition of the poor be improved if persuaded to adopt various modes that might be mentioned of preparing cheap and savoury soups!

The remainder of this essay is employed in repeating and enforcing various considerations that had before occurred. Some useful remarks are made as to the best method of disposing of the product of the labour of the poor, and the equity that ought to be observed in the regulation of their wages.

The utility of this treatise is practical. We live in a country where poverty subsists and where establishments for the relief of poverty are maintained. What use might be made of this writer's speculations, it is of importance to discover. If his ideas be just, and those ideas have been neglected in our own system, it is time to bestir ourselves in the work of reformation. If they be erroneous, no inconsiderable service will be done to the cause of general happiness by demonstrating their fallacy, and exhibiting a better system in their stead.

O.

SELECTIONS.

An Account of Mr. PARK'S Journey into the Interior Parts of Africa.

(Continued from page 140.)

THE city of Sego, at which Mr. Park had now arrived, consisted of four divisions or quarters, two on each side of the water; and each of them being surrounded by a mud wall, it had the appearance of four distinct towns. The houses are built of clay, and have flat roofs; but some of them have two stories, and many are white-washed. Besides these buildings, Moorish mosques are seen in every quarter. These

objects, with the numerous boats on the river, a crowded population, and the cultivated state of the surrounding country, formed altogether a prospect of civilization and magnificence which our traveller little expected to find in the bosom of Africa. From the best inquiries he could make, he had reason to believe that the place contained altogether about 30,000 inhabitants.

The boats on the Niger are formed of the trunks of two large trees rendered concave, and joined together, not side by side, but lengthways, the junction being exactly

across the middle of the boat. They are, therefore, very long, and disproportionably narrow, and have neither decks nor masts; they are, however, roomy. Mr. Park observed in one of them four horses and a great many people crossing at a ferry.

To this ferry Mr. Park proceeded, intending to cross over to the largest quarter of the city, where he was informed the king of Bambara held his residence; but the number of people pressing for a passage was such as to prevent his embarkation.

The multitude gazed on the stranger with silent wonder; and he distinguished, with concern, many Moors among them. In the mean time, information that a white man was waiting for a passage was conveyed to the king; who immediately sent a messenger to inquire what brought him to Sego, and what he wanted? Our traveller, having given the best answer he could as to the motives of his journey, added, that he was there in his way to Jenné, and, having been robbed of all he possessed, implored the king's bounty and protection. The messenger told him to go to a distant village, which he pointed out, and wait for the king's farther orders.

Mr. Park complied with these directions, but found that the inhabitants of the village were either averse or afraid to give him lodging or entertainment; and having turned his horse loose, he sought shelter from a storm of thunder and rain under a tree. At length, as night approached, the kindness and humanity inherent in the female sex, to which he had often been indebted on former occasions, came to his relief on the present. A poor negro woman, returning from the labours of the field, observed that he was wet, weary and dejected, and, taking up his saddle and bridle, told him to follow her. She led him to her cottage, lighted up a lamp, pro-

cured him an excellent supper of fish, and plenty of corn for his horse; after which she spread a mat upon the floor, and said he might remain there for the night. For this well-timed bounty our traveller presented her with two of the four brass buttons, which remained on his waistcoat. Mr. Park relates that this good woman, having performed the rites of hospitality herself, called in the female part of her family, and made them spin cotton for a great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs: one of which must have been composed extempore; for our traveller was himself the subject of it; and the air was, in his opinion, the sweetest and most plaintive he had ever heard. The words, as may be expected, were simple, and may be literally translated as follows: "The winds roared, and the rain fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn."—*Chorus*. "Let us pity the white man; no mother has he," &c. &c.

Mr. Park continued all the next day in the village, without receiving any orders from the king, and found himself the object of universal inquiry. He soon heard enough, however, to convince him that the Moors and Slatees or slave traders, residing at Sego, were exceedingly suspicious concerning the motives of his journey, and in the highest degree hostile towards him. He learnt that many consultations had been held with the king concerning his reception and disposal; and the villagers openly told him that he had many enemies, and must expect no favour.

On the third day the messenger arrived, and, bringing a bag in his hands, signified to our traveller that he must depart forthwith from the vicinage of Sego; but that Mansong the king, wishing to relieve a

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white man in distress, had sent him five thousand kowries * to enable him to purchase provisions in the course of his journey. The messenger added, that if Park's intentions were really to proceed to Jenné he had orders to accompany him as a guide to Sansanding.

Being thus compelled to leave Sego, Mr. Park applied himself to collect all the information he could from his guide. Though it was evident that this man was sent principally with the view of discovering the motives and object of his journey, he was found to be very friendly and communicative. By him Mr. Park was frankly told, that if Jenné was the place of his destination, he had undertaken an enterprize of greater danger than probably he was apprized of; for, although the town of Jenné was nominally a part of the king of Bambara's dominions, it was in fact a city of the Moors; the principal part of the inhabitants being Bushreens, or Mahometans; and even the governor himself, tho' appointed by Mansong, was of the same sect. Mr. Park's reflections on this occasion were aggravated by the circumstance, that his danger was likely to increase as he advanced on his journey; for he learnt that the places beyond Jenné were under the Moorish influence, in a still greater degree than Jenné itself; and that Tombuctoo, the great object of his research, was altogether in the possession of that savage and merciless people.

Notwithstanding these discouraging reflections, Mr. Park persisted in what he conceived to be his duty; and the first town of note at which he arrived after leaving Sego, was called Kabba. It is situated in the midst of a beautiful and highly cultivated country, "bearing," says Mr. Park, "a greater resemblance

to the centre of England than to what I should have supposed had been in the middle of Africa;" and the season was that of the *shea* harvest, or the gathering in the fruit which produces the *shee-toulou*, or tree-butter, the great abundance of which in this quarter was astonishing. The tree itself very much resembles the American oak; and the nut, from the kernel of which the butter is prepared by boiling it in water, has somewhat the appearance of a Spanish olive. The kernel is enveloped in a sweet pulp, under a thin green rind; and it is Mr. Park's opinion, that the butter produced from it, besides the advantage of its keeping without salt the whole year, is whiter, firmer, and of a richer flavour than the best butter he ever tasted made from cow's milk. The growth and preparation of this commodity seem to be among the first objects of African industry in this and the neighbouring states; and it constitutes a main article of their inland commerce.

On the afternoon of the second day Mr. Park and his guide reached Sansanding, a very large town situated on the banks of the Niger, much resorted to by the Moors, who bring thither large quantities of salt, which they barter for *shea-toulou* and gold dust. Leaving this place early next morning, he proceeded to a town called Nyara, and from thence to Modibao, a delightful place on the banks of the river, which is here very broad, and enlivened with many small and verdant islands, all of them stocked with cattle and crowded with villages. Here he was compelled to set off again abruptly, for fear of the Moors, the *dooty* or chief man giving him a guide to Kea; but his horse, which had been long reduced to a mere skeleton, dropped on the road, and he was oblig-

* Kowries, or cowries, are small shells, which, in Africa, and many parts of the East-Indies, pass current as money. In Bambara an hundred of them would purchase a day's provision for a traveller, and corn for his horse.

ed to quit him. At Kea he embarked in a fishing canoe, and was landed in six hours at Silla, a large town on the southern side of the Niger. At this place the *dooty* was nearly as savage as the Moors, and it was with great difficulty our traveller could get shelter for the night. He was now convinced by painful experience, that the obstacles to his farther progress were insurmountable, and that in attempting to reach Jenné, unless under the protection of some men of weight and influence among the Moors, which he had no possible means of obtaining, he should sacrifice himself to no purpose; for his discoveries would perish with him. He considered at the same time, that by returning to Gambia in a different route, he might still promote, in some degree, the purpose of his mission; for having discovered the Niger at a great distance from its head, he should be adding considerably to the geography of Africa, in tracing this mysterious river up the stream to its source. On these and similar considerations Mr. Park determined to return to Sego, and, proceeding from thence along the banks of the river, trust for his support to the hospitality of the negroes in the southern states, out of the reach of Moorish fanaticism and malice.

The town of Silla, from which Mr. Park began his return homewards, is within two short days journey of Jenné, which is situated on an island in the river. At the distance of two days more the river empties itself into a considerable lake, called Dibbie, or the Dark lake; concerning the extent of which, all the information which could be obtained was, that in crossing over it from west to east the canoes loose sight of land one whole day. From this lake the water issues in many streams, which terminate in two

large branches. One of these flows towards the north-east, and the other to the east; but they join again at Kabra, one day's journey to the southward of Tombuctoo, and the port or shipping place of that city. The tract of land which the two streams encircle is called Jinbala, and is inhabited by negroes; and the whole distance by land from Jenné to Tombuctoo is twelve days journey. From Kabra, at the distance of eleven days journey down the stream, the river passes to the southward of Houssa, which is two days journey distant from the river. Of the further progress of this great river, and its final exit, whether it be the same that passes by Kassina,* or whether, as ancient charts seem to indicate, it spreads into one or more inland lakes, or at an immense distance intermixes with the waters of the Nile, are questions which future discovery can alone resolve.

(To be concluded.)

Summary of late BOTANICAL DISCOVERIES.

[From Journal de Physic for 1798.]

THOUGH the number of plants is so considerable (being estimated at about twenty thousand), that the most retentive memory can scarcely remember their names, the ardour for this branch of science does not seem to decrease.

La Billardiere, who went round the world with d'Entrecasteaux, brought back with him a valuable collection in every part of natural history. His herbal is most beautiful; and though nearly one fourth of it has been lost, he has still about three thousand plants, of which from twelve to fifteen hundred are new.

He carried with him from the Friendly Isles twenty-two bread-fruit-trees, twelve of which were

* Erroneously spelt *Cassina*.

left at the Isle de France. Of the eight brought to France, five died; two have been sent to Cayenne, and the other was brought to Paris, where it now is in the *Jardin des Plantes*.

La Billardiere brought with him also about three hundred birds, a third of which almost are unknown. His collection of insects has been much damaged; but he has still a great many in sufficient preservation to be described. Riché, who went on the same expedition, brought with him a variety of objects, and particularly birds. He died not long ago.

Michau has returned from South-America, and brought with him a great number of plants in excellent preservation. He will, no doubt, soon publish an account of them, as well as of those which he brought from Persia.

Coulomb having ordered some poplars to be cut down in the spring time, observed, that when the axe approached the centre of the tree, a very large quantity of air was disengaged, but that none was disengaged when the instrument attacked the other parts of the tree. It is well known that the *medullary part*, in which the air circulates particularly, is situated towards the centre. From this medullary part proceed those transversal vessels which extend to the bark of the tree for the circulation of the air. The plant contains also other vessels for the circulation of the sap and of all the vegetable juices. There are also glands where the secretion of all these different liquors is performed to produce the *propolis*, *pollen*, &c. A vegetable, therefore, in the simplest case, may be considered as an assemblage of several pliable elastic fibres, composing a great number of vessels of different calibres, in which water, air, and various kinds of fluids drawn from the bosom of the earth and the atmosphere, circulate.

Light also has a great influence on vegetation. Humboldt has shown that the light of a lamp may, in this respect, supply that of the sun; and that plants which receive the light of a lamp are coloured green, as if they received that of the sun. Excess of light hurts plants, especially when they begin to rise.

According to Ingenhouz, plants suffer oxygen to be disengaged in the light, and the carbonic acid in darkness. Senebier is of opinion that the latter changes the oxygen into the carbonic acid, by furnishing it with carbon.

Humboldt has observed, that mushrooms furnish hydrogenous gaz in the day, as well as the night time.

Method of removing Spots of GREASE from Books and Prints.

[From *Bibliothèque Economique*, vol. i.]

A TASTE for elegant editions, books in good preservation, and proof impressions of prints, can be considered as a mania only by those who are unacquainted with literature. In a well printed, carefully preserved, and neat book, the sense seems to pass through the organs of sight, in order to meet the understanding; while, in a bad, confused edition, or a dirty, stained and disgusting copy, the confusion of the characters deranges, as it were, the connection of the author's thoughts; their obscurity divests ideas of their brilliancy; and the dirtiness of the paper, which offends the eye, makes the subject lose much of its charms and attraction. It is a great misfortune, therefore, to those who purchase books for the sake of reading them, when the objects of their enjoyment are injured by the too close application of a candle or lamp. For this reason M. Deschamps, at the request of a man of letters, to-

whom an accident of this kind had happened, devised the following process, which was attended with complete success:

After having gently warmed the paper stained with grease, wax, oil, or any fat body whatever, take out as much as possible of it, by means of blotting-paper; then dip a small brush in the essential oil of well rectified spirit of turpentine, heated almost to ebullition, (for when cold it acts only very weakly) and draw it gently over both sides of the paper, which must be carefully kept warm. This operation must be repeated as many times as the quantity of the fat body imbibed by the paper, or the thickness of the paper, may render necessary. When

the greasy substance is entirely removed, recourse may be had to the following method, to restore the paper to its former whiteness, which is not completely restored by the first process. Dip another brush in highly rectified spirit of wine, and draw it, in like manner, over the place which was stained, and particularly round the edges, to remove the border, that would still present a stain. By employing these means, with proper caution, the spot will totally disappear; the paper will resume its original whiteness; and if the process has been employed on a part written on with common ink, or printed with printer's ink, it will experience no alteration.

Miscellaneous Articles of Literary and Philosophical Intelligence.

DR. Barton, of Philadelphia, has published "Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania: part I."

An octavo volume, containing essays and notes on husbandry and rural affairs, by J. B. Bordley, has just appeared in Philadelphia.

A translation of the travels of the Duke de Rochefoucault Liancourt, in the United States of America, during the years 1796, 1797, and 1798, has been announced in London.

Dr. Alexander Adam, of Edinburgh, is engaged in the compilation of a new Latin dictionary, intended to supersede the use of that of Ainsworth.

Dr. Gillies is composing a continuation of his history of Greece, which, it is supposed, will be much superior in style and manner, to the part already published.

From various experiments in England, and from observations made by Dr. COOPER while in America, it is supposed, that the common opinion that seeds and plants degenerate unless the ground on which they are planted is frequently changed, is not well founded. It has been found that potatoes may constantly be raised on the same piece of ground without any degeneration, if the

largest and finest potatoes, instead of the smallest and worst, are selected for planting. This is also true of the squash, early peas, and other kinds of vegetables. This principle has been applied sometime since by a Mr. BAKEWELL, in England, to the breed of horses. It is a matter of such general importance to agriculture, that it is hoped our farmers will make particular observations on this subject.

In an ingenious paper written by Dr. Fenwick, it is stated, that as elastic fluids are the greatest supports of vegetation, manures ought to be applied under those circumstances which most favour their generation. These chiefly occur in the spring, after the grafs has in some degree covered the ground, by which the manure is shaded from the sun, or early in the autumn, after the hay-crop is removed. The last seems the most convenient and proper season. The practice of manuring grafs lands in the winter, is highly improper and useless, as the thaws wash away the best parts of the manure, and the earth cannot absorb the fluid parts.

A new periodical work has lately been published in London, entitled, "The Ladies Annual Register."

Didot and Herhan, printers at Paris,

have invented *stereotypes*, (solid types) which, instead of being detached characters like the common types, form a solid mass or plate for each page, which being incapable of any derangement, forever preserves the purity and correctness of the text. As these plates are preserved, as many copies may be struck off as are wanted, and the expense of an unnecessary number is thereby saved. The stereotype editions of works are sold much cheaper than others, and the invention is thought to be a great improvement in the art of printing.

Count Rumford has devised the plan for an institution for the application of philosophy to the improvement of the mechanical arts, which has received the patronage and active support of the most distinguished persons in Great-Britain, for talents, rank, and fortune. Three thousand pounds sterling have been already subscribed towards defraying the expenses of the establishment, and it is supposed that this noble and benevolent scheme will be soon put in execution. The direct purpose of the institution is to teach, by lectures and experiments, the application of philosophy to the improvement of the mechanical arts, and other arts of life to which it is most applicable. A complete apparatus for every branch of philosophy will be furnished, and men the most distinguished for their philosophical talents, will be employed as teachers. The establishment is intended to consist of a repository for the preservation of models of all new inventions in the arts, an office of correspondence for receiving and communicating new information concerning all improvements which are made in the arts in every part of the world, and *lectureships* for the application of science to the arts.

The Dean of St. Asaph is preparing an edition of the works of Sir William Jones.

A magnificent work has lately been announced at Paris, entitled, "*Picturesque Travels in Syria, Phenicia, Palestine, and Lower Egypt.*" By Cassas, a celebrated French painter, who has engaged the assistance of Dutheil, Legrand, Langles, and other literary characters, to render his publication the more useful, splendid, and perfect.

A second edition of Joan of Arc, by Mr. Southey, has been published in London, in which the author has introduced many alterations, corrections, and improvements, and omitted many of the

miraculous and allegorical parts, which have been disapproved in his first edition.

A new History of England, from the earliest dawn of record to the peace of 1783, in nine volumes 8vo. by Charles Coote, LL. D. has lately appeared.

Mr. Arthur Young still pursues his agricultural inquiries, and has published an useful work, containing a "View of the Agriculture of the County of Suffolk."

A new method of preparing cast steel has been lately announced in France by Cit. Clouet. His process is as follows: Take small pieces of iron, and place them in layers, in a crucible, with a mixture of the carbonate of lime. Six parts of the carbonate of lime, that is, chalk, marble, limestone, and, in general, all calcareous substances, and six parts of the earth of pounded Hessian crucibles, must be employed for twenty parts of iron. This mixture must be so disposed that, after fusion, the iron may be completely covered by it, so as to be kept from coming into contact with the atmosphere. The mixture is then to be gradually heated, and, at last, exposed to a heat capable of melting iron. If the fire be well kept up, an hour will generally be found sufficient to convert two pounds of iron into excellent and exceedingly hard steel, capable of being forged, an advantage not possessed by steel procured in the common manner.

M. Lenz, Professor at the Institute of Education of Schnepfenthal, near Gotha, known by his Travels through Sweden, has been employed for twelve years in collecting every thing that the physicians of different countries have written for or against the total extirpation and annihilation of the small-pox by means of police regulations. He proposes to publish a work, in which he will give the result of his researches on this subject, and on the possibility of the attempt, and will pay great attention to state, with accuracy, as many facts as possible. In the German Journals he invites all those who have at heart the happiness of mankind, to point out to him, in a precise manner, either such facts as have come within their own knowledge, or passages in books of travels which contain an account of measures that have been taken by the order of governments, or only by individuals, among polished or savage nations, at any period, or in any country, by which this terrible contagion has been either removed or entirely checked.

POETRY.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

*Spoken by Mr. HODGKINSON, on the opening of the New Theatre, in New-York, Monday, the 29th of January, 1798.
Written by the late Dr. E. H. SMITH.*

WHEN the first prowls attain'd the Atlantic shore,
One rude, uncultur'd face, the region wore;
Nor useful art, nor genial science smil'd,
Nor social order charm'd the mighty wild;
But, 'mid his woods, the native savage ran,
And beast, but scarce distinguish'd from the man.
Wide where Virginia spreads her golden plains,
Debark, successive, the adventurous strains:
With different zeal, 'mid bleaker skies, a band
Of pious exiles seize the desert land;
With patient step the doubtful gloom they dare,
And brave the rage of inexperience'd war;
Destin'd thro' scenes of fearful strife to pass,
And bid, sublime, on virtue's solid base,
In ample strength, thy tower, O Freedom! rise,
Pride of the young and idol of the wise.

From like beginnings *our* adventurous race,
The recent history of *their* fortunes trace;
Like your bold sires, the fathers of the *stage*,
Of fate uncertain, brav'd the ocean's rage;
Of future æras caught prophetic views,
And sought a land scarce conscious of the muse.
Long years of labour mark'd their dubious way,
And fickle Favour oft withheld her ray;
But, as the shades of prejudice withdrew,
Fair, and more fair, the cheering prospect grew,
Till light and life the brightning scene endear'd,
And the gay bow of promis'd peace appear'd.
—O! if in future, as in former days,
Their true descendants meet your generous praise,
Propp'd by your smiles, this *stage*, a stately tower,
Lifts its proud front, and scorns misfortune's power.

Great is the task, and nice the art required,
To raise such scenes as Dryden erst desir'd;
But greater still, and far more nice the art,
To fix the impressive moral in the heart;
To voice, form, feature, motion, accent, give
Appropriate force, and bid the picture live.
This asks the poet's fire, the player's skill,
Minds that discern, and souls that know to feel;
Applause, that cherishes as well as cheers,
And time, that mends, and softens, and endears.

When first the spell of Gothic art was broke,
And, from its tedious trance, the Drama woke,
Myseries and masks the new-born stage disgrac'd—
The monkish structures of perverted taste.
And many a year, and many a lustre fled,
'Ere Giant Shakespcare rear'd his hal-lowed head;
'Ere Britain's earlier Roscius grac'd the scene,
And the first Barry mov'd, and look'd a queen.
With patient ear our wise forefathers heard;
With kind applause the actor, poet, cheer'd;
Till, by successive trials, well sustain'd,
Nature and skill the improving pair attain'd;
From infant weakness rose the scenic art,
And truth and genius charm'd the hearer's heart.

Let not your fiercer, more impatient doom,
Blast our young flowrets in their timid bloom;
But shield them from the inclement skies, and hope,
In future years, a rich and various crop.

If nobler toils, if triumphs more sublime,
Your boast and glory to remotest time,
To different scenes the glowing mind impell'd,
The watchful senate and the embattled field,
And chiefs & sages, theme of every tongue,
Awak'd alone the consecrating song;

While the neglected stage, from foreign shores,
A motley mas! deriv'd her various stores;
Yet now, by you encourag'd and allow'd,
Dramatic bands your native scenes shall crowd,

And native bards awake the slumbering lyre,
While gain and glory goad them and inspire;

Proud competition struggle for the bays,
And find a new existence in your praise.
So shall new Bettertons and Booths arise,
New Quins and Garricks ravish and surprize;

Another Pritchard charm with various powers,
And Woffington and Clive again be ours.

So shall some modest Congreve's juster wit,

With keener sallies more your taste delight;

Some happier Jonson's classic humour charm,

Some gayer Cibber spread no chaste alarm;

Some livelier Farquhar virtuous wishes move,

Some Steel inflame with pure and lawful love:

A graceful Cowley elegantly sway;
Another Inchbald point her sex the way;
Another Sheridan, with nobler zeal,
Convulse with mirth, or teach the heart to feel;

An active Holcroft, sovereign of the stage,
To perfect morals form a future age.

So shall a loftier Dryden rouse your fears,
A tenderer Rowe beguile you of your tears;

With wondrous verse a virtuous Otway scourge

Unheard of crimes and half to madness urge;

With thrilling horror shake the secret soul,
And give the tears of agony to roll;

A perfect Shakespeare, nurs'd by every muse,

Shake from his manly locks the pearly dew
Which the fond graces, all delighted, shed,
When their fair fingers, round his infant head,

Twin'd flowers and laurels from Parnassus' height,

And rule the scene with uncontested right;

Grief, rage, despair, and joy, and hope,
and love,

Destin'd, by turns, their monarch's art to prove,

Vanish, appear, or perish, or revive,
As the soul's master bids them die or live.

Then shall this STAGE of fame, of praise, secure,
Like this fair empire flourish and endure;
Alike in ample strength and beauty rise,
Pride of the young, and idol of the wise.

*On my own MINIATURE PICTURE,
Taken at two Years of Age.*

By ROBERT SOUTHEY.

AND I was once like this! that glowing cheek
Was mine, those pleasure sparkling eyes,
that brow

Smooth as the level lake, when not a breeze
Dics o'er the sleeping surface! Twenty years

Have wrought strange alteration! Of the friends

Who once so dearly prized this miniature,
And lov'd it for its likeness, some are gone
To their last home; and some estranged in heart,

Beholding me with quick averted glance,
Pafon the other side! But still these lines
Remain unalter'd, and these features wear
The look of Infancy and Innocence.

I search myself in vain, and find no trace
Of what I was: thou lightly arching line,
Dark and o'erhanging now; and that mild face

Settled in these strong lineaments!—
There were

Who form'd high hopes and flattering ones of thee,

Young Robert! for thine eye was quick to speak

Each opening feeling: Should they not have known

When the rich rainbow on the morning cloud

Reflects its radiant dyes, the husbandman
Beholds the ominous glory sad, and fears
Impending storms! they augur'd happily,
For thou didst love each wild and wondrous tale

Of fairy fiction, and thine infant tongue
Lisp'd with delight the godlike deeds of Greece

And rising Rome; therefore they deem'd forsooth,

That thou should'st tread PREFERMENT's pleasant path.

Ill judging ones! they let thy little feet
Stray in the pleasant paths of POETRY,

And when thou should'st have prest amid the crowd,

There didst thou love to linger out the day,

Loitering beneath the laurel's barren shade;

SPIRIT OF SPENSER! was the wanderer wrong?

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
AND
AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. I.]

JULY, 1799.

[No. 4.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

*The FESTIVAL of INDEPENDENCE
in Connecticut. By a Traveller; in
a Letter to his Friend.*

YOU are reasonably curious as to the political and religious festivals of this people, and one has just occurred, which I shall endeavour to describe to you. The day on which the independence of this nation upon England was announced, has, ever since, been celebrated as a great and momentous æra. Laws, and public and official records, are always dated from this æra, as well as from the christian; but in private transactions it is not noticed. That it is not in general use, and that it has not entirely excluded the *Anno Domini*, has been a topic of regret with some; but this regret seems to be absurd. It is true, perhaps, that the use of the christian æra is enforced by no religious sanction, that the revolutionary period is capable of being strictly ascertained, and that every expedient for keeping alive the ideas of national unity and sovereignty, is useful; but it is to be feared, that the benefits of this expedient would be

outweighed by the evils. Since it would be confined to themselves, it would introduce some degree of confusion into the transactions between individuals of different nations; and it is, at best, but a wretched method of maintaining political virtue. Names and dates are a very inadequate basis on which to build the love of liberty and country. Besides, if there be any political influence in dates, there must, for similar reasons, be a religious tendency, and the christian æra must therefore be as dear to the devout man, as that of independence is to the patriot.

In this State* there is no political festival, that has relation to the nation in general, but this. The governor, or chief magistrate, is annually elected by the people, on a fixed day, and this day is solemnized with much pomp. This election is ascertained and recognized by the legislative body, which meets on the same day at Hartford; and though it be an holy-day throughout the State, it is not accompanied with particular processions or solemnities any where but at Hartford,

* Connecticut.

Independence, on the contrary, is celebrated in all the towns much in the same manner. All labour is suspended, and schools and colleges shut up. Every mind is bent upon the great political topic which chances to occur at the time. At present, every one is busy in accusing or defending the French, and the ideas of their revolutionary efforts against Britain, are supposed to be intimately blended with any controversy or embarrassment at present existing with any foreign country. As this festival has just passed in this town, I shall endeavour to give you an account of it.

As the fourth of July approached, conversation began insensibly to turn upon the proper method of proceeding on that day. In some towns a meeting of the citizens is convened by the *select men*, and matters are adjusted with the same formalities as take place in the exercise of any political function. Here, however, the principal people met together without ceremony. A public dinner is usual on this occasion, and a committee was named to settle the time, place, and other circumstances of the feast.

This committee proceeded to bespeak a dinner of the keeper of the chief inn or tavern in the place, for as many persons as were likely to attend. There being no apartment large enough to accommodate the guests, they pitched upon a field near the inn, that was level and free from bushes. The rays of a vertical sun, which, in this climate and at this season, are intensely hot; and an hail or thunder storm, which frequently occurs, with tremendous violence, were evils to be boldly hazarded and cheerfully sustained. The former was, indeed, somewhat precluded by a temporary shelter of oak-boughs, laid across a frame of wood, erected for the purpose, and forming a canopy over the dining table.

A person is then selected to invite the guests, with a list of which he is furnished. Some distinctions are of course made in the framing of this list, as to the education, property, and especially the political opinions of the guests. Fewer political divisions exist, at present, in this State than in any other; but some, nevertheless, exist; and the minor party assembled and feasted by themselves. No menaces, or other proofs of opposition, were given.

But though invitations are thus formally given, every one is supposed to be entitled to a seat, and no objection will be made if he behave decently, and comply with the forms prescribed. His attendance and compliance with these forms, are tests of his principles, and ascertain the party to which he will afterward be considered as belonging.

This committee selects one or two of its members, most noted for sagacity and the soundness of their politics, to form a catalogue of *toasts*. A *toast* is the name of some distinguished partizan or officer of government, whose creed and conduct is approved by the meeting, or some apothegm or epigrammatic sentence, in which praise or censure of persons and opinions is conveyed with all possible brevity and smartness. This mode is not without advantages. It affords a pretty good criterion of opinion, it allows scope for ingenuity and wit; the toast is formally delivered by him that sits at the head of the table, and is loudly repeated by the rest, who complete the ceremony by swallowing a glass of wine. At each toast, one or more discharges of a gun take place, and sometimes it is followed by loud and repeated huzzas. The number of these huzzas, or *cheers*, frequently amounts to nine, the number being commensurate with the zeal.

Toasts, however, are not the only intellectual part of the festival. The committee turn their eyes every where in search of one whose education and profession qualify him for adorning the occasion with a speech. The choice usually falls upon an *advocate*, whose occupation gains him respect; who has occupied some post in the government, or a seat in the legislature; who is endowed with talents for haranguing, and whose political creed is well known. In this town, indeed, the orator chanced to be of no profession, but is extensively known as a man of genius and a poet.

This oration is commonly delivered in a church, on a temporary platform, the pulpit being occupied by the clergyman, who precedes the orator in a short prayer. In some towns it is also accompanied with vocal music. The form of a procession was fixed, and the citizens assembled in the courthouse, at an early hour, in the morning. Thence they proceeded to the church, the *orator of the day* being distinguished by a conspicuous place in the procession.

In the cities and chief towns of the United States, this show is, in a great degree, military. All the companies of volunteer horse and foot, are drawn out, and, after performing the customary evolutions, form a part of this procession, and of the audience of the speaker. These volunteers, being persons of the higher and more opulent ranks, are equipped in the most gorgeous and expensive manner. Each troop and company has an uniform and banner peculiar to itself. The flag is sometimes fashioned and embroidered by some lady, who manifests, in this manner, her zeal in the public cause. The uniforms dazzle you with their splendour, and variety, and costliness.

Here there was no military parade,

and the only noise that was made, was by a pair of *six or eight-pounders*, drawn from a vessel in the harbour, and placed near the scene of festivity. These were discharged at sunrise, and at stated intervals during the procession, the speech, and the banquet.

The oration is seldom without merit in reasoning and composition. As it is composed by the ablest writer and speaker in the community; as it states, at once, the popular opinion and the arguments on which that opinion is founded, it will be deemed by you a very curious monument. It will somewhat enable you to estimate the manners, language, and taste, the modes of reasoning and deciding, that are current in this extraordinary nation. I shall furnish you with copies of all the speeches that I can procure. These will enable you to judge for yourself, and save me the trouble of commenting on them.

It is customary for the audience to request a copy of the speech for publication. Hence it is read and reviewed by those who were at a distance at the time it was pronounced, and the impression made upon the hearers is revived and enforced. You will not fail to remark that, in one respect, these harangues are considerably uniform. They all turn upon the present condition of the country in relation to France, and breathe the utmost animosity towards the speculative creeds, as well as the practical deductions of Parisian philosophers and politicians.

The banquet, on this occasion, was marred by no intemperance of the elements. The air was neither stagnant, nor hazy, nor beclouded, nor did the wind come from a sultry quarter. The weather, at this season, is wonderfully capricious and diversified. Two days, both of which shall be free from clouds and mists, shall produce opposite effects.

on the constitution, though their effects on the thermometer shall be nearly the same. One shall produce sensations of intolerable languor. The sun-shine shall make every pore overflow, and annihilate the whole strength, and the shade shall scarcely afford any relief. The next day will be inexpressibly serene and bright, yet no one is incommoded by the heat. To wear the thickest clothes, or no clothes at all, is equally convenient. The sun has no scorching influence, and does not enfeeble us, while the shade of a roof or a grove is salubrious and delicious. Fortunately, the day of this festival was of the latter kind.

The banquet was conducted with the utmost decorum and propriety. Among some hundreds of guests, not a single person was rude, boisterous, or drunken, and the company entirely dispersed in two hours after their assembling. The smallest domestic circle could not have proceeded with more cheerfulness or less disorder. Twenty toasts were given, and each was accompanied by a glass, but the riotous folly of enjoining a bumper at each toast was unknown. A few songs, all of which were political in their tendency and cast, were sung by good voices. The popular ballads are, at present, replete with allusions to the state of Europe, and with sentiments of hatred to the French.

The females had no part in this celebration. They neither appeared in the procession nor at the banquet. Custom, however, has introduced them into the catalogue of toasts; but, indeed, in a way little honourable to them as political or rational beings. Some allusion was made to their skill in household affairs, and to their power of rewarding soldiers by their smiles. This you will esteem no trifling incident, and will account it, in no small de-

gree, descriptive of the reigning manners.

The usual fault of travellers, is to build too large inferences on the facts which they observe. I should be guilty of this fault if I allowed you to imagine that this festival is always celebrated in Connecticut without riot or debauchery. In some places, likewise, the banquet has been shared by both sexes, and in others they have separately assembled. The females have even been harangued, in one instance, by one of their own sex; and a speech of this female orator has been published in the news-papers. Excess has hitherto most commonly attended these banquetings, and the presence of women has been thought necessary to secure the reign of moderation and decorum.

This state is about as extensive; though much less populous, than Yorkshire. It is divided into eight counties, in the chief town of which, a procession has been made, and a banquet been shared. Guns have ushered in and dismissed the day, ballads have been sung, and toasts have been drank. In most of them, an oration has been pronounced, and afterwards published. The minuter incidents have differed, there being more or less of solemnity; fewer or more numerous actors and spectators in one county than another, but the chief incidents have been similar. L.

On the STYLE of GIBBON.

Mr. Editor,

YOU have published some severe, and, as I think, unequitable strictures on the style of an English historian, who has always been a favourite of mine. The doctrines and reasonings of Edward Gibbon, his insidious attacks upon religion, his encomiums

on the apostate Julian, and his defamation of Constantine, I leave to be discussed by polemical heads, and merely feel myself inclined to stand up as the advocate of his style. I must own that the task is not easy, for your correspondent has chiefly contented himself with general assertions, and these assertions are so wild and so extravagant, that they seem incapable of any regular and argumentative confutation.

The representation made by your correspondent of the obscurity, circumlocution, incongruous transitions, and pompous phraseology of this writer, appears to be strangely unjust. I mean not to affirm that his style is without defect, and I will even acknowledge that his defects are of the kind that has been described, but that these defects pervade his whole composition, that to read his book is a toilsome and profitless undertaking, that he cannot even be understood without frequent pauses and painful efforts, are surely groundless imputations. I turn over the pages of his history, I find much energy and diction, much wisdom, and much information, compressed in a narrow compass, and, consequently, strong claims made upon my attention. I find a narrative clear and perspicuous; but since, agreeably to the writer's plan, it comprehends the events of many ages, and renders every thing subservient to the progress and decay of an immense political body, it is a succinct and general narrative. It cannot, frequently, descend to minute incidents, and, by that means, charm the attention and keep alive the passions. It is not as picturesque and circumstantial as the history of Charles XII. or the conquest of Mexico. Interest in the fortunes of a single person, or the catastrophe of a single revolution, was necessarily excluded by the nature of the plan. The fall of Rome, by be-

ing protracted through so many ages, and by flowing from such numerous and wide-spread causes, cannot be expected to take much hold of the juvenile fancy. It is the theme of calm meditation, and cannot but require a delineation very different from that which adorns the fate of a bold conspirator, or the achievements of an hardy conqueror.

Yet this can only be said of the work in general. There are portions in which the narrative, in becoming more minute, becomes more interesting. The rise of the Mahometan power, the adventures of Tancred and Lusignan, and, especially, the siege and capture of Constantinople, are stories that do not fall below the tales of Robertson and Hume, in the power to delight and instruct us.

No reasonable man will make it a question whether a writer be without blemish. This, in every human case, will be a point already granted. The only inquiry must be with regard to the nature of his defects, and the degree in which they abound. That sentences occur in the writings of Gibbon, somewhat periphrastic, that places are sometimes mentioned with their attributes, as "*the frozen Danube*," and persons denoted, not by their names, but by some local or incidental quality, as "*the son of Philip*" and "*the Mogul king*," cannot be denied. That some degree of stiffness and pomp, insuitable to the occasion, arises from this circumstance, is likewise evident; but how rarely do these blemishes occur, and how many pages might be read in succession, in which the perspicuity and elegance is undiminished from this cause?

Gibbon is more faulty in his last productions than in his first. The habit of compression increased as he continued to write. The antiquities of the house of Brunswick, is

that from which your correspondent has taken his quotation respecting Aurungzebe and Fontinelle, and was among the last of his productions. The style of this piece may, perhaps, be allowed to be affected and obscure; but the faults in which it abounds, are very sparingly scattered over the first volumes of his Roman history. In the latter, the flow of elegant and perspicuous language is very seldom interrupted or embarrassed by pompous and trite epithets, and violent transitions.

There is no criterion of excellence, by which the merit of books can be incontestibly settled. Each man must content himself with stating his own feelings and impressions. The charge brought against Gibbon, is that of being tiresome and difficult to understand,—that his work cannot be perused without labour and disgust. I do not affirm myself possessed of more sagacity than others, nor will I admit that my taste is remarkably depraved, yet there is no book which I have read with more thorough and easy comprehension of the sentiments, and more entire approbation of the style. There is great cogency of language, and more meaning is compressed into a given number of words, than is commonly to be found. Hence, though not productive of obscurity, it demands more strict attention, and we pause to meditate more frequently than if we were perusing a paragraph in a newspaper, or an episode in a novel.

The purpose of his work required him to relate military transactions in a very summary manner. The character and conduct of princes and generals, were to be exhibited in few words; since the magnitude of his plan, and the bounds of his work, forbade him to dwell with much minuteness on any individual. He is chiefly engaged in painting

manners, and unfolding the progress and revolutions of opinions. It would be absurd to expect the charms of a dramatic story, in the delineation of the juridical system of Justinian, or of the establishment of christianity in Germany and Ethiopia.

Another circumstance on which your correspondent has laid great stress, is the want of decorum in this author. Lascivious allusions, and obscene jests, are said to present themselves in almost every page; and this fault is, in his eyes, of so heinous a nature, that it cannot be compensated by learning, genius, or industry.

I cannot concur with this opinion. Unchastity in sentiment and conduct is sufficiently odious; but loading it with more censure than it merits, is equally absurd with bestowing on it less. It is, no doubt, a vile propensity, a depraver of the physical and moral constitution, and hostile to many estimable qualities. But its evil influence has limits. This influence, it is no less evident, must depend upon the degree in which this depravity exists. There is a degree of profligacy in this respect, conceivable by the fancy, and sometimes exemplified in real life, totally subversive of usefulness and virtue; but there is an infinite number of degrees, from the most flagitious to the least culpable. Many of these degrees reflect a very slight degree of guilt upon the character, and are, by no means, inconsistent, as common observation evinces, with the most illustrious and heroic qualities.

Now, in what degree is this writer culpable? We are told that indecent allusions occur in almost every page; but this is a mistake. I am not sure that they occur in every volume. At least there are series of pages, in succession, totally exempt from this blemish. These pages are replete with proofs of com-

prehensive and benevolent views, of a rigid adherence to truth, and indefatigable perseverance in pursuit of it. They teem with sublime and instructive lessons on the causes that modify the condition of the human race, and with luminous and hitherto inaccessible displays of the changes of government and manners which have formerly taken place on the surface of this globe. There are sometimes to be met with, however, specimens of indecorum; of a sportive imagination erroneously directed; of allusions which cannot, indeed, excite a smile in the chaste, but which are far from being grossly or remarkably flagitious; which have no tendency to irritate the senses or pollute the heart, or no tendency which is not infinitely over-weighed by the benefits flowing from other parts of this performance.

He must have a perverse mind whose attention, in the perusal of this book, is chiefly or strongly affected by these exceptionable passages. He cannot lay much claim to homage for the correctness of his taste and the elevation of his views, who suffers the disgust flowing from this cause, to overpower his admiration of the excellence with which it elsewhere abounds, and hinder him from reaping all the benefits which so large and so accurate a picture of *man* is adapted to convey.

As to the religious sentiments of this historian, I desire, like your correspondent, to be regarded as neutral, or, at least, as withholding my opinions. This topic may be considered by some as of most importance, and if this shall be asserted, I shall not deny it; I shall only maintain that the political and moral departments of this history, constitute by far the largest portion of it; and, on account of its intrinsic nature, as well as of the wisdom and genius displayed in it, are of inestimable value. I may like-

wise add, that numberless particulars in the history of the christian sects are, by all parties, admitted to be, not only laboriously investigated, judiciously selected; and skilfully arranged, but uncontestably true. Q.

On the STATURE of MAN.

Mr. Editor,

MUCH has been said respecting the stature of the human species, and history as well as poetry has abounded with conjectures and assertions on this subject. In many other animals, there is great variety in this respect. Shape, colour, and instincts remain the same, in cases where the bulk has varied according to the degrees of the largest scale. The moral and intellectual habits and powers of animals rise, doubtless, from their circumstances. They flow partly from the dangers and wants which externally beset them, but chiefly from their interior organization, and those faculties which grow out of the shape, and relative proportions and positions of their members. Bulk seems, of all attributes, most capricious and variable, and most consistent with intellectual uniformity.

The tyger of Sumatra, and the cat that sits upon the hearth, differ very little in shape. Their habits and powers are of the same kind. The casual influence of education has wrought a difference in their manners; but where man has not interfered, the cat of the woods is essentially the same creature, whether he inhabit the shores of the Ganges or Ohio, and whether his length be ten inches or ten feet.

There is a like resemblance between the different races of lizards. The little animal which sports in our shades, and which is a few inches in length, is near a-kin to

that which haunts the tropical rivers and lakes, and whose bulk is some hundred fold greater.

The monkey and ape species, which approach more nearly to the human, are in like manner diversified in size, without material variations in organs and habits. The creature, armed with the branch of a palm, and traversing on two legs, the forests of Luconia, and whose stature is seven feet, resembles in organization and intelligence, the diminutive being of as many inches in height, which dwells in Mexico and Brazil.

What are the limits, in this respect, prescribed by nature to animals, cannot be ascertained. We cannot number the varieties which at present exist in the unvisited regions of our globe, which have existed at former periods, and which may hereafter start into being. We cannot enumerate the causes which have exterminated any one species, or specify that coincidence of events which will give birth to a new variety. Many of these causes may have formerly operated, and may hereafter operate; and, in the indefinite revolutions of events, of changes in the constitution of the atmosphere, in the surface and productions of the globe, all the forms of animated being that now exist, may be supplanted by a new assemblage, or by an assemblage that existed at some remote period of antiquity.

The extinction of some species is testified by their remains. The disappearance of others from places which they once haunted, is recorded by historians. Man must derive his chief subsistence from the vegetable products of the soil. These he will consent to share with such animals as may be made subservient to his gratification or necessities, but the remainder he will not suffer to live. As population and culture diffuse themselves, the useless or

obnoxious animals will disappear, and no tokens of their existence will be found, except in the records of history, or in the collections of the painter.

Wolves have disappeared in England. Monkeys, which once abounded in some of the Islands of America, are no longer to be found. The war that is carried on with so much zeal in our own country against panthers and rattle-snakes, will shortly extirpate the whole species. Exterminating plagues may arise which may limit their destructive influence to some kinds of animals, and leave no trace of them behind. What may happen in future, may formerly have happened. As land and water may gradually have changed places with each other, so the classes of being that now exist may be merely successors to classes that have long since vanished.

What is incidental to the lower animals may likewise be incident to man. Why may not the human species be susceptible of as great vanities of bulk as the cat, lizard, or monkey? What should hinder the belief of the possible existence of beings distinguished from other animals by the possession of reason and speech, but varying from each other in bulk, at all the intermediate degrees between ten inches in length to twenty feet? Is there any absurdity in conjecturing that these varieties have heretofore existed, or that the endless progress of time, and combinations of events may hereafter produce them?

The existence of men, widely different in their stature from the present race, would be likely to be preserved by history or tradition. The tales of pigmies and giants, so current in the popular traditions and legends of the ancient nations, are well known. They cannot be regarded as the pure inventions of fancy, though fancy has undoubt-

edly adorned them with many grotesque and incredible circumstances. It is highly probable that they possessed some foundation in truth.

But, dismissing the consideration of the past and the future, let us inquire into those inequalities of stature which are at present to be found among men. What is the greatest and least height to which individuals or tribes of the human race have been known to have attained?

Among the causes that influence the stature of men, the most noted are heat and cold. Extremes of either kind, but particularly of the latter, are supposed to be unfavourable to the expansion and growth of the frame. Hence it is that the natives of the arctic regions seldom exceed four feet in height, while those of the temperate zones, ordinarily attain to six. Among the latter, the uniformity is far from absolute, examples being found of all varieties between five feet and six feet.

A few indubitable cases have occurred of men who did not pass beyond twenty-four inches,* and of some who rose to eight feet.† In these cases the organization and proportions have been complete, and mind and body have possessed the common measure of vigour and duration. These men owed their stature to some other than local causes. It was an occasional freak, or deviation of nature, serving to prove that the rational powers, external symmetry, and vigour, and long life, are compatible with all sizes, from two feet to eight feet in height.

But though the existence of individuals of these dimensions must be admitted, it may be doubted whether any tribes or nations of such pigmies on the one hand, and giants on the other, can be found.

Is there any community of rational beings whose members are ordinarily two or three feet in height, or any nation that usually attains the height of eight or nine feet?

If, in surveying every part of our globe, no such nation can be found, we must not hastily infer the impossibility of its existence. If the moral character of offspring be not modified by that of their parents, it is, at least, certain that the external configuration and size is greatly influenced by circumstances peculiar to the parent. This influence commonly appears in the size and form, there being generally a remarkable similarity, in this respect, between parent and child. But this influence is not always manifested in personal resemblance. The imagination of the mother is found to exercise a potent and mysterious influence in the conformation of the child. There is some inexplicable, but intimate connection between the thoughts and images passing in the mother's mind, and the texture of of her embryon progeny. It is probable, indeed, that the child owes its resemblance to its parents, not to any radical and physical agreement between the particles that compose the germ of the future man and those of the parent, but merely to the operations of the parent's mind. The same laws that produce a strong resemblance in the child to a distant kinsman, or friend of its mother, may produce its resemblance, in other instances, to its father or the mother herself.

But whatever be the cause, the effect is certain. It is well known that children most commonly resemble, in size and figure, their parents. This resemblance, it is reasonable to believe, would be perfect if the mother's situation were

* As in the authentic case of Count Borulawski.

† The Roman Emperor Maximin.

such as to exclude from her fancy, wholly or chiefly, any image but her own and that of her husband. If, therefore, a pair remarkably short or tall, should cohabit accidentally or by design, it seems nearly certain that they would propagate a race diminutive or gigantic, like themselves. If this pair were insulated, or, by any means, should live apart from the rest of mankind, we might hope, in a few generations, to see a nation of giants or pigmies arise, which might be multiplied and diffused at pleasure.

In this race, as in men of our own size, anomalies and exceptions might be expected sometimes to occur. Among the giants, one in a thousand or ten thousand, might fall as low as five feet; and, among the pigmies, dwarfs might occasionally be met with, who should not exceed six inches; but, by pursuing the same measures with regard to these dwarfs, as were adopted in the case of their parents, the same results must be expected to ensue; and thus the fictions of Dean Swift, in his history of Lilliput, which have been deemed the most improbable of all fictions, might be literally realized.

No doubt the reader will smile at the apparent extravagance of these ideas; he will be startled at their novelty; but if, when his mirth has subsided, he will condescend to weigh the principles from which they are drawn, he may find them not utterly destitute of plausibility.

There is another reason why we should not hastily deny the existence of a *little* or *big* people, merely because we do not find any such in a survey of the globe. Let it be remembered how imperfect our knowledge is of the globe which we inhabit.

Let us cast our eye upon a map of the world. We shall find that the habitable land is distributed among the waters in *four* huge masses. Be-

sides these, there are four masses of somewhat inferior magnitude, and a great number of small islands. These several masses (continents and islands) are computed to contain about forty millions of square miles. In what degree are we acquainted with the local incidents, and vegetable and animal productions of this space? With how much are we so well acquainted as to be able to pronounce that it is inhabited by neither pigmies nor giants?

One angle of the eastern continent (Europe) is known with considerable accuracy. The rest of this continent, from the isthmus of Suez to Kamtchatka, has been, perhaps, sufficiently explored to enable us to say by what stature and complexion its inhabitants are distinguished. And yet the summits of Taurus, and the valleys of the Indian Caucasus, are wholly unknown. The farther Indian peninsula is five-fold more extensive than Germany. It is divided into towering ridges and long-drawn vallies; it abounds with snowy pinnacles, flooded plains, and forests old as the world, and which no step of European has hitherto visited. The coasts of Pegu, Siam, Malacca, and Cochin China, have been transiently surveyed. One or two marts, near the mouths of rivers, have been seen; but the dwellers in the low lands and along the shores, are colonists from Coromandel and China, while the vast and mountainous regions within, are still possessed by the aboriginal and uncultivated savages. To judge of the latter by what is met with in the sea-ports, would be as erroneous as to estimate the manners of Noudewessies and Algonquins by what we find upon landing at Charleston or New-York.

Some of the Indian isles are as large as France and Great-Britain united. Their inhabitants are pro-

bably in the rudest state, and therefore divided into hundreds of minute tribes or clans, disconnected with and hostile to each other, and differing from each other in manners and shape. The largest of these is Bornio, of which we know little more than the aspect of its lofty shores, when viewed by the distant voyager, and the equatorial distance of its principal head-lands and reefs.

New-Holland is a region double the extent of Europe, and eighty times as large as South-Britain. Former voyagers descried a few promontories, and Cook sailed along one fourth of its coast. A colony of some hundreds have since occupied a nook of a few miles square. The interior spaces, some of which are as remote from the spots known to and frequented by the English, as the sources of the Mississippi are from Vera Cruz or Kingston in Jamaica, or as Toulon and Ostend are from Archangel and Tobolsk, are wide enough to harbour millions of creatures whose likeness is no where else to be found. These regions are spread through all the latitudes and climates from Canada to Mexico, and must abound with a corresponding variety of animal and vegetable products.

A fourth part of the habitable world is included in Africa. We have sailed along its coasts and possess some knowledge of the banks of the Nile and Senegal, and of the coasts of the Mediterranean and Red Seas; but four fifths of the whole are entirely unknown. We cannot even delineate its great outlines and features, nor are able to say what is mountain, or lake, or river; much less have we inspected the living forms by which it is inhabited.

The northern portion of America may be conceived to be divided, by the Mississippi and Hudson's

bay, into two parts. The land eastward of these is, to the rest, as one is to four. This land is somewhat known to us. It is probable, that had any remarkable varieties of the human species existed between the Mississippi and the Atlantic ocean, they would, at this time, have been known.

Of the remaining portion, Louisiana and the Mexicos have been traversed by the Spanish and French officers and traders; but, to the disgrace of our own age and nation, the rest is quite as much unknown to us, as are the mountains of Upper Siam or the western rivers of New-Holland.

The same thing may be said of South-America. The Portuguese and Spaniards possess this country, but they are unable to describe the local condition of more than one sixth of it. The immense regions stretching from the Andes to the frontiers of Brazil, and the springs of La Plata, are deserts whose inhabitants have never been molested by the Europeans. We may gain, perhaps, an adequate conception of the ignorance of the Portuguese and Spaniards, respecting their interior country, by comparing it with our own ignorance of the regions beyond the sources of the Mississippi and Missouri. What casual information may have been gained by Spanish traders and governors is placed beyond our reach.

As South-America tends southward, its coasts approach, and finally unite with each other, so as to form a triangular peninsula, one thousand miles in length, and five hundred miles in breadth at the base. This region is the least known of any in America. Here it might be expected that uncommon deviations from known patterns would take place. The space is wide, the climate is variable and inclement, and the surface thrown into the utmost disorder by the

ridges of the Andes which intersect it. All the causes favourable to the production of irregular and enormous bodies, are collected in this space; and here there are more proofs of the existence of a gigantic race of men, than in any other part of the globe.

As the interior country has not been visited and explored by travellers, or, at least, as none have published their discoveries, all the intelligence to be expected is from those who have occasionally ranged along the coasts, or entered the harbours. The inland nations would therefore be unknown, unless they sometimes wandered along the shores, and were, by accident, descried from the passing ships. Many ships must hence be expected to visit the coast without seeing them; and, as other tribes may likewise occupy the country, whose height is of the common standard, the latter must sometimes have been met with by voyagers as well as the former.

The navigators who have coasted this land, and who testify the existence of men of an extraordinary stature, are, Magellan, Drake, Cavendish, Sebald de Vert, Oliver Noort, Spilbergen, and Shouten. In the present century, Byron, and two French men, Duclos Guyot, and Giraudais.

The testimony of these men could not be uniform in all particulars. The observation of some would be more hasty and imperfect than that of others. Some would estimate the height of the natives by the eye, or by comparison with neighbouring objects, and therefore be liable to great errors. Some would draw their inference from the marks of footsteps, or from skeletons, or from the particular dimensions of some member of the body. A disagreement, therefore, so far from creating surprize or incredulity, must be considered as in-

evitable. It is sufficient to justify our belief that they all agree in representing the natives as remarkably taller than themselves, though they have varied in their estimates from seven feet and an half to ten feet and an half.

It is likewise to be considered, that Patagonians, like other men, must be of different heights at different ages, and that some individuals among them could not but exceed or fall short of the customary stature.

It is only in the present age that the observations of voyagers have become exact, and their testimony worthy of full credit. Byron, who was dispatched on a voyage of discovery in 1764, has described men of gigantic stature, whom he met with in the straits of Magellan. Their height, by many strong, though comparative circumstances was estimated at eight and nine feet.

The evidence of Duclos Guyot, and Giraudais, who sailed along this coast two years after, perfectly agrees with that of Byron.

It must not be concealed, however, that other voyagers have told a somewhat different story. Carteret and Wallace, in 1766, not only conversed with some natives of this coast, but actually measured their height, and found it to be from six feet to six feet seven inches. It may be added, that the men thus measured, had ornaments about their bodies, of the same kind with those contained in Carteret's ship, and which were probably obtained from Byron and his crew. Hence it is inferred by Dr. Robertson, that these were the very men whose stature had been so greatly overrated by that navigator. This conclusion is strengthened by observing that Byron judged not from measurement, but by comparisons, whose delusiveness, especially in these cases, is well known.

Bougainville, who also measured

some persons on this coast, agrees essentially with Wallace; but our evidence, though thus apparently contradictory, may perhaps be reconciled. The considerations formerly mentioned, that the country is extensive, inhabited by small and unsettled tribes, who may be readily supposed to differ in customs and size, and that the men seen by these three navigators, were possibly of different clans or of different ages, are of some weight. We cannot otherwise conceive why the accounts of Carteret and Bougainville should so widely differ from the concurring testimony of so many preceding voyagers, who had as few motives to deceive, and whose assertions are no less positive.

But Wallace and Bougainville differ from each other, as well as from Byron's officers and Giraudais, not only in the size of the natives, but in other important particulars. Those seen by Byron, painted a circle round each eye; those examined by Carteret, had a circle round their left eye only; and those with whom Bougainville conversed, painted nothing but their cheeks. Hence it is highly probable that these three observers had intercourse with people of different tribes, who, as was before observed, since they differed in manners, might likewise differ in stature. It is well known that in the Scottish highlands, there is a tall clan of the Campbells, and a short one of the Frazers. Now, a Patagonian, eight feet high, is not taller than a Campbell by more, than a Campbell is taller than a Frazer.

That Byron's trinkets were found upon those men seen by Carterets, may be accounted for, by supposing that these trinkets had been transferred by one individual to another through a great number of hands. Though Byron's Patagons were not measured by a scale, like those of Carteret and Bougain-

ville, yet their height was estimated by circumstances that would not easily mislead.

The eye is a deceitful measurer; but Byron, whose stature was nearly six feet, and some of his officers still taller, found it difficult, even on tip-toe, to reach the head of a native near whom they stood. A native seated on the ground, was on a level with an European standing: and a cloak, belonging to the shortest of the troop, when put on by one of Giraudais's crew, who was five feet seven inches in height, trailed above a foot and an half along the ground. The women seemed to be of an height proportional to that of the males.

On the whole, there seems reason to conclude, not only from the laws that generally influence the human frame, and from individual instances among ourselves, but from historical evidence, that a nation of men exists whose ordinary height is eight feet: a nation not materially varying from the civilized inhabitants of Europe, in intellectual capacity, and whose external proportions are essentially the same.

If nations exist exceeding our own standard by two feet and an half, analogy should seem to justify us in inferring the existence of a race which falls short of us in the same degree, that is, whose standard height is three feet.

To support this inference I might remind you once more of our unacquaintance with the world, and insist upon the rashness of denying the existence of tribes, taller or shorter than ourselves, while three fourths of the habitable globe have never been explored, and the creatures that inhabit them are absolutely unknown to us: but it happens that evidence of the existence of such a diminutive race, has been produced. Travellers have described an inland people of Madagascar, who are not more remarkable for

other properties than for their small stature.

What evidence there is for this opinion, having already extended this essay to too great a length, I shall discuss, with your leave, on some future occasion. X.

The BREAKFAST.

A Table near the fire, with two Bowls of Chocolate and Bread—Alfred seats himself and calls his Brother Edwin, who enters, leading in a meagre, ragged, shivering little Boy.

Edwin. OH Alfred, see this poor fellow is almost perished with the cold, and he says he has no fire at home, and no clothes but these rags; come close to our fire, and warm you, don't be ashamed.

Alfred. He looks hungry too, poor child; have you had any breakfast to-day?

Boy. No, Sir, nor yesterday either; I have had nothing to eat since the night before; and yesterday I laid a-bed all day, 'cause it was so cold and stormy, and mam'my had no fire, and I had no shoes nor mittens, so I could not go out to beg a little; and so, to-day I was so hungry I crept out a bit.

Edwin. Oh my! how empty he must be: Oh! here's mamma: this poor boy, mamma, is almost starved; do pray order him some breakfast.

Mrs. T. My dear there is no more chocolate boil'd, and that is the last of the loaf which is set before you, and the baker will not be here till noon.

Edwin. Oh Alfred, let us give him half our breakfast.

Alfred. He is very hungry, Edwin, half would be nothing to him; let us give it him all, that he may have one good belly-full.

Edwin. So we will, I will hand

you the big bowl, and put it all together.

(They put all in one bowl, and drawing the table close to the fire, give the boy a stool, and bid him fall to—he eats greedily, while Alfred stands and looks at him, with a tear rolling down his cheek: Edwin claps his hands, capers and dances round.)

Edwin. Well done, my hearty. See Alfred, see how the fellow eats!

Alfred. Hush, Edwin, you will daunt the poor boy.

Boy. Thank you, gentlemen, thank you; I do feel so comfortable now. I have not had so good a breakfast this twelve-month.

Alfred. I am sure I never had so good a one in my life.

Edwin. Nor I neither. Much good may it do you, my little shaver: and now, Alfred, let us off to school, we shall have good stomachs for our luncheon.

(As they go round the house, they see their mamma at the front door, they run up to kiss her.)

Mrs. T. Come to my arms, my darlings, dearer than ever; take a fond mother's blessing. May God, who delights in mercy, preserve and cherish in my dear boys, that blessed disposition which has prompted them to spare a necessary meal to feed the hungry; and, may they never want means to indulge the sweet source of happiness. Had I provided a breakfast for that poor boy, you would have been pleased to see him eat; but you would not have known that exquisite delight of having, yourselves, ministered to his wants; that charming consciousness of having performed a duty which carries with it an immediate reward. By a small self-denial, you have relieved the distress of a fellow creature, and your hearts enjoy a luxury which no sensual gratifications could give: but now, as you have given your breakfasts to a poor

hungry boy, come in and partake of one with your happy parents, whose every care is softened by the sweet hopes they form from the amiable dispositions of their children. Your little beggar's other wants shall be attended to, you shall see him comfortably clothed, the distress of his family shall be relieved, and he shall be put in some way of learning to get his own livelihood, and assisting his aged parents, and helpless brothers and sisters.

ago, the subjoined queries, and transmitted a few copies of them to some gentlemen, who were judged able and disposed to furnish the desired information. As these, however, had a very small circulation, and as the purpose intended by them has been hitherto but very partially attained, I take the liberty of soliciting a place for them in your very useful Magazine.

It can hardly be doubted but that many of the descendants of the first settlers, and principal families of our state, have books and papers in their possession, which would be important to a collector of materials for its history. It is to be lamented that their reluctance to disclose is so great. I hope this general application to such persons, will induce them to communicate, without delay, what they possess of this nature. The smallest article of information which they may find it convenient to furnish, will confer an obligation on me, and will promote a work which is undertaken with a view to public utility. It will doubtless be recollected, that as there are few works which require more patient and indefatigable labour, than the one in question; so there are none, in accomplishing which, it is more in the power of all descriptions of persons to afford assistance.

I am, Sir, with much respect,
Your humble servant,

SAMUEL MILLER.

New-York, July 24, 1799.

—
QUERIES, &c.

1. When was the first settlement made by the Dutch in New-Netherlands? Under what authority did these settlers come to America? What were their number and their condition, with respect to character and property?

2. When did the first regular organization of the colony, and the

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

MANY of your readers are, perhaps, already informed that I have, for some months past, devoted my leisure hours to the collection of materials, with a view of writing an history of New-York. It is my design to begin with the first colonial establishment by the Dutch, and to end with the late revolutionary war. The work is intended to include, besides the usual details of political transactions, as large an account of the Indian tribes and our relations with them, of ecclesiastical affairs and proceedings, and of our agricultural, commercial, and literary progress, as will be consistent with the requisite brevity.

In an undertaking of this kind, it will readily occur to you that much difficulty must arise from the scattered state of the documents necessary to be consulted; and that, after the largest accumulation of materials which an individual can accomplish, much dependence must be placed on the kind assistance of literary gentlemen, in different parts of the state.

With a view to obtain such assistance, I drew up, several months

first appointment of a governor, or director-general, take place? And who was the first director?

3. In what years were the first forts built at Albany, (then called *Fort Orange*), and at New-York, (then *New-Amsterdam*), and by whom? And what were the names of the commanding officers in each, previous to the arrival of the first governor?

4. What kind of government was exercised in the colony of *New-Netherlands* by the Dutch? On what terms were lands granted and settled by them?

5. What was the nature of the council appointed to advise and assist the Dutch governors in the execution of their office? What the names and number of the counselors at different times?

6. Were the predecessors of governor *Stuyvesant*, *Wouter Van Twiller*, and *William Kieft*, removed from office by death, or for ill behaviour? What was the character of each? And what became of them?

7. What were the numbers of houses, and of inhabitants, in the towns of *New-Amsterdam*, and *Fort Orange*, at different times, under the Dutch administration; and what has been the rate of increase of these towns, under different names, since?

8. What were the names and numbers of the INDIAN TRIBES inhabiting the country which has been since called New-York, when the Europeans first visited it?

9. What records can be obtained of the trade, the disputes, the wars, and the treaties between the Dutch colony and the Indian Tribes, and between the colony and state of New-York, and the same tribes, since?

10. When was your part of the state first settled by white people? What were the number and condition of these first settlers, the cir-

cumstances attending their settlement, and the motives which led to it?

11. What tribes, and what number of Indians did the first settlers of your district find when they went into it? What reception did they meet with? At what rate, and at what time did these Indians diminish, or evacuate the country? —N. B. All documents respecting the Indians, who have been in any wise connected with the colony or state of New-York, or which tend to throw any light on their history, character, or customs, will be particularly acceptable.

12. At what time, and by whose agency did the most considerable TOWNS in your county, first take their rise? What were the circumstances and the motives which led to their establishment? What the advantages of their situation, and the kind of trade or business suiting them?

13. Can any pamphlets, or other records, be obtained which contain authentic information respecting any of the numerous TERRITORIAL DISPUTES between the colony and state of New-York, and the surrounding colonies and states?

14. Are there any documents to be found, which exhibit any curious legislative, judicial, or executive proceedings, at whatever period of our history?

15. What have been the number and state of the MILITIA, at different periods, in New-York?

16. What was the state of RELIGION in this colony, while under the Dutch administration? When and where was the first place of worship built? How many places of worship were there in the colony previous to the surrender in 1664, and where situated? And what ecclesiastical authority were these churches under?

17. When were the CHURCHES in your part of the state, of all de-

nominations, first organized? What number of members had they in the beginning, and at different periods since? What ministers have they had? What were their names, the dates of their settlement and removal, and the salaries given to them respectively?

18. What changes have different congregations undergone, as to numbers, property, &c.? What disputes have existed among them? And what remarkable customs have they retained or abolished?—N. B. All facts and anecdotes, in any wise relating to the ecclesiastical history of the state, are much desired.

19. When were **SCHOOLS** and other seminaries of learning first instituted in New-York? Were there any under the Dutch government? If any, what were their number, character, &c.? What have been the number and situation of schools, at different periods, since?

20. What records, facts, and anecdotes can you furnish, which throw light on the **PROGRESS OF LUXURY** in the state? When were the most conspicuous articles of luxurious indulgence, such as pleasure-carriages of different kinds, &c. first introduced, and by whom?

21. Can you give any information concerning the state of **MORALS** at different periods, such as the comparative frequency of *drunkenness, gaming, conjugal infidelity, prostitution, &c.*?

22. What remarkable laws, customs, or usages, either local or general, have taken place in the state, at different periods? Are there any curious records or monuments, which have survived the ravages of time, which evince any thing remarkable in the state of public improvement, at the time they were formed?

23. When were **NEGRO SLAVES** first introduced into the colony, and by whom? And what were

their numbers, and the treatment they received at different periods?

24. When was the first **PRINTING PRESS** (if any) established in your county, and by whom? When was the first book or newspaper (if any) printed?

25. Have you any public **LIBRARIES**? If any, when were they instituted? By whom? What is the number of volumes in each?

26. What were the dates, circumstances, and authors of the various **REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES** which have taken place in the state, either of *antiquities, natural curiosities*, or of any other kind?

27. At what times were the different kinds of *grain, stock, &c.* which were imported from Europe, first introduced into the colony?

28. What appears to have been the amount of the **EXPORTS** and **IMPORTS**, at different times, from the earliest period?

29. What information can you furnish concerning the dates and progress of the various *improvements* which have taken place, either in the department of *politics, commerce, manufactures, agriculture, literature, or humanity*?

30. Do you possess, or can you direct to any old **MAPS, BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, STATE-PAPERS**, or any other kind of documents, which will in any wise, either directly or indirectly, throw light on any part of our history?

N. B. Where original papers, or copies of originals, are not sent, a particular account is desired, of the authority from which the various articles of information are derived.

The Punishment of Ridicule:

A Fragment.

THIS evening I called, on my way home, at Canning's. I found him standing within the door

C.

of his shop, and laughing with the utmost glee. I looked, at first, for the object of his good-humour, but found that his attention was occupied merely with mirthful recollections.

His laughter would not, for a long time, permit him to explain the incident that affected him. At length he told me that, when a boy, he used to join other boys in persecuting an old crabbed wretch who lived in the town of Lancaster. His name was Linehoff. He inhabited an hut in the purlieus, and maintained himself, he knew not how; but his whole care seemed to be laid out upon a couple of pigs. These he suffered to range abroad during the day, but pent them up at night in a small enclosure adjoining his house. As evening approached, it was his business to entice the wanderers into their pen. They commonly hovered in sight at that hour, and he had little more to do than stand at his door and cry out *pig! pig! pig!* There was nothing singular in these words. All that was remarkable lay in the voice of him who uttered them: but that was so loud, shrill, and discordant, as to attract the notice and excite the astonishment of every one within hearing.

Boys are remarkably sagacious with respect to the singularities of their seniors, and always select something in the gait, accents, or figure of an object, as a theme of ridicule. This man soon became distinguished by his call. His tones, though uncommon, were easily mimicked. Whenever he appeared in the street, he was pursued with the cry of *pig! pig! pig!* uttered with a tolerably exact imitation of his own discords.

This treatment was sure to exasperate him in the highest degree. He would pursue the culprits with every mark of rage, threatening to tear them into a thousand pieces.

Their alertness easily eluded the pursuit of a feeble old man, and while he ran after one, he himself was pursued by others, scores of them, clamouring with all their might *pig! pig! pig!* till the unhappy man's fury mounted almost to distraction.

In proportion as this treatment was galling to him, was the diligence and unanimity of their zeal, till at length Linehoff removed his habitation to some other part of the country. To this removal he was generally believed to have been prompted by the unceasing persecutions to which he was exposed.

Twelve years have since elapsed. Canning came to this city, and, you know, is now settled here. Some months ago, he observed an old man frequently pass his shop-door. There was something in the air and figure of the passenger which seemed familiar to him. This evening, on his passing again, he went to the window, and followed him, for a few seconds, with his eye. He tasked his recollection in order to retrieve the almost obliterated image. Suddenly he recognized this person to be no other than Linehoff. All the circumstances attending his former knowledge of him, thronged at once into his memory; and, guided by an almost involuntary impulse, he thrust his head forward and cried out, in the genuine style of old Linehoff, *pig! pig! pig!*

The old man started as if bitten by a rattle-snake; stopped; looked fearfully round, first this way, then that; and stammered out a few exclamations. Searching in vain for his tormentor, he resumed his way, but mended his pace, and occasionally cast his eye behind him.

Our friend was making himself very merry with this adventure, when an old uncouth personage suddenly presented himself at the door. His countenance expressed

the utmost eagerness and anxiety. He first fixed his eye upon me, and, in the hurry of his scrutiny, brought his face to within three inches of mine. He found no satisfaction from this survey, and turned his view towards our friend. At that moment Canning burst into loud laughter, and this circumstance was sufficient to betray him. The old man lifted his arm, and, with one blow, levelled Canning with the earth. This attack was made with the swiftness of lightning, and allowed our friend no time to repel or elude the stroke. He, however, instantly recovered his feet. They did not support him long, for the old man, brandishing a pen-knife, plunged it into his body.

Immediate interference prevented a repetition of the stroke, which, happily, proved to be short of killing. The old man foamed with fury, and it required the strength of several people to repress his efforts. I easily discovered that this was the persecuted Linehoff. How acute must have been the sufferings of this man when they prompted him to so signal a revenge upon the author of them!

Nothing appears to me more detestable and merciless than this spirit of ridicule, when I reflect upon the consequences it produces: but I know that it arises not from a cruel, but a thoughtless disposition: it is often found in men of incontestible benevolence. Such is our friend; and yet, in the features of this man, pregnant with impatience and anger, he found only new incitements to laughter.

Linehoff was, of course, transported to prison. I find that he is a resident in this city, and has, for several years, maintained himself, and a bed-ridden wife, by his industry. He bears the repute of a sober, harmless, and indefatigable person. The change that has now befallen him, must quickly end in

his destruction, and that of the desolate and decrepid old creature his wife. Imprisonment, though it do not terminate in trial or in execution, will, nevertheless, be ruinous to one in his circumstances.

Canning is declared to be out of danger; but the cure of his wound will be lingering and painful; and his consequent inactivity will be essentially detrimental to his affairs. Such is the penalty of lawless and precipitate ridicule.

TO SAMUEL L. MITCHILL, F. R.
S. and L. L. D. and Professor of
Chymistry in Columbia College,
New-York.

SIR,

BEING convinced from our late correspondence on mathematical subjects, of your sincere attachment to scientific pursuits, and that no one is more ready than yourself to encourage the discovery of truth, and the detection of false and pretended discoveries, I have, therefore, sent you the inclosed paper, entitled, "Mr. Saltonstall's method of finding a universal standard measure, described by S. M. H. in the New-York Monthly Magazine, for June, 1799, demonstrated to be false:" which I shall be much obliged to you to communicate to the editor of that Magazine, in order that it may be published as speedily as possible. This method of finding a universal standard measure, is not new; it was first communicated to me in the year 1788, by the eminent mathematician Mr. J. Howard, of the city of Carlisle in England, who then informed me, that some years previous to that time, he had received it as an original discovery of a person in Holland.

The principle upon which this discovery is founded, has long since

been demonstrated to be false, not of the cone only, but of the sphere, spheroid, &c. &c. (See Emerson's Theory of Geography, from page 127 to page 133. Edit. 1770. and Dr. Hutton's Mathematical Miscellany, from page 64 to page 67. Edit. 1775.) These demonstrations are, however, deduced from the nature of the loxodromic spiral; but that which I now give to the public, is drawn from a new and simple principle, independent of the spiral, and may easily be extended universally to the sphere, spheroid, &c. &c. by means of the equations of the generating curves. From the manner in which this pretended discovery is described by S. M. H. and from my previous knowledge of the subject in England, I cannot possibly avoid suspecting it as a plagiarism: but as it is evident from S. M. H.'s description in the above-mentioned Magazine, that neither he, nor his friend Mr. Saltonstall, is possessed of much mathematical knowledge: and, as discoveries have generally some analogy to the abilities of the discoverers, it is not therefore absolutely impossible that, to Mr. Saltonstall, this discovery may have been original.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
GEORGE BARON.

No. 69 Broadway.
New-York, July 25, 1799.

Mr. Saltonstall's method of finding a Universal Standard Measure, described by S. M. H. in the New-York Monthly Magazine, for June, 1799, demonstrated to be false, by George Baron, Teacher of the Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in New-York, and formerly Master of the Mathematical Academy at South-Shields, in the county of Durham, in England.

Definition I.

THE distance rolled over, by a cylinder rolling upon a plane, is measured upon a straight line, in

that plane, drawn perpendicular to the line of contact of the plane and cylinder.

Definition II.

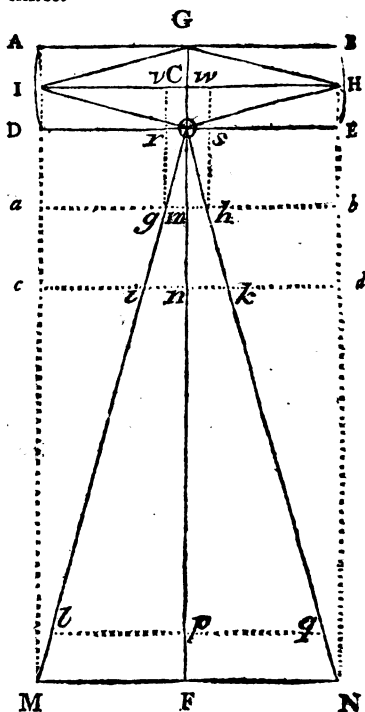
The radius of a cylinder is the radius of a circle, which the section of a cylinder and a plane, perpendicular to its axis. The same is to be understood of the radius of a cone at a given point of its axis.

Axiom I.

The space rolled over by a cylinder upon a plane, is a right angled parallelogram.

Axiom II.

If cylinders of unequal radii, rolling upon planes, roll uniformly over equal distances in equal times, the rotary velocities of the cylinders round their axis are reciprocally as their radii. And if the rotary velocities be reciprocally as the radii, the cylinders will roll uniformly over equal distances in equal times.



Lemma I.

Let $A B E D$ be a cylinder, and $D E$ its line of contact with the plane of the paper $M O N$. Draw $O F$ perpendicular to $D O E$, and let $O M$ and $O N$ make with $O F$ any equal angles $M O F$ and $F O N$. If the cylinder $A B E D$ be rolled upon the plane $M O N$, from O towards M, N , so as to roll uniformly over equal distances $O m, m n$ in equal times; it will also roll uniformly over equal parts of $O M$ and $O N$ in equal times, and the contemporary parts rolled over of $O M$ and $O N$ will be equal.

Demonstration.

Through m and n draw $g m h$ and $i n k$ parallel to $D E$, then by axiom 1. $O g, O m, O h$, and $g i, m n, h k$ are contemporary parts rolled over by the cylinder. And because the cylinder rolls uniformly over the equal distances $O m, m n$ in equal times, and the triangles $O m g, O n i, O m h$, and $O n k$, are similar; it follows that the cylinder will roll uniformly over the equal parts $O g, g i$ and $O h, h k$, and that the contemporary parts $O g, O h$ and $g i, h k$ are equal. Q. E. D.

Cor. 1. If the cylinder roll uniformly over equal parts $O h, h k$ of any straight line $O N$, in equal times; draw $O F$ perpendicular to $D O E$, make the angle $F O M = F O N$, and through h and k draw $h m g$ and $k n i$ parallel to $D O E$, then will the cylinder roll uniformly over the equal distances $O m, m n$ of $O F$ in equal times; and uniformly over the equal parts $O g, g i$ of $O M$ in equal times; the parts $O h, O m, O g$ and $h k, m n, g i$, will be contemporaries, and the contemporary parts $O h, O g$ and $g i, h k$ equal to one another.

Cor. 2. What is demonstrated, in this lemma and cor. 1, of a cylinder rolling upon a plane, is also true of a cylinder rolling along the straight lines $O M, O N$, providing the straight lines $O M, O F, O N$,

be always in the same plane $M O N$, and $D E$ be the line of contact of the cylinder and that plane.

Lemma II.

Let every part of the figure denote, as in lemma 1, produce $g h$ and $i k$ to a, b and c, d , draw $D a c M$ and $E b d N$ parallel to $O F$, and draw the straight line $M F N$. Let the cylinder roll along the straight lines $O M, O N$ from O towards M, N , and in every point m rolled over in the straight line $O F$, suppose the radius of the cylinder diminished in the ratio of $a m$ to $a g$, and the rotary velocity of the cylinder round its axis, increased in the ratio of $a g$ to $a m$; I say that the cylinder, thus variable, will, by means of its thus variable rotary velocity, roll uniformly over equal distances $O m, m n$ in equal times: and that what was demonstrated in lemma 1, and its corollaries, concerning the invariable cylinder, is also true of the cylinder whose radius and rotary velocity are thus variable.

Demonstration.

This evidently follows from the second and first axioms and lemma 1, and its corollaries. Q. E. D.

Cor. 1. When the variable cylinder arrives indefinitely near $M F N$, its radius is indefinitely small, and its rotary velocity indefinitely great: and when it arrives at $M F N$, its radius is nothing, and its rotary velocity infinite.

For, let $R =$ radius of the cylinder at O , $r =$ its radius at any other point m , $v =$ the rotary velocity of the cylinder at O , and $V =$ its rotary velocity at m , then by hypothesis $a m : a g :: R : r :: V : v$. But when the variable cylinder arrives at $M F N$, $a g$ becomes nothing. Hence it evidently follows, that when the variable cylinder arrives indefinitely near $M F N$, its radius is indefinitely small, and its rotary velocity is indefinitely great: and when it arrives at $M F N$, its

radius is nothing, and its rotary velocity is infinite.

Cor. 2. In the straight line OF , let pF be any given distance, through p draw lq parallel to DE ; the variable cylinder in rolling over pF , lM or qN , will revolve an infinite number of times round its axis.

Lemma III.

Let every part of the figure denote, as in lemma 2, and let the plane OGC be perpendicular to IH the axis of the cylinder, bisecting it in C ; draw gr , hs , parallel to Om , and rv , sw perpendicular to IH the axis of the cylinder; then is $DO = OE = am = mb$, $vC = Cw = rO = Os = gm = mh$, and consequently $Iv = wH = Dr = sE = ag = hb$. Join OI and OH , and imagine the isosceles triangle OIH to revolve round the axis IH and generate the double cone $OIGH$. Let now the cylinder $DABE$, including the double cone $OIGH$, be conceived to roll along the straight lines OM , ON from O towards M , N , the radius and rotary velocity of the cylinder varying as in lemma 2, the double cone remaining invariable, and the axis IH and the variable rotary velocity continuing common to the variable cylinder, and to the invariable double cone. I say that the loci of the surface of the variable cylinder, and any contemporary points of contact g , h , of the straight lines OM , ON , are upon the surface of the variable double cone $OIGH$: and that what was demonstrated of the variable cylinder in lemma 2, is also true of the invariable double cone $OIGH$.

Demonstration.

In the variable cylinder am (IC)
 $: ag (Iv) :: CO : \frac{Iv \times CO}{IC} =$ the
 radius of the variable cylinder at
 any point g or h , and in the double
 cone IC : $Iv :: CO : \frac{Iv \times CO}{IC} =$

radius of the double cone at the point v or w ; therefore the radius of the variable cylinder at g or h is equal to the radius of the double cone at v or w ; but $gm = mh = vC = Cw$. Hence it is evident that the loci of the surface of the variable cylinder, and any contemporary points of contact g , h of the straight lines OM , ON are upon the surface of the constant double cone $OIGH$. And if instead of the variable cylinder rolling along the straight lines OM , ON , with the variable rotary velocity as in lemma 2, we here suppose the double cone $OIGH$ to roll along the same straight lines with the same variable rotary velocity, it is evident that what was demonstrated of the variable cylinder in lemma 2, is also true of the double cone. $Q. E. D.$

Cor. 1. When the double cone arrives indefinitely near MFN , its radius is indefinitely small, and its rotary velocity round its axis is indefinitely great: and when it arrives at MFN , its radius is nothing, and its rotary velocity infinite.

This follows from cor. 1, lemma 2, and this lemma.

Cor. 2. In the straight line OM , let MI be any given distance, through I draw lq parallel to DE ; the double cone $OIGH$, in rolling over lM or qN , will revolve an infinite number of times round its axis.

This follows from cor. 2, lemma 2, and this lemma.

Proposition.

Mr. Saltonstall's method of finding a universal standard measure, described by S. M. H. in the New-York Monthly Magazine for June, 1799, is false.

Demonstration.

Let the figure represent, as in lemma 3. Mr. Saltonstall's method of finding a universal standard measure is founded upon the hypothesis that the double cone $OIGH$,

rolling along the straight lines M O, N O, will roll over a given distance M I or N Q, by revolving a given finite number of times round its axis I H; (see page 177 and 178 of the above-mentioned Magazine), but by cor. 2, lemma 3, the number of revolutions is infinite. Therefore Mr. Saltonstall's method of finding a universal standard measure is false. Q. E. D.

receive my wages. I shall, therefore be much obliged to any of your ingenious correspondents to inform me in the next Magazine, how much A. B. and C. are severally indebted to me.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.

ADAM WORKMAN.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

A NEIGHBOUR of mine has just informed me that one of your correspondents has found out a way to do something which no body could ever do before, and that he believes you have a number of such correspondents, who will continually furnish your Magazine with easy methods of performing useful and difficult things. This, Sir, has encouraged me to write to you, in hopes that some of your learned correspondents will please to do something for me which I cannot possibly do for myself, and which is as follows:—

About the beginning of May last, I agreed to sink a well for three persons, A. B. C. for which I was to receive forty dollars; and each person's share of the expense was to be in proportion to the distance of his house from the well; in such a manner that he who lived nearer the well should pay more than he who lived at a greater distance. The work being finished, A.'s distance from the well was found to be thirty, B.'s forty-two, and C.'s fifty-four yards. Now A. B. and C. being good honest people, every one of them is desirous of paying his part of my wages; but the misfortune is, that neither they nor I know how much each ought to pay; and, in consequence of which, I cannot

Remarks on Mr. Saltonstall's Scheme for a Standard of Measure; contained in a Letter from Mr. Robert Paterson, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania, to a Friend in New-York.

Philadelphia, July 30, 1799.

SIR,

I HAVE received your favour of the 16th, and carefully examined the article in the Magazine of last month, to which you refer. —A standard of measure, possessing the properties ascribed to the one which is the subject of this article, would well deserve all the encomium which the describer has, however lavishly, bestowed upon it. But alas! this, with every other scheme to find out a universal standard of measure, independent of gravity, or of any local definite measure, which shall be “capable of being transmitted from age to age, and from country to country, by description merely,” must, I fear, like their sister-schemes of a *perpetual motion*, all prove abortive. Both the inventor and describer seem to have deceived themselves by not duly considering the properties of a continually-decreasing geometrical series. The distances between the several threads of the spiral line, described on the cone by its rolling along the triangle, are accurately enough stated, as forming the terms of such a series. Now, though the *sum* of all the terms of

this series may be readily calculated, the two first terms being known, yet the *number* of terms is absolutely incalculable: for every succeeding term being a certain proportional part of the preceding one, it is impossible that in any finite number they should become completely evanescent; their number, therefore, must be infinite.

This may be illustrated by a familiar example: suppose that from a hogshead containing one hundred gallons of spirits, fifty gallons were drawn off, the hogshead filled up with water, and fifty gallons of the mixture again drawn off; and so on continually. Here the quantity of spirits drawn off at the several exhaustions, will form the terms of a continually-decreasing geometrical series, of which fifty gallons will be the first term, twenty-five the second, twelve and an half the third, &c. and the sum of all the terms will evidently be one hundred: but neither Mr. S. M. H. nor any other person, can calculate the number of terms or exhaustions necessary to draw off the *whole* of the spirits; for, after a million of exhaustions, or any other finite number, the fifty gallons remaining in the hogshead, would still be a mixture of spirits and water, or *weak grog*.

I am persuaded that Mr. Saltonstall never submitted his invention either to the test of experiment, or of actual calculation. If he had, he would soon have been convinced of the fallacy of his theory; and, what may perhaps appear a little paradoxical, the nearer his apparatus had approached to mathematical exactness, the greater would have been the difference in the results: for if we suppose the apparatus *perfectly* exact, and made of materials perfectly hard and non-elastic, the cone, in rolling from the

angle A towards B B, must either revolve with an infinite velocity, or continue an infinite length of time before it would drop off.

Upon the whole, I am convinced that the pendulum, without a bob, proposed by Mr. Jefferson,* in his report, as a standard of measure, is, both as to exactness and practicability, preferable to all others that have yet been proposed for that purpose.

I am, with much esteem,
Your obedient servant,
ROBERT PATTERSON.

Dr. MITCHILL's third Letter on
ALKALIES.

New-York, July 17, 1799

To Miss A———.

My Dear Margaretta,

DURING the very pleasant excursion Mrs. M. yourself, and Mrs. C. made to the falls, near the town of Patterson, in the State of New-Jersey, a few days ago, you recollect we visited the spot where the copper-mine, on the neck of land between the Hackinsack and Pasaick rivers, had been worked. On examining samples of the ore, you admired, very much, the heaviness of some pieces, and the green, blue, and variegated colours of others. But nothing attracted your attention so much as the beautiful and *chrystallized spars*, which had been drawn from the mine with the masses of ore. The regular and elegant forms of these mineral productions, were so striking and curious, that you obtained from me a promise I would give you some further account of the earth of which they consisted, on our return to New-York. This I

* Mr. Jefferson does not claim the merit of this invention: it was communicated to him by Mr. Robert Leslie, an ingenious watch-maker of Philadelphia.

purpose now to do, as I have sufficiently rested since I delivered the oration on the anniversary of American independence, to the Citizens of New-York, on the 4th instant.

The earthy matter composing the chrystals you admired so much, is principally of that kind, called by MEN OF SCIENCE, *calcareous*. It resembles, very nearly, the lime of which so much use is made in constructing and cleaning houses. The proof of which is, that by proper management, such a kind of terrene substance may be procured from them. *Lime*, or *calcareous earth*, is capable of being dissolved in water, of being precipitated from its solution, and of combining with various acids, whereby it assumes, according to circumstances, a great variety of forms, such as marbles, alabasters, lime-stones, fluors, corals, shells, chalks, and chrystals, of different shapes, hues, and sizes.

Lime, however, though so much the subject of admiration in its *chrystallizations*, is more the object of wonder on account of its *anti-septic powers*, whereby it preserves animal and vegetable substances from corruption, and perpetuates their remains longer than any other material with which we are acquainted. Bodies thus surrounded by *lime*, and afterwards hardened to stone, are called *petrifications*; and these petrifications exhibit the most ancient remains of organized beings that are to be found on the globe we inhabit. Mummies, and other pieces of embalming, are of a very modern date compared to them, as you observed in the Egyptian pieces I showed you. *These* are more easily subject to crumbling and decay, while *those* are as durable as the hills which they compose. This antiseptic quality of lime, is alluded to very philosophically in Mr. SARGENT's dramatic poem, which I saw lately in your hand, (The MINE, p. 29 and 30) where

VOL. I. No. 4.

the queen of the Gnomes, and her attendant spirits, thus sing of the power of *petrification* personified under the name of FOSSILIA:

"Where the sanguine corals shine,
In a dripping sea-worn cave,
Let chill FOSSILIA recline
Watching the quick-circling wave:
As her translucent shuttles glance,
The tessellated webs advance.
Till nature rescued by her potent breath,
Exults to perish and revives in death.

"Her splendid Talisman can give
Each plant and insect form to live;
Gay birds still flutter though to marble grown,
The deer's proud antlers branch in wrinkled stone;
Impearl'd the scaly tortoise lies,
While the huge elephant supplies
This ivory spoil; and w. eath'd in rocky fold,
The crested snake convolves his maze of gold."

Lime, or calcareous earth, prevents putrefaction, by absorbing the water and neutralizing the septic acid necessary for that process. It is allowed by all, that moisture, which is but another term for a moderate quantity of water, is essential to putrefaction. It is equally well known that such animal and vegetable substances as contain septon, (azote) do afford, by its aid, inconvenient degrees of heat, septic (nitric) acid; and the common experiment of decomposing the lean or muscular part of animals by the agency of that acid, and obtaining thereby septous (azotic) air, proves that this sour offspring of corruption is a great destroyer of organic matter. The practice of corroding by septous (nitrous) acid, the solid parts of animal viscera after their injection with coloured wax, evinces to all makers of anatomical preparations, beyond a scruple, how destructive is the operation of a watery solution of oxygenated septon.

Thus, in the experiment of the chemist and dissector just mentioned

D

ed, the septic acid makes destructive work upon *dead* bodies or their parts. So in the case of septic of silver (lunar caustic) applied as an escharotic, to destroy warts or proud flesh, the acid of putrefaction disengaged from the metal, decomposes or eats away the *living* substance. Both dead and living bodies, in this manner, yield to the destroying influence of this acid, which is engendered in the midst of corruption.

The absorption of the septic acid by lime, and the formation of calcareous nitre thereby, is a common process in all places where these two materials come within the sphere of each others attraction. Hence you can explain why human and other animal bodies buried in chalk and other forms of calcareous earth, last almost unchanged for many centuries. For the same reason, in some vaults and subterranean repositories of the dead, as in the catacombs near Rome and Naples, which you read of in the books of travels, the carcases of the deceased, though they have laid within their cells a long time, remain, to this day, in a state of remarkable preservation. And upon the same principle you may comprehend wherefore the corpse of any of your departed friends will be well guarded against putrefaction, by being surrounded by a coffin-full of chalk. There is no necessity of covering them with quick-lime. Hence also, I suppose, you may interpret the fact which you mentioned to me, from WIL-LICK'S *lectures on diet and regimen*, (p. 316) that eggs are more effectually preserved from putrefaction by immersion in very strong lime-water, than by besmearing them with butter, packing them in bran or common salt, or hanging them in fresh river-water, or any other known mode.

I wish you would explain to the agriculturalists, that they are mistaken in supposing lime to operate

by promoting putrefaction in manures. The chief action of that earth is to saturate acids, and in so doing to form middle salts. When the septic acid is thus attracted and combined, it forms an excellent fertilizer of soil, but can no longer exercise, as before, its disorganizing power on the materials of the dung-heap. In this manner, the lime around our country-houses on Long-Island, assisted in blunting the acidity which, without its aid, might have injured the poplars, willows, and eglantines, you and I lately planted in their neighbourhood.

Use your influence, my dear girl, for mine I fear is not of consequence enough, with the officers of police, and magistrates of cities, to obtain an order for paving the streets of towns, and their side-walks, with lime-stone or some convenient calcareous material, instead of the silicious stones and bricks now generally in use. You may urge to them the necessity of having something to absorb the pernicious and pestilential acid of septon, so apt to be generated during hot summers in the atlantic cities of North-America; and assure them that such foul places as *Lisbon* and *Kilkenny*, are instructive examples of the extraordinary salubrity of calcareous materials for streets and buildings. You may inform them that the calcareous bottoms of *Curracoa*, and of *Grande Terre* in *Guadaloupe*, act most powerfully in preserving health, by absorbing the septic acid produced in these tropical islands. And convince them, if you can, that if sand-stone and brick must enter into the composition of the dwelling-houses in New-York, that they ought not only to be cemented and plastered within with mortar of lime, but be rough-cast on the outside with a composition of the same kind. Proclaim it loud to all the people, that calcareous earth is plen-

tifully afforded by a benevolent providence, to preserve man from the miasmata, as they are called, of pestilence, and if he neglects to employ it in the houses and cities which he builds, and constructs them of other and improper materials, he must expect to suffer in this, as in other cases where he treats the manifestations of the divine will with contempt. Where the surface of the earth is paved naturally with calcareous earth, pestilential diseases are mild or rare: what then do reason and experience prompt to be done for guarding against their ravages, but to protect the settlements of men with an artificial pavement of a similar material?

Tell the physicians how lime-water has cured dysenteries and ulcers by moderating and blunting those corrosive fluids which, in both cases, had been formed by a combination of septon with oxygene, and either produced the respective diseases originally, or perpetuated and made them worse. Thus you may explain to them how crab's-eyes, prepared chalk, levigated coral, and other things of the same kind, work their good effects when internally administered.

It is very honourable to the fair sex, that they have long understood the practice of combating pestilence by calcareous earth, within their domestic precincts. When they can persuade the men (for I believe that, after all, the ladies must convince them) to employ marble, limestone, or some other similar material for their houses and pavements, and chalk to envelope the bodies of the dead, they will have accomplished some of the most important improvements in civilized society. Rejoice with me that the lady who can effect these wholesome regulations, shall have, not merely a stature of marble, like APOLLO, who slew PYTHON, and HERCULES, that killed HYDRA, erected to her honour, but

what is of far greater value, shall feel the consciousness of having employed science successfully in the cause of benevolence. And rejoice also that these things which have been hid from the wise and prudent, have been revealed unto babes.—Do these things, for I can have no doubt you fully participate my joy on another subject, which is, getting to the end of this uncommon sort of an epistle, though I cannot finish it without declaring to you with what sentiments of tenderness and attachment I am yours,

SAMUEL L. MITCHILL.

Memoirs of STEPHEN CALVERT.

[Continued from p. 215.]

THE perusal of these letters, and the reflections to which they gave birth, occupied the whole night. The new attractions which the image of this lady had acquired, and the expectation of a meeting the next day, filled me with intense musing, and a tremulous impatience. These tremors increased as the hour of her arrival approached, and I entered Wallace's house in a state of trepidation and embarrassment too painful to be long endured.

Such were the emotions which were excited in my heart by one whom I had never seen, and whose person and features I knew only by description. In this way did the lawless and wild enthusiasm of my character first display itself. I regarded my feelings with wonder and mortification. They reminded me of what I had read in the old poets, of heroes who wept away their lives for love, though the object of their passion had never been seen, and sometimes did not exist. These pictures, which Cervantes had taught me to ridicule or to disbelieve, I now regarded with alter-

ed eyes, and perceived that they were somewhat more than creatures of a crazed or perverse fancy.

On entering Wallace's parlour, my friend presented me to one whom he called my cousin. My confusion scarcely allowed me to receive her offered cheek, or to look at her. One glance, however, was sufficient to dissolve my dream, and quiet my emotion. I was restored, in a moment, to myself, and to indifference, and could scarcely persuade myself that this was the being whom my fancy had so luxuriantly and vividly portrayed.

She was diminutive in size, and without well turned, or well adjusted members or features. Her face was moulded with some delicacy, but it was scarred by the small-pox; and the defects of her skin, in smoothness, were not compensated by any lustre of complexion. Minute in size, inelegantly proportioned, dun in complexion, this figure was a contrast to what the vague encomiums of my friends, and my own active imagination had taught me to expect.

This disappointment created dejection, and even some degree of peevishness. I was absurdly disposed to quarrel with my friends for exciting, by their exaggerations, fallacious hopes; and not to have fulfilled these hopes, I regarded as a crime in my cousin. On this account, I not only despised, but secretly upbraided her. Reflection speedily cured me of this folly; and intercourse with the new-comer, by gradually unfolding her excellencies, fully reconciled me to her personal defects, or made me wholly overlook them.

This intercourse was without constraint, and almost without intermission. I saw her at all hours, and almost during every hour of the day. At home and abroad, in the company of strangers and friends,

at times of recreation and employment, her person and behaviour were exposed to my scrutiny: a temper capricious and uneven, timorous or irritable, impatient of delay or contradiction, and preferring her own gratification to that of others, never, at any moment, appeared. She smiled upon all, sought from every one the knowledge which he possessed, and betrayed solicitude to please and instruct her companion in her turn. Her mind was incessantly active in analyzing the object or topic that occurred, in weighing proofs, tracing inferences, and correcting her mistakes. She read much, but she talked more than she read, and meditated more than she talked. She frequently changed her place, her company, and her employments; but these changes wrought no difference in the ineffable complacency which dwelt in her eyes, in the activity of her thoughts, and the benevolent fervour of her expressions.

Me she admitted, in a moment, to familiarity and confidence. She talked to me of her own concerns, of her maxims of economy, her household arrangements, her social connections, her theories of virtue and duty, and related, with scrupulous fidelity, the history of her opinions and her friendships. This confidence did not flow from having ascertained my merits, or the assurance slowly and cautiously admitted, that her confessions would not be misunderstood, and would not be abused. She spoke to me because I was within hearing, and only ceased to speak when interrupted by another, or to obtain replies to her questions. She was not more liberal of information respecting herself, than solicitous to obtain a knowledge of me. For this end she dealt not in circuities and hints, but employed direct questions, and inquired into my condition and

views, with all the openness and warmth with which she disclosed her own.

The thoughts which had occupied me most, related to herself. My design of gaining her love had been thwarted, or, at least, discouraged by first appearances. The transfer of her father's property, had been recommended by a sense of justice, but I will not deny that I was also influenced by other motives. These motives had governed me without my being fully conscious of their force. I had desired, by bestowing this benefit, to advance myself in her esteem; and I could scarcely conceal from myself that marriage would restore to me what I should thus have given away.

My feelings were now changed, and I found reasons for abandoning my purpose, or, at least, for delaying the execution of it. What I did not mean to perform, there seemed some reasons for concealing that I had ever intended. Though she frequently alluded to the event which had made me possessor of her father's property, interrogated me as to the condition of the land and servants, and tendered me her counsel and assistance in the use of it, she never gave proofs of being dissatisfied or disappointed by her father's will, of having imagined her own title superior to mine, or of imputing any meanness and guilt to my retention of it.

What her candour did not condemn, however, my own conscience disapproved. It was difficult to stifle my conviction of being actuated by selfish and ignoble views. I saw that I had formed this design upon improper motives, and had relinquished it from motives equally sordid. I had not only my own disapprobation to contend with, but was terrified by fear of that of others. I had incautiously mentioned this design to my mother and

to Wallace, and it would not be easy to account for, or apologize to them for this change in my plans. Still, however, my reluctance to give away so large a property to one, who, by her marriage, would give it to another, was too powerful to be subdued.

While my mind was in this state of indecision, I took occasion to visit my cousin one evening, on which she was alone. I had scarcely entered the apartment when I noticed some marks of disquiet in her features, which she immediately explained, by repeating the substance of a conversation which had just passed between Sydney and her. From him she had heard of the design I had formerly entertained respecting *Calverton*. "I have thus been informed," she continued, "that you intended to transfer my father's estate to me. Your motives, no doubt, were generous, and founded on an high opinion of my worth. You have not executed this design, nor, since my arrival, have even mentioned it to my friend or to me. I cannot help feeling some anxiety on this account. If I had not received your earnest assurances that your prepossessions in my favour have been fulfilled, and even greatly surpassed, I should ascribe this change in your plans, to the discovery of some unworthiness in me. This belief I cannot admit, after having listened to so many encomiums from your lips, and yet I am at a loss to account for it in any other manner. A sort of half-formed suspicion has found its way into my heart, that——shall I tell you what I think, even when my thoughts are disadvantageous to you? I cannot help suspecting you of some caprice or some faultiness. I have hitherto found you, or imagined you, an excellent youth; I loved, I exulted in your virtues, such as I have known them, by means of your mother's report, and such as I have

witnessed them myself. To have formed this design, argued more generosity than I had ascribed to you; but to have relinquished it when once formed, evinces either a blameable fickleness or a laudable sagacity. From which of these it flows, I know not. I want to esteem you more than I do, but I am afraid, when I come to be acquainted with the true motives on which you have acted, I shall find reason for esteeming you less. Pray, my friend, let me know the truth."

While saying this her eyes were fixed with great earnestness on my face. They even glistened with tears. I was affected in a singular manner. These proofs of a tender and sublime interest in my happiness and virtue, affected me with pleasure, while the consciousness of the truth of her suspicions covered me with shame.

I had a difficult part to act. To acknowledge the truth, would, indeed, lower me in her opinion; a circumstance not less distressful to her than to me. To pretend that I was influenced by disinterested considerations, and by a sort of refined, though perhaps erroneous regard to her happiness, which her present frugal competence would more essentially promote, than the possession of extensive and cumbrous property; to insinuate that I had only delayed, in consequence of some fictitious obstacles, the execution of my purpose, would have been grossly culpable. I was fortunately extricated from this embarrassment by the entrance of a neighbour, whose prolix loquacity consumed the whole evening, and allowed me to withdraw before any further explanation could take place.

This incident led my thoughts into a new direction. It seemed as if the option of doing or forbearing was taken away. My reputation was made to depend upon my conduct, and the rebukes and con-

tempts of my mother, of Sydney, and of the lady herself, were to be shunned at a greater price than this. I was determined, with whatever reluctance, to execute my first purpose.

My reluctance did not flow from any single source. Power and property are intrinsically valuable, and I loved them for their own sake, as well as for the sake of the good which they would enable me to confer upon others. I was willing to obviate all the necessities of this woman, but desired to retain the means in my own hands. I did not love her, but I drew pain from thinking of her as belonging to another. I did not wish her to be mine, but I believed that no human being was so worthy to possess her as myself. To enrich her, would be merely enriching some being who, at present, was unknown, and whom, when known, I was sure that I should hate and despise.

The necessity to which I had reduced myself of giving, and the aversion which the conception of her marriage with another produced, led me, at length, to reflect upon the scheme of seeking her myself. To reconcile myself to this scheme, I ruminated on her unrivalled and inestimable qualities. I said, I must not expect to meet with any one equally excellent. She is destitute of beauty, but what is beauty? It is transient and perishable. Time or indisposition destroys it, and its power over the senses depends upon its novelty. Conjugal familiarity never fails, in a very short period, to dissolve the charm. The true foundation of love is placed in the moral character, and the assurance of being requited with affection. To know that I am beloved by a being like this, will unavoidably excite that passion in me; but, if it did not, still my regard for the happiness of such a woman ought to determine my choice. I believe

But she already loves me, and it is my duty to ascertain the truth; and, in some sort, to abide by her decision.

Meanwhile to offer her this estate, which truly belongs not to me, but to her, is my first province. In doing this, all allusions to wedlock or love should be carefully excluded. They may, in a due interval, properly succeed, but ought not to accompany the offer. To proffer money and love, in the same moment, is ridiculous. It would appear like bribing her affections, and is absurd, since it would be equivalent to taking back with one hand what we bestow with the other.

But how shall I account for my delay? She knows that I once conceived this design, and have since apparently relinquished it. My motives have, I fear, been selfish or ambiguous, and I cannot prevail upon myself to disclose them. The truth must be palliated or disguised. Some adequate apology must be invented. It was in vain, however, that I sought for some apology which would answer my end, without a greater breach of truth than my honesty would allow me to commit.

At length it occurred to me, that since I had resolved to tender her my hand, there was no sufficient reason for deferring the tender. I neither expected nor desired stronger evidence of her intellectual excellence than I at present possessed. If she loved me, the sooner her anxieties were at an end, the more should I consult her happiness. If her affection were desirable, upon the whole, the sooner it was ascertained and secured, the better. Besides, since an apology for my delay must be found, none was more plausible than that it arose from my having entertained a passion, which, if crowned with success, would render my intended gift unnecessary and absurd.

Such was the train of my reflections, in my way homeward from the interview, which I have just described. When I left the house, no conception was more distant from my wishes than marriage with my cousin, but before I reached my lodging, a total reverse had taken place in my sentiments and views. This reverse was of too much moment not to engross my deepest thoughts. I entered my chamber and threw myself on the bed. As soon as I came to reflect upon this union, as on somewhat that was destined to happen, I was industrious in tracing its consequences and revolving its benefits. Insensibly my fancy became heated, I grew impatient of delay; I shuddered at the obstacles to my success that time might produce, and at those which might, at that moment, secretly exist. I endeavoured to bury my forebodings and anxieties in sleep, but sleep would not be summoned.

At length I started on my feet, and exclaimed, Why should I endure this uncertainty a moment? Why should I impose it on another? A mutual understanding may be accomplished next month or next week; but cannot it be, with more propriety, effected to-morrow? and if to-morrow, why not to-night? No event can be more disastrous and intolerable than suspense; and this hour, when the Wallaces are gone to their repose, and Louisa has withdrawn to her chamber, not to sleep, but to brood over the tormenting images of my depravity, may terminate suspense, and stifle suspicion, and overwhelm the heart of this angelic woman with joy.

She does not go to bed till twelve. In such a moonlight night as this she is probably seated at her chamber window, which is lifted, and which overlooks the street. Hence it will be easy to obtain audience: and the conference to which I sum-

mon her will be worthy of the sacred silence and solemnity attendant on it.

Fraught with this idea, I left my chamber and the house, and speeded towards the street where Wallace resided. The air was mild and the moonlight brilliant, and many persons were seated at their doors and in their porches, gaily conversing, and inhaling the breeze, whose grateful influence had been enhanced by the fervours of the past day.

My expectations of seeing Louisa at the window were fulfilled. Her voice was coarse and monotonous, and wholly unadapted to music; but she was, nevertheless, fond of the art, and, when alone, was accustomed to sing. This, at present, was her occupation, and though its influence was displeasing, inasmuch as it reminded me of her deficiency in an art, upon skill in which my imagination had been used to set the highest value; it likewise delighted me, by denoting her presence at the window.

On recognizing my voice she betrayed no small surprise. My request to be admitted to an interview was immediately granted. She came down stairs, and, opening the street door, went with me into a back parlour. This meeting, said she, is very singular and unexpected. Something of no very trivial import must have induced you to come hither at such an hour. Pry'thee tell me the cause.

To explain the cause was a task of some delicacy. Her own quickness of perception, however, supplied my want of perspicuity; and the ardour of her own feelings made her overlook the fluctuations and coldness which the neutral state of my affections could not but produce in my tone and deportment. That she loved me was a suspicion not admitted without plausible evidence; but the transports of her tenderness,

the sobs which convulsed her bosom, and took away all utterance, surpassed those bounds which my imagination had assigned to it.

These appearances were not anticipated. It cannot be said that they excited pain, but they were contemplated without rapture. I was conscious to a kind of disapprobation, of which the inertness and insensibility of my own heart were the objects. I believed that I ought to have partaken in her transports; that the merits of this being, and the value of her love, were such as to make my near approaches to indifference a crime. In circumstances that ought to have been pregnant with delight, my complex feelings were tinged with dejection.

At this moment our attention was called away by a distant and faint sound. It was the murmur of confused and unequal voices, mingling, and, at each moment, growing louder and more distinct. Presently a tolling bell was heard. The sounds were, at first, slow, and at long intervals; but suddenly the strokes succeeded each other with more rapidity, and other *larums* were rung in different quarters. The sounds gradually approached the door. The pavement without was beaten by innumerable footsteps, and the fearful warning, ascending from a thousand mouths, was *Fire! Fire!*

I was confounded and dismayed by this uproar. I had never witnessed this disaster in a populous city, and my fancy had connected with it innumerable images of tumult and horror. I knew not the place or the limits of the danger, and gazed around me as if it were uncertain whether the room in which we stood was incircled by the blaze.

From this stupor I was roused by my companion, who knew nothing but compassion for the sufferers, and who implored me to fly to their relief.

Who? Where? Whither must I fly?

Go into the street: run whichever way the crowd runs.

I obeyed without parley or delay; and, rushing into the street, allowed myself to be carried along by the stream. Presently I turned a corner, and saw, far before me, red gleams, wavering on the roofs and walls, and luminous smoke, rolling in immense volumes above.

I ran forward with speed. Presently I drew near the house that was in flames. The space before it was crowded with gazers, whose tongues were active in augmenting the clamour, while their hands seemed totally unoccupied. I pressed forward with eagerness, though actuated merely by an impetuous curiosity, till I reached a narrow interval between the walls of the building and the middle of the street. This space was ankle-deep in water, supplied by the pumps and engines, which had been drained without success. It was, besides, scarcely tenable from the heat. Beams, and fragments from the roof were incessantly falling around it. No danger, therefore, was more imminent; and the crowd kept aloof.

I had scarcely breathed, after reaching the verge of this space, when I noticed a ladder, raised against the wall, and leaning on a window at the third story. No one ascended it, from fear, as I hastily collected from the exclamations of those near me, that the roof would sink before he who should be adventurous enough to enter the house should have time to leave it. I found, likewise, that some one was imagined to be asleep in that chamber.

I was not qualified to judge of the progress which the fire had made, or on what ground this apprehension was built. Had I deliberately consulted my Yeason, I should, doubtless, have continued

to hover at a cowardly distance from the scene of peril; but the impulse that governed me was headlong and irresistible: It pushed me forward, and I began to mount the ladder. In vain a thousand voices called upon me to *come down*, and exclaimed that the roof was already falling. I was deaf to their clamours; and, having gained the top, dashed through the window, which, on the outside, could not have been lifted easily, or with sufficient expedition.

The apartment was nearly filled with smoke, which, by my being suddenly immersed in it, had nearly stifled me. Nothing was distinctly visible; but, stretching forth my hands, I threw myself forward at random. I reached a bed, and laid my hands upon a sleeper. It was wonderful that the uproar of men, and the crackling of flames, had not awakened her. I had almost dragged her from the bed before she opened her eyes, and became sensible of her situation.

I had no need of words to explain her danger, or of arguments to prevail on her to fly with me. She had only to regain possession of her senses, to look around her and to listen. The stair-case and the roof were wrapt in flames. The fire had already taken hold of her chamber door. The lingering of a moment would have been fatal both to her and to me. Snatching her up in both arms, I hurried to the window, and, darting out of it, had nearly reached the bottom of the ladder when the roof fell in. A cloud of sparkles and cinders flew upward, and on every side. The concussion shook the ladder from its place. I fell, but was fortunate enough to reach the ground upon my feet.

By this time the strength of my companion was exhausted, and she fainted. I did not perceive her situation till, having dragged her through the crowd, who opened

me a passage, I reached the steps of an opposite house. Here I paused to collect my thoughts and examine the state of my companion.

We were immediately surrounded by several persons, who offered their assistance. One of them, pointing to an house at some distance, and which was not likely to be injured by the fire, desired that the woman might be carried thither. At the same time he applied to a bystander who, as it appeared, lived in the house, at the door of which we were seated, for a blanket or cloak, in which we might wrap the naked limbs of the sufferer. A cloak was instantly furnished, and the woman, still insensible, was carried in the arms of several persons, to the house before pointed out.

During these transactions, I was nearly passive. An asylum being thus provided for this woman, and succour being thus amply and readily bestowed by others, there was need of no new exertion from me. I had done my part, and it now behoved me to attend to my own safety. Coals and cinders had lighted on my clothes, and penetrated, in several places, to my flesh. The pain, hence produced, was acute. I had likewise, in my incautious haste to regain the ladder, after having entered the room, struck my head against the side of the window, with such violence, as appeared to have left no slight contusion behind it. I felt myself, however, able to move, and believed it proper to return home with as much expedition as possible. I quickly extricated myself from the crowd, whose curiosity and solicitude were more engaged by the woman's condition than by mine, and stopped not till I reached my chamber.

On examining my wounds, I found them to be of small moment, and to be such as to stand in no need of nurse or physician. The pain could be allayed by simple ap-

plications within my reach, and I forbore to disturb any of the family. Being remote from the danger, it had not interrupted their repose, and they were wholly unconscious of my motions.

After some time, the tumult of my spirits subsided, and I had leisure to reflect upon the extraordinary occurrences that had just happened. They appeared more like the transitions of a feverish vision, than the sober changes of reality. The being whom I had saved from destruction, was a woman. This I had been able to infer, not only from a rapid view of her face and person, but also from her shrieks, whose acute tones sufficiently denoted her sex. Closed eyes and the wanness of death, were not all that the pale reflection of the flames enabled me to discover during the few moments in which she lay in my arms. There were features, and neck, and bosom, which were stamped upon my memory and fancy, in eternal characters. Though seen for an instant, they refused to disappear, and the image was so vivid that I almost stretched forth my hand to discover whether it were not really before me.

What were the lines and hues of this image? Did they coincide with those delineations of ideal beauty by which my solitary hours had been occupied? They were different from all that I had imagined or witnessed. They burst upon my senses with all the enchantments attendant upon novelty as well as loveliness.

But though I had seen her so nearly, she was probably profoundly ignorant of me. Involved in darkness and smoke, she saw me not in her chamber; and, before she reached a station where my features could have been distinctly noticed, she was sunk into insensibility. Some of those around me might have had previous acquaint-

ance with my person, but it was more probable that I was totally unknown to the nearest spectators. I had lately arrived in the city, and my intercourse was chiefly limited to Sydney and the Wallaces.

I scarcely know how to convey to you just ideas of so motly a character as mine was, in my juvenile days. I was the slave of phantasies and contradictions. My preceptors were books. These were of such a kind as to make me wise in speculation, but absurd in practice. I had blendid the illusions of poetry with the essences of science. My mind was fertile in reasoning and invention, and my theory was not incorrect; but my practical notions of happiness and dignity, were full of imbecility and folly. The idol which my heart secretly worshipped, and to which I habitually annexed every excellent and splendid attribute, was love. I snatched glimpses of a better kind of devotion, that which is paid to science, to ambition, to the happiness of mankind; but these were transient in their influence.

According to my custom, I was now busy in tracing the consequences to which this incident might lead: in reflecting on the emotions which the lady, on recovering from her swoon, and obtaining a knowledge of the means of her rescue, might admit into her bosom; and on the effects which an interview between us was likely to produce.

The pleasure which I found in these reveries, was quickly damped by remembering that sacred engagement into which I had entered with my cousin, and on the importance to her happiness of my adherence to that engagement. I likewise thought upon those obstacles which fortune, or parents, or a previous marriage, might raise between me and this new acquaintance. These thoughts made my soul droop. I

began to upbraid my precipitation with regard to my cousin; to consider my proffer of love before it was actually felt, as a criminal imposture, no less injurious to myself than unjust to her.

The mind is ingenious in inventing topics of consolation. Gradually my thoughts returned to the contemplation of my cousin's excellence, of the seldomness of any union between personal and mental beauty, and of the preference which the latter might always claim over the former. I was likewise wise enough to discern the danger that would flow from intercourse with this unknown person; the tendency of gratitude for so signal a benefit, to produce a more fervent passion, and the hazard of yielding to temptation, which my unfortified virtue might incur. For these reasons I determined to decline all intercourse with this female, and to foster, by every means, that affection for Louisa to which she was so well entitled.

Next day the topics of general conversation were, of course, connected with the late fire. Wallace had been roused by the alarm, but had arrived upon the spot sometime after I had retired from it. His inquiries had made him acquainted with most of the particulars which have just been mentioned, but no clue had been afforded by which to ascertain the person of him who had exposed his life to so imminent an hazard.

Sydney had likewise been upon the spot. His knowledge was equally imperfect. I withheld the knowledge which I possessed, being much amused with the speculations and comments that were made in my hearing. I could not but remark the numberless deviations from truth which the story exhibited in passing from one mouth to the other. A score of eye-witnesses communicated each a different tale,

and a different description of my person. I was sometimes a youth, sometimes middle-aged. To no two observers was my garb precisely of the same colour and form; and one person solemnly maintained, on the evidence of a pair of eyes whose acuteness had, in this instance, been assisted by spectacles, that I was a negro man, about forty, who was formerly a slave of his own, and whom he had sought out and *handsomely* rewarded for his courage. It must be added, indeed, that this witness had not acquired much reputation for veracity.

I was much more inquisitive as to the character and condition of the family who occupied this mansion. I was told that it consisted of two old ladies and a female servant. The latter was she whom I had rescued from destruction. Her mistresses had seasonably escaped, and their confusion and terror had made them overlook, for some time, the danger of their waiting-maid. This being, at length, recollected, some persons had gone so far as to raise the ladder to the window, but their fears would not suffer them to mount it. There were some who confidently reported that the rescuer of the girl, was no other than her lover, a journeyman carpenter and a well-disposed youth, who merited, on this occasion, a public recompense.

So! the nymph whom my imagination had deified, and whose presence I was to shun with as much care as Ulysses shut his ears against the song of the syrens, proved to be nothing more than a waiting-maid, who, though not an unsightly girl, was affirmed to be illiterate and coarse in manners and sentiments. I was sufficiently disposed to question the truth of this intelligence; but these facts were not equally liable to misrepresentation and mistake, as those which related to me;

and were supported by no unpalatable evidence.

The flitting and ambiguous light in which she had been viewed, and her state of insensibility, had probably decorated her, to my eye, with so many fictitious charms. I drew a useful lesson from this discovery. I learned to contemn the vagaries of my fancy, and to place more reliance on experience. My secret struggles and fantastic regrets, which my reason had been unable to subdue, were now at an end. The idol I had worshipped proved to be a worthless stock; and I returned, with satisfaction, to the path of love and of honour to which my cousin had invited me.

Some days after, on entering Sydney's apartment, he pointed out a paragraph, in the gazette of the day, in which were these words: "We learn that the person who so bravely exposed his life for the sake of a fellow creature, at the late fire in High-street, is Mr. Felix Calvert, a young gentleman lately from Europe." This paragraph put an end to my concealment; and my narrative of this transaction afforded to Louisa and my friends a topic of much curiosity and congratulation. The assertion of my late arrival from Europe was a new proof of the fallacy of rumour; and I took no pains either to confute this error, or to detect the means by which my concern in this affair had been discovered.

Some time afterwards I was accidentally enabled to trace the channel through which this information had reached the printer. A young negro, who belonged to *Calverton*, had spent the night of this conflagration abroad. He had excused his absence to my steward, by feigning that he watched by the side of a sick slave, belonging to a neighbouring plantation. In truth, he spent it at a carousal in the city.

Three days after this event, he was standing in the market-place, chattering with great vivacity to a companion. Their discourse was overheard by an apprentice in the office of the Weekly Gazette, who stopped near them to purchase a melon. It appeared that *Cuff* was relating what had passed at the fire, of which he was a witness. When he reached the incident of mounting the ladder, he continued thus:

Ou' pop a man! uppa de latha like a rat. Ob bobs! what de debble! *Prime*, says I, is'n da massa Cavut? No! ees! ees! it ee massa Cavut. What de debble if ee see me?. teh Ceesa gim me floggin! Way! scampa! scud!

No, no, says *Prime*: top; he be kill. Run uppa de latha. Massa Cavut sure enough.

So I top. Ebba body olla, Downa, downa! Massa Cavut no ere em: run uppa lika querril up oaka tree. No debble runna like im. In ee pop. No liffa de winda, but in ee pop, trough glass and all. *Quash!* ebba body olla. *Prime* olla. Me olla mo dan ebba body—O massa Cavut! massa Cavut!—Massa Cavut era no body bum me. So ou' pop massa wid 'oman in 'is 'and. Down de latha ee runna, mo fass dan ebba—'oman in 'is 'and 'till. Den I runna too; fear ee see me: teh Ceesa gim me floggin.

Pray, said the apprentice, who are you talking of, Blackee? the man who got the girl out of the window t'other night, at the fire? Do you know who he was?

Be sure I do. He my massa: ung massa Cavut. He be lif oba Kukill. I be lif wid im. He be come estaday oba de watta.

Massa Cavut was translated by a market-man, who lived near Chester, into Mr. Felix Calvert: and this intelligence being transferred to the printer, it found its way, by his contrivance, to the public.—Thus, though many different repre-

sentations will be given of every incident, yet it may always be, that one among the number shall be true.

This event and its consequences were, in a short time, generally forgotten. It determined the colour of my destiny; but the period was not yet arrived when I was enabled to discern the extent of its influence. Meanwhile my thoughts were occupied by schemes of love and happiness. Each day admitted me to a nearer view of the mental beauties of my cousin, afforded new proofs of the warmth of her affection, and gave new tenderness to my own feelings.

There is but one goal to which the wishes of lovers point. Having ascertained the mutual existence of love, and no impediment arising from considerations of fortune, all that remained was marriage. Having proceeded thus far, I was eager to accomplish the remainder; and a suitable opportunity occurring, I disclosed to her my wishes.

Either the vulgar portraits of women are groundless and absurd, or my cousin's deportment was an exception to those rules which ordinarily influence her sex. I am disposed to adopt the former opinion, having rarely found any of those distinctions that abound in books exemplified in real life. Woman has been painted as a mass of scruples and doubts; as studying concealments and disguises; as inviting and withdrawing from importunities; as perpetually distrusting the tendency of her feelings, and sifting the professions of her lover; as wishing, and deferring the attainment of her wishes when fully in her power; as practising a thousand stratagems and frauds, and cloaking her hypocrisy under the specious names of dignity; self-respect; modest reserve.

We are taught to expect that a woman will assiduously counterfeit indifference till the man has avowed

his affection; that the secret of her heart, instead of spontaneously flowing to her lips, can only be extorted; that tremours, flutterings, and misgivings; a proneness to recede and delay, are to accompany every act of condescension, and every acquiescence in necessity; that these are feminine attributes, and are not only dictated by reason and duty, but are interwoven with the female constitution.

My teachers and guides had been the coiners of fiction; the preachers of duplicity; the moralists who talk of virtue as of one thing in man and another thing in woman; of mind as modified by sexual differences, like the hue of a skin and the texture of a muscle; and of duty and decorum as prescribing an opposite demeanor in similar circumstances.

Hitherto my theories had been only thwarted and contradicted by the conduct of my cousin. Love had made no inroad on her candour and her unreserve. Her preference of my society, even before she had reason to suppose me a lover, was never concealed. Her eyes sparkled with new pleasure on my entrance: her attention seldom strayed from my countenance and words: her anxiety at any token of disquiet in me was openly expressed; and once, on a sudden meeting, she so far overstept the customary boundaries, as to wrap me in her arms and kiss my cheek. No self-reproof or blushful consciousness ensued this act of unguarded tenderness, though, indeed, it took place without a witness.

Knowing the benevolence of her temper, her perfect artlessness, and her assurance of her own rectitude, I was doubtful for a time whether to ascribe these appearances to more than friendship. I imagined that love was the parent of reserve and dissimulation; that it would produce a seeming unwillingness to

answer my inquiries or comment upon my theories; that she should desire my exclusive company, but labour to conceal that desire, and so manage, that the attainment of her purpose should always appear to flow from accident; that her expressions, when addressed to others, should be fluent and unstudied, but, to me, should be selected with caution, and uttered with some degree of hesitation; attention, when least apparent, should be most powerful, and when she listened with most eagerness, her eyes should seem most occupied by a different object.

On this occasion my vague prognostics were no less totally confuted. My intimations were understood before they were fully expressed. They obtained not a dubious acquiescence, but a vehement assent. It was unwise to defraud herself of the happiness of wedlock by the least delay. Next week was a period preferable to next month; to-morrow was still more to be desired. Nay, she would eagerly concur in the ratification of this contract on that very night. Domestic arrangements might follow with as much convenience and propriety as precede. The house of Wallace would be glad to receive me as a more permanent guest.

She hated the ostentations and formalities attendant on the rite of marriage. These made her regard, with some timidity, that which, on its own account, was productive of nothing but good. Why not lay these aside with the contempt which they deserved? Why tolerate a longer delay, or pass through more forms than were absolutely indispensable?

Her good friend, Mr. Aylford, knew of the engagement of her heart. She owed a visit to that reverend and excellent man. Let us begone this moment, she continued, and seek him in his closet, where he is busy in preparing the religious exercises of to-morrow. Let us

claim his immediate assistance in uniting us beyond the power of fate to dissolve the union. We need not leave his house till to-morrow, when we will return hither, and afford you the opportunity of introducing to the Wallaces your *wife*.

I was almost startled by the abruptness and novelty of this proposal. Its adventurous singularity, however, was congenial with my character, and I eagerly assented to it. But where, said I, shall a witness be procured? Mr. Aylford will not be willing to dispense with the presence of another.

Neither would I be willing. A witness must doubtless be had, and that witness shall be Sydney. His approbation and his presence are wholly indispensable on an occasion like this.

At this moment Sydney entered the room. The lady, with her usual confidence in his affection, repeated the proposal which she had just made.

While thus employed I diligently observed the countenance of Sydney. I had never forgotten that he was once the lover of this woman. It was inconceivable that love so rational should have wholly disappeared. That Sydney, whose talents and integrity were revered by Louisa, should never have gained a place in her affections, had always appeared an inexplicable problem in my eyes; but it was still more difficult to comprehend how the love which Sydney had once admitted could have ceased to exist, when the intercourse between them, and the interchange of good offices, continued the same, and when no new passion had arisen to supplant the old.

I had seen, in him, however, no tokens of uneasiness or jealousy. He had marked the progress of our mutual passion with tranquil approbation. He had spoken of it with

an air of serene contentment; and his frankness and affectionate demeanor, as well as his general cheerfulness, appeared not to have been lessened, but augmented by this event.

On the present occasion, he smiled, and said, I believe your wishes cannot be gratified to-night, unless some other clergyman will answer your purposes as well as Mr. Aylford, for he left town this morning, and will not return till to-morrow evening.

Louisa declared it impossible for any other to supply his place, and professed her willingness to defer the ceremony till the morrow. On the whole, said she, it will be best. Mrs. Wallace would censure me with justice for taking so momentous a step, not only without her company, but without her knowledge. You, Sydney, and she, shall accompany us to-morrow to Mr. Aylford's, and be witnesses of the happiness of your friends.

Some incident now occurred to separate the company, and put an end to our discourse. I returned to my lodgings, and, till the next morning allowed me to visit my cousin, passed a wakeful and feverish interval. The coming event I regarded with tumultuous impatience. So far from being able to sleep, it was impossible to enjoy a moment's rest. My limbs bore me mechanically to and fro. I marked the vibrations of the pendulum, and eyed the index of the clock as it stepped from one second to another. Time, surely, has no measurer but the progress of our own sensations. Fear and hope will prolong days into years, while the oblivion of insanity or sleep leaps over days and years as if they were not.

Every moment seemed to annihilate some hazard that beset me, while, for one peril that it removed, several were created anew. As I approached the period that should

accomplish my felicity, my terrors were augmented. While fettered by these panicks, I seemed conscious of the folly of my bondage; that it existed only in my own imagination; that my eyes were deceived by mists which a single penetrating and vigorous glance would utterly dispel. Still the effort could not be made or could not be sustained. If the mist vanished for a moment, it returned in the next moment, harder to dispel, and more pregnant with monsters and chimeras than before.

The sun consoled me, at length, and encouraged me by his presence. Earlier than usual I hastened to Wallace's house. All the disasters that are incident to man, had infested my nocturnal reveries. A thousand evils impended over my cousin, any one of which was sufficient to raise an insuperable barrier between us. Fire might lurk in the walls or floors of her dwelling; it might burst forth in the midst of her security, as on the occasion formerly mentioned. Danger might assail her from within. At this moment she might be seized with the pangs of a mortal disease, and death might snatch her from my arms.

Short-sighted wretch! The evil which thou dreadedst, was that which was to take this woman from thy possession. Whence but from some casualty or some disease, could this evil flow? That any moral impediment could arise, never occurred to thy conceptions. In thy widest and most lawless excursions, the possibility of treachery or change in this woman, of prevention or delay from moral considerations, never entered thy thought. All that knew us, were apprized of our mutual passion; all whose approbation was of value, were lavish of their approbation; all to whom Louisa was accustomed to apply for counsel, had been strenuous in their commendations of her choice. My mother had expressed her delight

at the prospect of obtaining this woman for her son; had testified impatience at delay, and was eager to receive us under her roof. There were no bounds to the reverence and love which Louisa entertained for my mother. To contribute to her happiness, had almost been an irresistible motive for accepting the son, though her own heart had been neutral; but her heart added to untainted fidelity and probity, an affection that was unacquainted with restraint, and all her wishes were absorbed in that of being indissolubly and speedily united to her cousin. What then but some jarring of the elements, some shock of nature, some coincidence of physical disasters, could raise an impediment in the way of my hopes?

As I approached the house, my fears subsided; no vestiges of earthquake or fire were to be seen. The house exhibited the usual tokens of safety and tranquillity. As I reached the door, Sydney came forth. We accosted each other with smiling civility. His cheerful brow dissipated any remnant of uneasiness that was not already removed.

I found Louisa alone in an upper room. She was sitting in a museful posture, leaning on her hand. For a moment my heart faltered with doubt, whether this was the attitude of thoughtfulness or dejection. On my entrance she looked up, and I perceived that she had been weeping. She assumed a tranquil appearance at my approach, but there were tokens of constraint sufficiently visible.

My heart sunk within me at this reception. I scarcely opened my lips to bid her good morrow, but placing myself by her side, waited, in fearful silence, for an explanation of this scene. At length, in the confusion of my thoughts, I muttered some inquiry respecting her health.

"No," said she, "I am not well. Sick: heart-sick."

"Good heaven! What is the cause?"

"The want of fortitude; the want of virtue. A sacrifice is claimed at my hands, which my pusillanimity does not hinder me from making, but I cannot make it cheerfully. My reluctance, the growth of folly and passion, refuses to yield."

"Of what sacrifice do you speak? Louisa Calvert is equal to the performance of her duty."

"Yes, but she is unequal to the seasonable discovery and steadfast apprehension of her duty. I saw it clearly a few minutes ago, but now it is misty and ambiguous. I waver, and I see that my waverings proceed from cowardice and passion. This does not render me steadfast. It does not restore my resolution. It only heaps anguish and misery on my head."—Saying this, her looks betrayed the deepest distress.

My alarms were importunate; and, at length, throwing herself, with a burst of tears, into my arms, she continued: "not for me only, my friend, but for thee also, do my tears flow. Self-denial is a lesson which I learned in my infancy, and in my father's house. The school of disappointment and adversity has taught me long ago what you are beginning to learn."

This was a terrible prelude. She proceeded; but I anticipated the stroke she was about to inflict.

"This evening was fixed for the period of our union, but that union must be deferred for many years, perhaps for ever."

"How say you? For ever?"

"All engagements between us are at an end. They must not be renewed in less than five years. Meanwhile, you must comply with your cousin's invitation, and go to Europe."

Vol. I. No. 4.

"To Europe? Must comply? What language is this? Yesterday you knew it not? What phrenzy has seized you? The contract that made you mine is sacred; and all that remains to perfect it must be performed this very day. I do not solicit your compliance, but exact it. You have bereaved yourself of the power of retracting, and are bound to my mother, to myself, to your friends, by an irrevocable promise."

"Alas! be it sacred or not, it can never be performed. It was made while ignorant of consequences; ignorant of my duty; I am now enlightened upon that head, and have uttered my unalterable resolution."

I was lost in astonishment at the causes that produced this change. For a time I persisted in denying that such a change had taken place. She was not anxious to convince me of the truth by loud exclamations. Her mournful silence, and her tears, were sufficient indications that the scheme of my felicity was blasted by some untoward event or malignant counsellor. My entreaties to be told by whom these resolutions were suggested, and on what motives they were built, were answered in broken accents, and reluctantly.

"I am not able to repeat the reasons which were urged. I only know that they were valid; that they enjoin upon us a temporary and, perhaps, an eternal separation."

"Who was the reasoner who has made such stupendous discoveries; who has taught you to act against your promise, against the dictates of your own reason, the expectations and opinions of the world; and what motives could his accursed ingenuity invent sufficient to sway you?"

"Talk not thus vehemently. If this reasoner has erred, I have erred no less. While censuring him, you censure me. I was indulging

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my gay visions this morning, when Sydney came and besought an interview. The reasons which he laid before me, for postponing my marriage and dissolving the engagement between us were just."

"Sydney? Carlton? He desuade you from marriage? What motives could he urge?"

"I am not qualified to explain

them, in the present state of my feelings. I should not state them clearly and impartially. If you will go to him, he will tell you what has passed. He wishes to confer with you on this subject."

"His wishes shall be instantly gratified. I will go to him immediately."

(To be continued.)

American Review.

ART. XV.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY; or an Historical Account of those Persons who have been distinguished in America, as Adventurers, Statesmen, Philosophers, Divines, Warriors, Authors, and other remarkable Characters. Comprehending a recital of the Events connected with their Lives and Actions. By Jeremy Belknap, D. D. Vol. I. & II. 8vo. pp. 892. Boston. Thomas and Andrews. 1798.

THOUGH the former of these volumes was published several years before the latter, and although, on this account, it scarcely comes within the period assigned as the limit of our retrospection in this review, yet, considering the important character of each, and the close connection which they sustain to each other, it has been judged best to comprize them both in this article; especially as the unity of their design, and the similarity of their execution, will render the same remarks, in substance, applicable to both.

Dr. Belknap had a peculiar taste for historical researches. This led him, after finishing his principal work, "The History of New-Hampshire," still to pursue his inquiries into the antiquities of his

native country. And aware that biography is one of the most interesting and attractive modes of conveying instruction and information, he adopted this method to diversify the track of the student; and to give an agreeable form to what would otherwise be esteemed dry and insipid food, and fit for the antiquary alone. The American republic of letters is not a little indebted to the labours of this respectable and industrious Divine. We feel deep regret on being reminded, by these volumes, that his laudable pursuits are terminated by death. The friends of religion, of literature, and of humanity, must long deplore the loss of such a man, in the midst of a career of usefulness and honour.

The first volume of this work opens with a discourse, or preliminary dissertation, "on the circumnavigation of Africa by the ancients, and its probable consequence, the population of some part of America." In this dissertation, after examining and comparing the various accounts and opinions which he had been able to meet with on the subject, Dr. Belknap expresses a full belief, that the Phœnicians, on an expedition undertaken by order of Necho, king of Egypt, sailed round the continent of Africa, more than six hundred years before the

christian æra; and that not long afterwards, the same voyage was performed by some Carthaginian adventurers, who planted colonies on the western shore of Africa. From these facts, which he assumes as too well attested to admit of doubt, and also from the circumstances attending the discovery of the Canary Islands, by the Carthaginians, which he considers as equally well established, he infers the probability, that some of the ancient circumnavigators of Africa, or some of the people who had inhabited these islands, before they were visited by the voyagers of Carthage, were impelled, by counter currents and tempests, within the verge of the trade winds, and thus brought to the continent or islands of America. Dr. B. however, thinks that no argument can be drawn from hence in favour of a mutual intercourse between the new and old world, in early times. He supposes that the same causes which drove these ancient navigators to this quarter of the globe, effectually prevented their return; and left them either to perish, or to form some of those settlements which were afterwards discovered: And concludes, by observing, that those who would prove that America was known to the ancients, must produce better evidence than they have yet produced, if they contend for any other knowledge than what was acquired by casual discoverers who never returned.

The preliminary dissertation is followed by a chronological detail of adventures and discoveries, made by the European nations in America, before the establishment of the council of Plymouth, in 1620. This table exhibits a compendious and valuable view of the succession of voyagers and discoverers.

Dr. B. then proceeds to the main object of his work. The subjects of

his biographical sketches are arranged in the following order.

1. BIRON, a Norman, who early in the eleventh century, accidentally discovered a country, which was afterwards called *Winland*, and is supposed to be a part of the island of *Newfoundland*.

2. MADOC, son of Owen Gwynneth, a prince of North Wales, who, about the year 1170, emigrated from his native country, and as it is supposed, landed on the coast of America.

3. ZENO, a Venetian, who gives an account of an island, called *Estotiland*, (said to be *Labrador*, or *Newfoundland*) discovered by a fisherman, as early as A. D. 1358.

4. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, a Genoese, who, in 1492, sailing in the service of Spain, discovered the clusters of islands, which are called *Bahamas* and *Antilles*; who, in a second voyage the next year, discovered the Caribbee islands; and who, in a third voyage, in 1498, discovered the American continent in lat. 10° north.

5. JOHN CABOT, and his son SEBASTIAN CABOT, Venetians, resident in England, who, in the year 1497, under the auspices of Henry VIII. discovered the island of *Newfoundland*, and some parts of the western continent, from lat. 45° to lat. 38° north.

6. JAMES CARTIER, who, in the service of Francis I. of France, made several voyages to America, between the years 1534, and 1542, in which he discovered Canada, and some of the adjacent waters, and made settlements.

7. FERDINANDO DE SOTO, Governor of *Cuba*. He had been a companion of the Pizarros in their Peruvian expedition. About the year 1539, he sailed from *Cuba*, with 900 men, to conquer *Florida*. He traversed the country in various directions for three years, and, at

length, died on the banks of the Mississippi.

8. Sir HUMPHREY GILBERT, who obtained from Queen Elizabeth, in 1579, a patent for discovering, occupying, and peopling, all countries not possessed by any christian prince;—who, in 1583, sailed to *Newfoundland*, took formal possession of it, and of the continent of North-America, for the crown of England;—and who, in returning home, was lost, his ship foundering at sea.

9. Sir WALTER RALEIGH, whose name makes so distinguished a figure in the history of England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and who was the unfortunate founder of the colony of *Virginia*.

10. JOHN DE FUCA, a Greek, who was sent by the Viceroy of Mexico, in 1592, to discover a north-west passage, by exploring the western side of the American continent. He discovered a strait which bears his name, in north lat. 48°, and supposed it to be the long desired passage.

11. BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD, an Englishman, who, in 1682, discovered a promontary on the American coast, in north lat. 42°, to which he gave the name of *Cape-Cod*; landed on an island, which he called *Elizabeth*, where he built a small fort, and returned the next year to England.

12. JOHN SMITH, a man of extraordinary travel and adventure, who acted so distinguished a part in the settlement of *Virginia*.

13. DE MONTS, POURTRINCOURT, and CHAMPLAIN, three Frenchmen, who, in the beginning of the 17th century, were active in exploring and settling *Canada*.

14. FERDINANDO GORGES, and JOHN MASON, who were so eminently active and useful in making the colonial establishments in New-England.

15. HENRY HUDSON, an English navigator of skill and experience, who signalized himself by several voyages, but especially by that in which he discovered and explored the river which has been since called by his name.

16. Sir THOMAS SMITH, an English merchant of great wealth and influence, who was Treasurer of the Virginia Company under the first charter, and presided in all the meetings of the Council and Company, but never came to America.

17. THOMAS, LORD DELAWARE, &c. Lord Delaware was an English peer, of distinguished character, who was active, and incurred great expense in establishing the colony of Virginia, and who died in the year 1618, in his second voyage to America, in or near the mouth of the Bay, which bears his name.

18. Sir SAMUEL ARGAL, and Sir GEORGE YEARDLEY, Deputy Governors of Virginia, under Lord Delaware.

19. Sir FRANCIS WYAT, a respectable Irish gentleman, who was Governor of Virginia from 1621 to 1625.

20. BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD, &c. Dr. B. esteemed his account of Gosnold's voyage and discovery, in the first volume of this work, so erroneous, that he thought it best to write the whole anew. We are told that the former mistakes are here corrected; for this purpose the Dr. went himself to the spot which was the principal scene of Gosnold's achievements in this country, and made his observations in person.

21. JOHN ROBINSON, an English clergyman, who was persecuted at home, went over to Holland, and from that country removed to New-England, in 1620.

22. JOHN CARVER, an English-

man, the first Governor of New-Plymouth.

23. WILLIAM BRADFORD, who succeeded Carver in the government of New-Plymouth.

24. WILLIAM BREWSTER, an English gentleman, celebrated for his piety and talents. He was a distinguished member of the New-Plymouth colony—and for some time acted as a teacher of religion among them, without having been regularly ordained to that office.

25. ROBERT CUSHMAN. This was a distinguished character among that collection of worthies who quitted England on account of their religious difficulties—went over to Holland with John Robinson, and afterwards came to America.

26. EDWARD WINSLOW, an English gentleman, also one of Mr. Robinson's congregation, who emigrated from Leyden, and settled at New-Plymouth, where he was distinguished for his active services to the colony. He was chosen their Governor in 1636.

27. MILES STANDISH, an Englishman of distinguished family, and celebrated for his great activity, and heroic exploits, in the colony of New-Plymouth.

28. JOHN WINTHROP, the first Governor of Massachusetts.

29. JOHN WINTHROP, F.R.S. Governor of Connecticut, the eldest son of the gentleman mentioned in the preceding article.

30. GEORGE, CECILIUS, and LEONARD CALVERT, Lords Baltimore.

31. WILLIAM PENN, the immortal founder of Pennsylvania.

We are inclined to believe, that some of the names in this long list will scarcely be thought worthy of the places which they occupy.—The attentive reader will be apt to ask, why *Zeno*, and Sir *Thomas Smith*, to mention no others, are introduced in so conspicuous a manner into a work of American

Biography, when neither of them was ever in America, nor ever distinguished by any remarkable discoveries or achievements connected with this country? The reason which the author would probably have offered for this is, that he found it convenient to associate with the names of these men, information which could not be so easily communicated in any other way. But might not this information have been given quite as conveniently, and with more propriety, under some other heads in the work? Does the method which has been adopted serve any other purpose than to multiply articles?

As this work is professedly a compilation, its execution did not require, and, indeed, scarcely admitted of much display of original talent. To explore the rubbish of antiquity, and select from the huge and shapeless mass which it presents, the scraps of useful knowledge—to trudge through the writings of *Hackluyt*, *Purchas*, and the other collectors of early voyages and travels, and to extract a distinct and catenated meaning from their tedious, dark, and uncouth narrations—is an employment requiring more of patience and industry than of profound or creative thinking. Dr. B. however, has executed his task in a manner which, we think, will do credit to his memory as a writer. In some instances, indeed, we doubt whether he has made the most of his materials. Though he has exhibited the lives of *Columbus*, *Raleigh*, *John Smith*, and *Penn*, in a manner by no means uninteresting—and though the parts of his work devoted to these characters are undoubtedly among those which deserve most praise, in various respects; yet we were often tempted to believe, in perusing them, that the ample records which are to be found of those distinguished men, might have furnished matter for

more impressive and instructive sketches.

In the life of Sir *Samuel Argal*, Deputy Governor of Virginia, the following passage will at once divert the reader, and serve to show him the state of society, and the habits of thinking, in the early stage of that colony.—“It seems to have been a general sentiment among the colonists, not to make Virginia the place of their permanent residence, but after having acquired a fortune by planting and trade, to return to England. For this reason most of them were destitute of families, and had no natural attachment to the country. To remedy this material defect, Sir Edwin Sandys, the new Treasurer, proposed to the Company to send over a freight of young women to make wives for the planters. This proposal, with several others made by that eminent statesman, was received with universal applause, and the success answered their expectations. Ninety girls, ‘young and uncorrupt,’ were sent over, at one time, in 1620; and sixty more, ‘handsome and well recommended,’ at another, 1621. These were soon blessed with the object of their wishes. The price of a wife, at first, was one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco; but as the number became scarce, the price was increased to one hundred and fifty pounds, the value of which, in money, was three shillings per pound. By a subsequent act of assembly, it was ordained, that ‘the price of a wife should have the precedence of all other debts, in recovery and payment, because, of all kinds of merchandize, this was the most desirable.”

The account which Dr. B. gives of a destructive pestilence among the Indians, in the lives of *Ferdinando Gorges* and *Governor Carver*, will not only afford a specimen of the work before us, but will, no doubt, on several accounts, be

peculiarly interesting to American readers.—“Hitherto they (the new settlers) had not seen any of the natives at this place. The mortal pestilence which raged through the country, four years before, had almost depopulated it. *Samoset*, one of the surviving Indians, however, soon appeared, and treated them with kindness and hospitality. He informed them, ‘that by the late pestilence, and a ferocious war, the number of his countrymen had been so diminished, that not more than one in twenty remained; that the spot where they were now sitting was called *Patukset*, and though formerly populous, yet every human being in it had died of the pestilence.’ This account was confirmed by the extent of the fields, the number of graves, and the remnants of skeletons lying on the ground; for so great were the ravages of this dreadful disease, that the most authentic accounts inform us, the living were not able to bury the dead. The extent of the pestilence was between *Penobscot*, in the east, and *Narraganset*, in the west. These two tribes escaped, while the intermediate people were wasted and destroyed.”—Of what particular kind this disease was, we have no particular information. Dr. B. inclines to the opinion, that it was the *Yellow Fever* of modern times. Mr. Gookin tells us, that he “had discoursed with some old Indians, who were then youths, who told him that the bodies of the sick were all over *exceeding yellow*, (which they described by pointing to a yellow garment) both before they died, and afterward.” See *Collections of Historical Society for 1792*, p. 148.

In the account given of *William Penn*, we are pleased to see a popular error concerning that great man corrected. The *Abbe Raynal* has said, and with him almost every body has believed, “that the

founder of Pennsylvania, in obtaining lands from the Indians by purchase instead of violence, set an example of moderation and justice, which was never thought of before by the European settlers in America." Though the purchases which Mr. Penn made of the Indians were undoubtedly, for the most part, fair and honest; and though he is entitled to much praise for his wise and peaceable conduct toward them; yet, as Dr. B. remarks, there is such a thing as over-rating true merit. It is very certain, that among the *Dutch* in New-Netherlands, the *Suedes* on Delaware, and the *English* in Massachusetts and Connecticut, the habit of purchasing lands in a fair and honourable manner of the natives, was established long before Mr. Penn visited America. In this respect, therefore, it is but justice to say, he did nothing more than follow the laudable example of preceding colonists, who had so fully experienced, that in this, as well as in every other case, *honesty is the best policy*. This instance of rectifying a general mistake is the more striking and valuable, as, if there be a fault which runs through the compositions before us, it is a tendency to indiscriminate eulogium. To think and speak well of the distinguished dead is pleasant to the benevolent mind; and to do so to an excessive degree may be oftentimes an amiable fault; but the biographer owes it to truth and his fellow men, to paint without flattery or concealment; to present virtues, wherever he finds them, in the glory of their native colouring; and the shades of imperfection and vice, which may be discovered without reserve or softening.

All classes of readers, however, will agree that, in the work before us, Dr. B. has accomplished a task richly worthy of praise. He has presented the student of American antiquities with an entertaining and

instructive collection; and he has furnished the future historians of his country with many important facts, and with a digest of documents, which must prove a valuable guide in their investigations.

Dr. B. had but just prepared the second of these volumes for the press, when his pursuits were arrested by death. The editor informs us that his collections toward a complete body of *American biography* were large; that he had made some progress in arranging them; and that they might be readily fitted for the press, if the public opinion should countenance the publication. We should be sorry to see a well-earned reputation diminished by the indiscreet partiality of surviving friends; but we have no hesitation in believing that collections which had undergone even the smallest modifying labour of such a man, would be an acceptable present to the public. We hope, therefore, that those to whom the Dr.'s papers are intrusted, will endeavour, by a speedy disclosure of such of them as may be thought useful, to alleviate, as much as possible, the loss which America has sustained by his death.

ART. XVI.

An Oration, spoken at Hartford, in Connecticut, on the Anniversary of American Independence, &c. By William Brown. Hartford. Hudson and Goodwin. 1799. pp. 23.

A PUBLICATION like the present is, in some respects, of no very permanent or momentous kind. It is an actual address to a select assembly: its topics are necessarily drawn from popular, and, therefore, limited and temporary sources: it is confined to bounds, not consistent with abstruse or complex reasoning, and must be

modelled after a looser, more superficial, and diffuse pattern, than if it were the fruit of years, were extended to a volume, and were designed to instruct posterity, and the whole of mankind, on subjects connected with the interests of the whole. It must be considered as a speech composed in a few hours, and delivered, in forty minutes, to some hundreds of auditors.

In other views, however, performances of this kind are of great importance. They afford excellent criterions of the state of opinion in the community, on national and political topics. They compose a sort of indication of the popular tide, and not only exhibit the systems of action, but the reason on which these systems are built.

Placed in this light, the oration before us is of no small value. It is a specimen not only of the political creed of the hearers, and of a numerous class among our countrymen, but of the arguments which are commonly assigned in justification of this creed.

The orator, after slightly alluding to the occasion of the festival, passes, with some abruptness, to a display of the present condition of the nation, in relation to France. This condition is neither hostile nor pacific. The conduct of the French has induced us to forbear direct intercourse, and adopt the means of repelling maritime attacks: No war has been declared, and no attacks upon their persons or property have been permitted, and the option of general and direct hostility seems still to be submitted to the French government.

Of this forbearance, the orator speaks in terms somewhat contemptuous, and strongly insinuates his disapprobation, though, at the same time, he somewhat qualifies his censure, by confessing, that, in such a case, "it becomes not him to decide." He regards any connection

by treaty, as well as any diplomatic intercourse with France, as, in the highest degree, pernicious; and as, at all events, to be avoided. His reasons for this opinion are drawn from a belief, that the French rulers are utterly void of those moral sentiments to which treaties must owe their force and their permanence; that these rulers are actuated by an implacable hatred to us, and that their most powerful engines for destroying those whom they hate, are intrigue, bribery, the diligence of secret agents, and the dissemination of immoral and anarchical tenets.

Many evils have sprung up in the course of the French revolution, which some have ascribed to necessity, to the casual licentiousness of human passions, or to the depravity produced by the preceding tyranny. The true cause, however, has, in Mr. B.'s opinion, been hitherto mistaken, and has only been unfolded in a work written by the Abbe Baruel, and lately republished in America. This work has been widely diffused, has exercised much influence on our opinions, and has been received, by many, as incontestibly authentic in its facts, and just in its conclusions.

Mr. B. guided by the representations of this writer, conceives, that a plan has been formed, of changing the face of the world, of extirpating religion in all its forms, and every moral principle, not only in Germany or France, but throughout the earth; of destroying the present domestic, political, and religious systems, not partially or locally, but completely and universally; of annihilating every tie of kindred, and every claim of property; of reducing mankind to the state of brutes, and the world to nakedness and desolation. This plan was devised by Voltaire, and a few associates: it has since been prosecuted, by means of the press, by secret associations and conspiracies; by every

hypocritical, flagitious and profound expedient, which zeal, ingenuity, and malice could invent.

This description relates not merely to the *tendency* of certain schemes; but to the *motives* of the actors. Some would reason thus: Men are liable to error; and though they may intend good; may commit enormous mistakes in the choice of means. While they imagine themselves labouring for the happiness of mankind, loosening the bonds of superstition, breaking the fetters of commerce, out-rooting the prejudice of birth, by which father transmits to son absolute power over the property, liberty, and lives of millions, they may, in reality, be merely pulling down the props which uphold human society, and annihilate not merely the chains of false religion, but the foundations of morality—not merely the fetters of commerce, and feudal usurpations upon property, but commerce and property themselves. The apology which may be made for such is, that though their activity be pernicious, their purposes are pure.

The men called by Barruel *philosophists*, are denied the benefits of this construction. All the disasters which have flowed from their precepts were consequences unavoidable, *foreseen* and *intended*. We are taught to regard them, not as endeavouring to substitute one scheme of society and political subordination for another, but to abolish every social and pacific principle among men. Not only the dissolution of order, the enthronement of anarchy, the extinction of moral laws and social affections, have been, and could not fail to be, produced by their efforts, but were ardently *loved*, and deliberately *intended* by them.

Barruel was an honest and zealous man. His opinions he, of course, considered as the standard of truth; and these opinions implied the sanctity of the civil and

ecclesiastical systems that formerly prevailed in France. The Romish religion, and hereditary despotism, were, in the eyes of one of his order and profession, virtue and duty; and to subvert these was to establish the reign of impiety and anarchy—was to rob mankind of safety and life.

The plot which he detects aimed, indeed; at somewhat more than this. The religion of Christ, and aristocratical as well as monarchical distinctions; were to be abolished. This could not fail to appear still more detestable. He would be extremely apt to confound the *design* of subverting established modes with the *design* of inflicting the utmost miseries on the human race; and filling the world with desolation and blood. Since these consequences are, in his opinion; so palpably connected with the subversion of the ancient order, he thinks they could not have escaped the attention of those who endeavoured this subversion; and since they clearly foresaw them, it is plain that all these disasters were intended.

He does not content himself, however, with speculations upon probability. He likewise thinks that he has discovered direct proofs of this intention in the rules and proceedings of certain confraternities who called themselves "*The Illuminated*." The truth of his inferences this is not the place to admit or deny. It is sufficient to observe, that they are recapitulated and adopted in this oration. Mr. B. affirms that these schemes have been fully realized in France: that the progress of cruelty and conquest, which have disgraced the French revolution, were taught in the schools of the *philosophists*; and the executors of these projects were merely the pupils of this school.

Mr. B. has not adopted the ordinary methods of accounting for the scenes that have lately passed, and

are now passing, on the stage of Europe. The passions of ambition, avarice and fear, which have prevailed in every part of the earth, and which have filled the world with scenes of bloody contention, of foreign and domestic war, of perfidy, oppression, and revenge, will not, in his opinion, elucidate the present drama.

After expatiating in few, but very strong terms, on the horrible nature and incontestible existence of this conspiracy, Mr. B. proceeds to call the attention of his readers to the usurpations of the French in the countries adjacent to them. As they have acted towards Holland, Switzerland, and the Italian States, he believes that they will act towards America. As their acquisition of these countries has chiefly arisen from gaining over the opinions of the people to their cause, before they assailed their frontiers, he predicts that similar expedients will be employed to overthrow the independence of America; and infers the necessity of warding off not only their open attacks, but their secret machinations, and of shutting out from our borders not only their dragoons and hussars, but their ambassadors and spies.

In exhibiting the fate of Switzerland, full credit is given to the narrative of Mallet du Pan, and much use is made of his work. The influence which this book has already had in America, where it has lately been republished, renders it of no small importance. The truth of this author's statements are admitted by Mr. B. and he makes skilful use of the lessons of circumspection, and seasonable preparations against dangers which are thence to be dreaded.

The performance closes with a

view of the dangers to which we are exposed from the establishment of the French on our southern borders; an event which the connivance or weakness of Spain will speedily produce; and we are strongly admonished to reject the soporifics which our enemies hold out to us in the form of negotiations and treaties. The orator exults in the defensive measures that have already been taken; and while he anticipates triumph and security from persisting in them, predicts nothing but humiliation and calamity from slackening our efforts and relinquishing our arms.

The validity of Mr. B.'s conclusions we shall leave to the reader's consideration. Our duty, in this case, extends no farther than to state the topics, and distribution of these topics. It will be proper, however, to add, that Mr. B. has given proofs of a laudable zeal in the cause of what he deems truth, and that his rhetoric flows in a clear and rapid stream. It would be invidious to point out petty inaccuracies, where the general merit of the composition is considerable.

ART. XVII.

A SERMON, delivered at the First Church in Boston, April 6, 1798, at the Interment of the Rev. John Clarke, D. D. who expired suddenly, April 2, 1798, in the forty-third Year of his Age. By Peter Thacher, D. D. Pastor of the Church in Brattle-street, Boston. 8vo. pp. 27. Boston. Hall. 1798.*

THIS Discourse was designed, among other objects, to do honour to the memory of a man, who, while living, sustained a sin-

* In the afternoon of the Lord's-day preceding the delivery of this discourse, Dr. Clarke was preaching to his people from Psal. xxii. 3. and, in the midst of his discourse, was seized with an apoplectic fit, which terminated in his death at three o'clock the next morning.

gularly amiable and worthy character. Seldom has a death been more sincerely and generally lamented by those who knew him, than that of Dr. CLARKE. As a gentleman, companion, and friend, he had few equals. As a scholar, he was universally allowed to possess great merit. As a divine, he was more than commonly learned and accomplished. His pulpit compositions were judicious, perspicuous, and elegant; and his pulpit address, gentle, persuasive, and engaging in a very eminent degree. Dr. Thacher, connected with the deceased, by a long and intimate friendship, and also, by some peculiar ties of ecclesiastical arrangement, was called upon to preach his funeral sermon. From these circumstances we were led to open this pamphlet with more than usual expectation.

We cannot say, however, that our expectations have been fully answered. Dr. T. has given a plain, serious, and decent discourse; but higher praise, we think, cannot justly be bestowed upon it. The text chosen for the occasion, (2 Samuel i. 26.) was hardly favourable to that kind of address, which we consider most profitable in such cases. The selection of topics arising from it is trite, and common place. The mode of illustrating and enforcing them is no way remarkable; and the character with which the discourse closes, we should never have supposed was intended to exhibit Dr. Clarke, had not the place in which we found it, forbidden us to doubt of its design. It is an old, and we believe a just remark, that every character drawn in a funeral sermon or oration, should be chiefly of the *historical* kind. This is especially proper, if it be designed for publication, and be intended to perpetuate the memory of the person to whom it refers. In the short sketches which Dr. T. has

given us of his friend's virtues and talents, we find no history; and we look in vain for that peculiar and appropriate picture of excellence, of which the subject of his eulogium furnishes so high a model.—The consideration, however, that funeral sermons must, from their very nature, be written, in most cases, in extreme haste, furnishes an apology for their defects, when such appear, which ought readily to be admitted.

By way of Appendix to the sermon, there is given an extract of a discourse, delivered by the Rev. President Willard, in Dr. Clarke's Church, on the next Sabbath after his interment. This extract, as it is valuable for the historical information which it contains concerning the deceased, we presume will be acceptable to the reader.

"So just a character of your late excellent Pastor, was drawn by the gentleman who delivered the discourse from this desk, on the day of his funeral, that little more can be expected. But as I had a particular opportunity of knowing him, from the commencement of his literary course at Cambridge, with little interruption, till the time of his death; it will not, perhaps, be thought improper, should I, on this solemn day, offer a few things upon the subject.

"Being a tutor at the University when he became a member, and the class to which he belonged being committed to my particular care, I had an early opportunity of knowing his character, and I was soon led to distinguish in him that genius and application to study, together with that amiable disposition and excellent spirit, which have ever since conspicuously shone in him. For two years and a quarter I continued with the class, and during that time his improvements in literature and science were very observable; and his conduct was so uniformly good, in every respect, that he never merited or received a censure or a frown from any one who had the care and instruction of the youth; and I found, by information, after my leaving the class and the University, that he maintained the same character through the

whole of his collegiate course. And, perhaps, there never was a student who passed through the University and went into the world with a fairer reputation, and few with more solid and useful acquirements.

"Happy is it, when youth improve their advantages in seats of literature and science to so good advantage——Happy when they carry forth with them a character so unblemished, into whatever profession or business they enter——Peculiarly happy, if they undertake the work of the Gospel Ministry.

"For some time after Mr. CLARKE left the University, he was engaged in the instruction of youth, in which employment he was highly esteemed and beloved. But whatever his pursuits were, he did not suffer his mind to be diverted from the great object he had in view, which was to fit for the sacred desk. While he was faithful in performing the business he undertook, he devoted his leisure hours to accomplish himself for that profession which lay nearest his heart; and he pursued his theological studies with great assiduity, so that when he first entered the desk it was not with a superficial knowledge. His natural abilities and literary acquirements were such as enabled him to search the Sacred Oracles with accuracy, especially the original of the New-Testament, and to attend to every subject in Divinity with judgment. And such was the candour and fairness of his mind, that few men, perhaps, have been more free from prejudices in their researches: He, therefore, became a Scribe well instructed in the Gospel System.

"His discourses early discovered an elegant taste in composition, a correctness, propriety and pertinence in thought, and that strain of seriousness and piety, which could not but be attractive. You, my brethren, soon heard of his worth; and when you employed him as a candidate for the ministry among you, your expectations from him were not disappointed; nay, it will not be beyond the truth to say, that they were more than answered. After preaching with you a competent time, he was ordained over you as a Colleague Pastor with the venerable, learned and valuable Doctor CHAUNCEY, with whom he served as a son with a father; and between them there ever existed the most happy harmony, till the day of the Doctor's death.

"Having obtained a settlement, he did not grow remiss about future improvements, but continued the same assiduity which had been a distinguished trait in his character. To the liberal arts and sciences, for which he had a true relish, and in which he was no common proficient, he, at times, paid attention. But these he considered as nothing more than handmaids to divinity, and of but secondary consideration. Divinity was his profession, and to this he directly applied a principal part of his time. He had devoted himself to the cause of God and the Redeemer, and he would not suffer other pursuits, however pleasing to his ingenious mind, to steal him away from his proper functions, and rob him of that time which he considered himself bound in duty to employ for the instruction and edification of his flock, either in preparation for his public labours among them, or in private interviews with the various members.—I have dwelt the more largely on this part of his character, because a scholar of Doctor CLARKE's acquirements, and taste for literature and science, is under a strong temptation to spend more time in such pursuits than is consistent with properly discharging the duties of his sacred profession.

"Your Pastor employed himself much in the study of the Holy Scriptures. To these heavenly Oracles he repaired, as the sources of divine knowledge, and endeavoured to gain right apprehensions of the truths contained in them, both for his own sake and the sake of his hearers, whom he instructed in these, according to his best understanding, after making use of the most approved helps he could procure, and which he was constantly laying himself out to obtain.

"His pulpit-performances were always acceptable. With those compositions of his, which I have either heard or read, I have ever been pleased and edified. His Treatise in defence of Christianity, entitled, "Why are you a Christian?" is, perhaps, as valuable a piece as has been written within the same compass. By its conciseness it is well adapted to being dispersed; and by its perspicuity and pertinence, happily calculated to convince and confirm. It is highly esteemed, not only on this, but on the other side of the Atlantic. I have received, but a little while since, a letter from a respectable Divine in Great-Britain. In this letter

he says, "We have here been greatly pleased, instructed and impressed by a little piece, written by one of your ministers, Mr. CLARKE, entitled,—“Why are you a Christian?” And after mentioning that three editions of it had been printed in England, two of which he himself had carried through the press, he adds,—“The circulation of it cannot fail to give pleasure to the pious and worthy author, and to ensure its views of usefulness.”

“His pleasing private intercourse with you, and also with the children of the society whom he delighted to instruct, you need not be reminded of. The impressions made by these endearments will not be soon, if ever, effaced. Indeed, so sweet was his disposition, and so engaging his manners; so pleasing was he in his conversation, and so amiable in all his interviews with those he met, that a general esteem of and affection for him was almost unavoidably excited; and he was beloved by all but the determined foes of virtue and goodness.

“I pass over his domestic virtues, in which he was eminent, and which all who knew him witnessed.

“What an unspeakable loss have you sustained in the death of such a Minister and friend! But let the bereaved relatives—let the members of this religious society, consider the consolations which offer themselves in the midst of their grief. You have all abundant reason to conclude that he was a man of habitual piety, and that he lived mindful of his exit; so that although he was suddenly summoned out of time into eternity, he was prepared for the change, and that “his loins were girded about, and his light burning.” He may be said to have been watching when his Master knocked. He was even then particularly employed in his service, engaged in the very act of religious teaching, and endeavouring to prepare men for a better world.

“Such grounds of comfort have we when we reflect upon the character of our dear departed friend. We consider him as one who had been sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise; and that having been thus sealed, he is now ascended to that “Holy One who inhabiteth the praises of Israel.”



Account of American Editions of Foreign Publications.

ART. XI.

An Appeal to Impartial Posterity. By Madame Roland, &c. Translated from the French. 2 vols. 8vo. New-York. Printed by R. Wilson, for A. Van Hook. 1798.

THIS work will be deemed of considerable importance by the historian and moralist. Its connection with the great events of the French revolution, with the general theory of human nature, and with the interests of the female sex, renders it a curious and valuable monument.

The comprehensive details of history are of great use. Just conceptions of events can be gained only by ample displays and long deductions; but there are partial views which make a more forcible impression. The fate of a single individual may epitomize that of a nation, and concentrate all the feelings which a political transaction may be adapted to produce.

Madame Roland was the wife, counsellor, and sometimes the agent of a minister. She witnessed the progress of the revolution, and partook in its consequences. The political errors into which the honest actors in that great scene were betrayed, by the study of antiquity, and of the British constitution; their fallacious estimate of the virtue of the people; their temporary success, and their ultimate fall beneath the reign of terror and guilt, are displayed, in this work, in striking and affecting colours.

In saying even thus much, perhaps, we cannot expect the acquiescence of many readers. No subject is more intricate; capable of being seen in a greater number of lights, and of connecting itself with so many interests and passions, as the

French revolution. The motives and schemes of the Rolandists are regarded, by different persons, with opposite emotions. The disinterestedness, sincerity, and wisdom of this party, are all topics of controversy. All these qualities are granted them by some, and denied to them by others. Some, who admit the wisdom of their schemes, question the purity of their motives; and some, who allow them to be honest, deny their pretensions to wisdom. Among the last, a further subdivision of opinion may be noted.

Roland and his colleagues, says one, were honest men. They sincerely desired the happiness of their country, and of mankind; but they grossly erred in believing that monarchy and the christian religion were detrimental to that happiness. By subverting or weakening these we only open the door to outrage, anarchy, and bloodshed. These truths were fatally attested by their own experience.

It is true, says another, Roland and his compeers were upright and sincere. It is not less true that they erred, but their error consisted merely in their aversion to religion. They were right in conceiving monarchy in all its forms and fragments, subversive of the happiness, because destructive to the equality, of mankind; but they committed an egregious mistake in involving religion in the same sentence. As preachers of democracy, they are entitled to audience and belief; but as inculcators of atheism, they deserve to be shunned as the bane of their species.

A third set not only venerate the virtuous intentions of these men, but applaud that sagacity which discerned the connection between civil and religious tyranny, between the claims of the priesthood and the fundamental maxims of religion; and demonstrated that mankind are

degenerate and miserable in proportion as their conduct is modified by deference to the written *will* of a supposed God, and by homage to the groundless distinctions of rank and royalty.

In the opinion of these reasoners, the Rolandists did not err in imputing all the calamities of France to the corruptions of the rulers and the people, the lust of conquest and war, the venal, luxurious and servile spirit which overspread all ranks, to the joint influence of the monarchical and religious spirit. Their error consisted not in overrating the mischief that flowed from this source, but in underrating it. The disease they supposed to be less inveterate, and more curable, than the experiment proved it to be. To abolish the monarchy and priesthood would take away the ills of which they were productive, and virtue, they thought, would immediately spring from equality and freedom. They were far from thinking that the shackles by which the French people had so long been held had gradually bereaved them of reason; and, that to break these shackles at once, was merely to give scope to all the insane and ferocious passions, of whose first excesses they themselves were destined to be victims.

Madame Roland appears to have reasoned nearly in this manner. For a time she was the dupe of appearances, and imagined that despotism would speedily shake off the limitations of the first constitution. Courtiers and people were fit for nothing but servitude, and her courage and confidence were revived only by the popular insurrection which dethroned the king.

This confidence was quickly overturned, and she found that those who, ere while, were running into servitude, now took a contrary course, and rushed into anarchy. Tyrants, unsupported by fortune,

rank, or virtue, rose upon the ruins of the monarchy. Cruelty and havoc were let loose upon the good, and the nation was laid waste by judicial murders and military executions. Her own persecution and death were parts of this reverse, and were proofs, in her eyes, of the hopeless depravity of her countrymen; by whose vices their deliverance from the yoke of priests and kings was converted from a blessing to a curse.

In whatever light the French revolution may be viewed, these memoirs will afford us the highest instruction. Many momentous incidents and characters fell within her power to describe with more accuracy and force than can be expected from most others. The portraits are touched with a most powerful and masterly hand, and their value arises not more from the opportunities of observation which her situation afforded her, than from the keenness of her penetration, and the accuracy of her distinctions. She was in habits of confidential intercourse with the men of literary and political eminence; she listened to the consultations of the ministers; many acts of government were dictated by her foresight and wisdom; she was involved in a numerous proscription; she was ranked with the chiefs of the vanquished party; the terms of her accusation and defence include a striking view of the conduct and motives of men who governed, for a time, the destiny of France and of Europe. Hence the value of this performance will be little affected by difference of opinion in those readers to whom the present state of the world is a subject of curiosity.

Madame Roland designed to have written the annals of the revolution. For this task she was eminently qualified; but her fortune, by allotting her a prison and an untimely death, partly frustrated this design. Con-

demned to a prison, severed from her child and her husband, the last of whom was in momentary danger of detection and murder, harrassed by menaces and mistreatment, hourly warned of her own fate, by that of her friends, she was not deserted by a generous disdain of injustice, and the consciousness of innocence.

To secure a future vindication she betook herself to her pen. She composed narratives of public events connected with her own history, and that of her husband. The first of these relates the incidents preceding and attending her arrest. Having finished this account, she proceeds to tell the steps by which Roland was changed from a provincial officer to a minister of state, intermingling personal, domestic, and social details with those of a more public nature. These are deficient in regularity: they are bold, picturesque and rapid sketches, loosely arranged, but imparting forcible views of her own character, that of her husband and friends, and of the machinations by which Marat, Danton, and Robespierre arrived at supreme authority.

These are followed by portraits and anecdotes; by remarks occasionally suggested by passing events; by a more regular account of the administration of Roland; by comments on the accusation of the Brissotines, and a speech intended to be read at the bar in her own behalf; by letters and papers, addressed to her friend, servants and daughters, and written on the eve of execution. These performances indicate a spirit incapable of bending to pain or suffering; fearless of death, and only swerving from its equanimity when invaded by thoughts of her husband's fate, and her daughter; by compassion for the woes and horror at the depravity of her countrymen.

We are afterwards presented with memoirs of her private life, till her

marriage with Roland; and by a series of familiar letters to the friend who is the editor of these collections.

These various pieces afford us sufficient materials for a knowledge of the author's character. The circumstances in which they were written remarkably attest the loftiness and vigour of her spirit. She frequently breaks off the thread to notice some mournful particular in her condition; and the contrast between the nature of her employment and the danger and distress that surrounded her, is highly affecting.

Her private memoirs are short, but they contain a great display of incidents and characters. They exhibit a mind easily swayed by reason or intreaty; but, even in childhood, inflexible to threats and blows; eager after knowledge, and placing its supreme delight in study; free from the usual prejudices of a rich, indolent, and pampered education; accustomed to household and personal offices; and as expert in the kitchen and market as in the library, the drawing-room, and the council of statesmen; practising the lessons of rigid independence, and drawing her chief consolation from the consciousness of rectitude.

Her heart was the seat of ardent affections. Her attachment to her youthful friends, and to her mother, testifies that enthusiasm of temper, which, chastened by reason and experience, is the parent of excellence. Her affliction, on the death of the latter, was immoderate. It was, likewise, singular, and leaves us somewhat at a loss in what manner to account for it.

Her heart was early open to the impulse of religion. She even wished to become a nun. If her wishes had been accomplished, the uniformity of a recluse life would have been curiously contrasted with her active and illustrious career. Thou-

sands, no doubt, have buried in a convent, the same talents and energies.

Religious impulses were weakened by time, and by reading. The process of her reflections, in consequence of which she became a deist, is accurately described. The authors whom she took for her guides; tended to subject her to the vacancy and dreariness of atheism. There were times when her mind was swayed by their reasonings, and she was prompted to reject the being of a God, and a future state. These moments seem to have been rare, and her disbelief was far from being permanent or habitual. While contemplating the order and magnificence of nature, while suffering injustice and oppression, or glowing with social and benevolent emotions, her heart raised itself to the author of being, and found peace in the sense of his approbation, and the hope of the re-union of her essence with his.

When the tenets and forms of the Romish religion are considered, and the prevalence of this religion in France, by which men were, in general, precluded from comparing it with other forms of christianity, a candid observer will, perhaps, make some allowance for the errors of a strong and upright mind. The education of this woman had made her regard papal claims, and the seven sacraments, as ingredients of the christian religion. In abjuring these claims and these rites, she believed herself condemning the christian faith, and imagined that no alternative was offered her, but the worship of the *host* or the disbelief of the gospels.

There are parts of this narrative in which the sex of the writer is strongly displayed. The process of nature, in maturing her physical constitution, and her conduct to her lovers, are by no means the least valuable parts of her perform-

ance. On this head some censure has accrued to her. She has been charged with infringing the laws of decorum, and needlessly expatiating on that which the customs of the world command to be kept secret.

This censure is unjust. The customs of her own country, and her mode of education, authorized her freedom in this instance. By these alone could she reasonably be governed in a case where the laws of virtue were silent. Her details are momentous and instructive, and, in no degree, detract from the rectitude and purity of her sentiments. Our own customs, and the customs of the English, are fastidious in this respect: they are far from being proofs of superior chastity. They have probably risen among us, in some sort, accidentally, and cannot be deemed arguments of a depraved temper; but, with as little reason, can they be considered as proofs of extraordinary purity.

In examining the catalogue and portraits of her lovers, we are struck with the inequality which subsisted between this woman and those of the other sex with whom she was classed. She had no sister or brother. Her parents, and relations, and visitants, were, for the most part, totally unlike herself. To meet a fit companion in the other sex, whose age, talents and propensities resembled her own, was not her destiny. One is tempted to suppose that such an one never existed, though, perhaps, a character like her's was not more singular among men than among women. The chances that two such should meet would, consequently, be diminished, and the lady's marriage with an equal might be ranked with those wonderful and fortunate events, the non-occurrence of which, as it must be generally

expected, ought to excite no regret.

Roland had less sensibility and genius than herself. His voice, air and manners, were rugged, blunt, and unprepossessing. The fire of youth had probably been very feeble in his bosom, even during his youth, and could not, therefore, be very active after near fifty years of celibacy, severe studies, and political occupations. Of all topics that engage the attention of men, in the present state of society, that of marriage is the most important. The few pages which this lady bestows upon the reasons of her choice are the most curious and instructive of the whole performance, and exhibit a mind of the highest order. We shall conclude our remarks with quoting her own relation.

"On M. Roland's return, I found myself in possession of a friend. His gravity and his studious habits concurred in making me consider him as a person of no sex, or rather as a philosopher, who had only a mental existence. A kind of confidence grew up between us; the pleasure he took in my company making him feel a desire of coming more frequently. It was near five years since my acquaintance with him began, when he first made a declaration of his tender sentiments. I did not hear it with indifference, because I esteemed him more than any man I had yet seen; but I had remarked that neither he nor his family were altogether indifferent to worldly considerations. I told him frankly that I felt myself honoured by his addresses, and that I should be happy to make him a return for his affection; but that I did not think he would find me a proper match. I then disclosed to him, without reserve, the state of my father's affairs—he was a ruined man. By prevailing on myself to ask him for an account of my fortune, at the risk of incurring his displeasure, I had saved five hundred livres* a year, making, with my little moveables, all that remained of the apparent opulence in which I had been brought up.

"My father was still in the vigour of

* Ninety-two dollars and fifty cents.

life: his errors might lead him to contract debts, which his inability to pay might render disgraceful: he might marry imprudently, and add to those evils little beggars, who would bear my name, &c. &c. I was too proud to expose myself to the malevolence of a family, which might feel its consequence hurt by the connection, or to the generosity of a husband who would find in it a source of chagrin. I advised M. Roland, as a third person might have done, to give up all thoughts of me. He persisted; I was moved; and consented to his taking the necessary steps with my father. But as he preferred making his application in writing, it was agreed that he should not send his letter till his return to his usual place of residence. During the rest of his stay at Paris I saw him every day; considered him as the being with whom my future fate was to be connected; and conceived a real affection for his person. As soon as he returned to Amiens he wrote to my father, making known his wishes and designs. My father thought the letter dry: he did not like M. Roland's severity, and felt no inclination to have for a son-in-law a man of rigid principles, whose very looks would wear the appearance of reproach. He answered in rude and impertinent terms, and shewed me the whole, when his letter was sent off. I came to a resolution immediately. I wrote to M. Roland, and told him the event had justified my fears in respect to my father; that I did not wish to be the cause of his receiving farther affronts, and that I begged him to abandon his design. I made known to my father what his conduct had induced me to do; and added, he could not be surprized if I should, in consequence, seek a new situation, and retire to a convent. But as I knew he had several debts of an urgent nature, I left him the share of plate that belonged to me, to satisfy his creditors; hired a little apartment in the convent of the congregation, and there took up my abode, with a firm resolution to regulate my expenses by my income. I did so; and curious particulars I should have to relate of a situation in which I began to avail myself of the resources of a strong mind. I calculated my expenses to a farthing, reserving a trifle for presents to the persons who did the menial offices about the house. Potatoes, rice, and dry kidney-beans, dressed in a pot, with a sprinkling of salt, and a small bit of

butter, varied my food, and were cooked with little loss of time. I went out twice a week; once to visit my aged relations; and once to my father's, in order to look over his linen, and take away with me whatever stood in need of mending. The rest of my time, shut up under my roof of snow, as I used to call it, (for I was lodged near the sky, and it was in the winter) and refusing to mix habitually with the boarders, I applied to my studies; steered my heart against adversity; and, by deserving happiness, avenged myself on fate, which denied it me. Every evening the kind-hearted Agatha came to pass an hour with me, and accompanied the effusions of her soul with the consolatory tears of friendship. A few turns in the garden, when every body was out of the way, constituted my solitary walks. The resignation of a patient temper, the quiet of a good conscience, the elevation of spirit which sets misfortune at defiance, the laborious habits that make the hours pass so rapidly away, the delicate taste of a sound mind finding, in the consciousness of existence and its own value, pleasures which the vulgar never know: these were my riches. I was not always free from melancholy; but even melancholy had its charms. Though I was not happy, I had within me all the means of being so; and had reason to be proud of knowing how to do without what I wanted in other respects.

"M. Roland, astonished and afflicted, continued to write to me, like a man constant in his affection, but offended at my father's conduct. He came at the expiration of five or six months, and felt the flame of love revive on seeing me at the grate, where I preserved an appearance of prosperity. He was desirous of taking me out of my confinement, offered me his hand again, and pressed me to receive the nuptial benediction from his brother the prior. I entered into a deep deliberation concerning what I ought to do. I could not help being sensible, that a man under forty-five would not have waited several months without endeavouring to make me change my resolution; and I readily confess that my sentiments were reduced, by that consideration, to a state which admitted of nothing like illusion. I considered, on the other hand, that his perseverance, the fruit also of mature deliberation, proved his sense of my merit; and since he had overcome his repugnance to the disagree-

able circumstances that might attend the match, I was the more secure of retaining his esteem, which I should not find it difficult to justify. Besides, if matrimony was, as I thought, a rigorous tie, a partnership, in which the woman generally undertakes to provide for the happiness of both parties, was it not better to exert my faculties and my courage in that honourable station, than in the forlorn and ascetic life I was leading in a convent? Here I might state, at length, the many prudent reflections, as I conceive them to be, that guided me; and yet I did not make all those that the circumstances might have warranted, but which experience alone can suggest. I became then the wife of a truly honest man, who continued to love me the more, the better he knew me. Married when my reason was matured, I met with nothing that could disturb its serious course; and fulfilled my duties with an ardour that was rather the effect of enthusiasm than calculation. By studying my partner's happiness, I perceived something was wanting to my own.—I have never ceased a moment to consider my husband as one of the most estimable men in existence; as a man to whom I might be proud of belonging; but I have often felt the disparity between us. I have often felt the ascendancy of an imperious temper, joined to that of twenty years more than I could count, rendered one of those advantages a great deal too much. If we lived in solitude, I had sometimes disagreeable hours to pass: if I mixed with the world, I was beloved by persons, some of whom appeared likely to take too strong a hold of my affections. I immersed myself in study with my husband—another excess by which I was a sufferer: I accustomed him not to know how to do without me at any time, or on any occasion whatever."

ART. XII.

Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical. By Benjamin Count Rumford. *The first American, from the third London Edition.*

(Continued from page 232.)

THE subjects hitherto discussed by this writer relate, generally, to the best mode of supplying the ne-

cessities of the poor. They are topics, therefore, in a considerable degree, political. The field of inquiry in the third essay is interesting, in different degrees, but in a direct manner to every individual.

It is known that the best book on the art of cookery extant, is the work of a philosopher. There is novelty, as well as ludicrousness, in the notion of serious and benevolent discussion, bestowed on this subject; and yet, if the composition and preparation of food be capable of being rendered less expensive, less complicated, less tedious, and, at the same time, more palatable and more nutritious, than they are at present, few topics are more worthy of serious discussion.

Improvements in this art have much to contend with in the inveteracy of popular habits. In an affair of so constant and frequent recurrence as eating, custom is an arbitrary despot; and yet, a scheme, accompanied with great and incontestible advantages, may be expected to gain footing, however gradually, first in the opinions, and next in the practice of mankind. A review of the speculations of this author will shew their true value.

In cookery the principal *medium* or vehicle is water. Some arguments are used to shew that water prepares food, not by taking away, or *merely* taking away properties before possessed, but by adding properties of its own. Water being lately proved to be a compound substance, essentially contributing to the growth of plants, it is probable that animals are likewise sustained in the same way.

Experiment has proved the nutritiousness of food to depend, not wholly on the nature or quantity of the simple ingredients, but chiefly on the mode of mixing and cooking. Few problems are more curious than that which relates to the

quantity of nutriment which water, and the management of water, may contribute. That compound which possesses most advantages, excludes the flesh of animals, and comprises pearl-barley, pease, potatoes, bread-cuttings, vinegar, salt, and water, in certain proportions. First let the barley be put into water and boiled; then add the pease; and, after two hours gentle boiling, the potatoes, *peeled*. The boiling having continued one hour more, and the mass frequently stirred, add vinegar and salt, and, just before serving it up, the bread-cuttings.

Food pleases the palate more, and is more easily digested, as the mastication is longer and more complete. Bread is useful to this end; but more so in proportion to the small degree in which it is softened or dissolved by the fluid, or in proportion to its hardness, which may be increased by keeping it till stale, by toasting; and, lastly, by frying it in oil, lard, or butter. Of this soup twenty ounces, or a pint and one-fourth, suffices as a meal for a strong man. In this are included less than six ounces of solid *vegetable* food. Healthful substance requires not more than two portions daily.

These facts are copiously detailed and illustrated. It seems sufficient to observe, that experience demonstrates their truth. The tendency of cooking to enhance nourishment, has been displayed in the treatment of cattle; kitchens being built, in many parts of Germany, for the use of beasts as well as of men. The benefit of this food, in order to be realized, seems to require that great numbers should be supplied by one process, and from one kettle. As the means of supplying one person, or one family, it is liable to objections, from which, as the means of supplying hundreds or thousands, it is exempt. This circumstance is chiefly of weight as it regards fuel

and labour. A family of ten persons may be supplied by seven articles, including water; the solid vegetable food, consisting of four articles, weighing seven pounds eight ounces, and the whole amounting to twelve quarts and a pint.

The scale on which this experiment was tried by Count Rumford was large. Food was, in this manner, supplied to twelve hundred persons. Potatoes were at first omitted. The hands of three cook-maids and two men-servants were sufficient. The whole cost, including the price of the ingredients, wages, fuel, repairs of kitchen, and furniture, amounted, daily, to £ 1 15s. 2½d. sterling, or one third of a penny to each person. The subsequent addition of potatoes reduced the cost to £ 1 7s. 6½d. or one farthing to each person. The price of articles is variable; but the proportions being fixed, the computation is, in all cases, easy. These proportions, in a single mess, are almost too small for calculation. In this view, indeed, they are of little moment, since a single mess could not, and need not, be prepared. The proportions in soup prepared for ten persons may be set down thus: a *fractional* exactness is superfluous.

	lb.	oz.
Pearl barley	10	
Peas	9	
Potatoes	1	15
Bread	10	
<hr/>		
Total solids	3	12
Salt		3
Weak vinegar		7½
Water	8	2
<hr/>		
Total	12	8½

This writer computes the expense of the same provision to twelve hundred persons in London, November, 1795, a period of scarcity, to be £3 9s. 9½d. or nearly thirteen dollars and a third; which is less

than a cent and an half to each person. A public kitchen, established on these principles, might supply a man with dinners, at the annual expense of four dollars and ten cents.

This soup, though palatable as well as nutritive, is susceptible of various improvements. The addition of flesh is an obvious improvement. Salted or smoked meat is best adapted to this purpose. It should be boiled in the soup, cut up, and mixed with the bread. It may likewise be used in the form of dumplings, composed of meat, *minced*, and flour or bread. So small a proportion as one ounce of meat to eighteen ounces of soup, will impart a considerable relish. Salted or smoked fish is another valuable ingredient. The common garden vegetables may be added at pleasure.

In the preparation of this food the management of fuel is matter of particular importance. The boiling should be as gentle as possible; and it would be still better if the water were kept no more than boiling hot. The heat of water cannot be raised beyond the boiling point: To create bubbles is merely to generate steam and consume fuel.

The inconvenience of what is termed by the cooks *burning to*, may be avoided by the use of vessels with double bottoms. The two plates of metal should be brought, by hammering, as nearly into contact as possible; but no soldering should be used, unless it be to join the edges. Great advantages would accrue from the use of double bottoms in all kinds of cooking vessels.

The writer introduces a curious account of military house-keeping in Bavaria. It is a model not unworthy of the attention of the wise. If imitation be practicable, what should hinder us from practising it? To simplify our servile toils, and

limit our expenses, is the dictate of the highest wisdom.

According to the first representation, each soldier, in a mess of twelve, consumed, during the day, two pounds and three ounces of solid food, consisting of bread (1 lb. 13 1/2 oz.) beef (3 1/2 oz.) herbs, salt, and pepper. A knowledge of prevailing prices may show us the expense, accruing to ourselves, from the adoption of this mode of living. In Bavaria, two pence sterling was the amount of a soldier's daily expenses for food; so that his annual expense did not exceed thirteen dollars and an half.

Those whose utmost labour can only procure them necessaries, had need to economize their pittance, and to live upon as little as possible. The rich, if they pay regard to their duty to themselves, which prescribes to them temperance; and their duty to others, which exacts from them the employment of their funds to supply the needs of others, when their own necessities are supplied, will be equally sedulous in searching out means for cheapening and *nutrifying* food.

The poor, at Munich, consumed but one meal a day, and lived at a much less expense than the soldiery. The annual amount was no more than three dollars and forty cents. They received their food gratis, the institution being a charitable one. Let us imagine to ourselves a similar establishment, for the purpose of gain. The food was delicious and wholesome; and no doubt its superior cheapness would have attracted no less a number of customers. Suppose the director should levy on his customers a profit of three or four hundred per cent. the charge to each man would be four cents for his dinner, and the daily amount of clear profit on twelve hundred customers would be more than forty dollars, which are 14,600 dollars per annum. This profit may be

considered as a tax upon the customer. Let us suppose this institution to be general and national, in a country like England for example. According to this writer's computation a London dinner, in this style, could be furnished for two farthings, and, in other parts of the kingdom, at a smaller rate. If the price were fixed at three pence two farthings, and one in ten of the inhabitants were a customer, it would produce an annual revenue of £ 190,000.

That schemes for supplying the public funds should be blended with those whose end is to annihilate poverty and all its miserable and criminal progeny, may seem absurd; yet, if national, like private income, may flow from the rise of stock; and if nations, like individuals, may be contented with less than the highest possible profit on their commodities, the scheme will no longer be deemed absurd.

Among all kinds of vegetable food, Count Rumford assigns the preference to Indian corn. The extensive use of it in Italy, under the name of Pollenta, and in North-America, evinces its nutritiousness and wholesomeness. In the countries cultivated by negro slaves, it is generally preferred by them to rice, which they account the more fugitive and less substantial food. In addition to this, it is known to be producible in larger quantities than other grain; hence the propriety of encouraging the cultivation and extending the use of it.

This grain is unequal in weight in different climates. The best kind is at least as weighty as wheat, and will, probably, furnish an equal quantity of flour. On experiment, a bushel of Indian corn was found to weigh sixty-one pounds.

The modes of preparing it are various. It will constitute wholesome and palatable bread. Kneaded into dough, and baked or toasted in

the form of cakes, it is eaten in many parts of the United States; but it is more generally acceptable when mixed in equal parts with wheaten flour, regularly fermented, and baked into loaves. In this process it is proper that the Indian meal should undergo a boiling for some hours, previous to its mixture with the wheat.

But the best form in which it can be used, is said, by this writer, to be in that of hasty-pudding. This is known to be produced merely by gradually mixing the meal with boiling water. Its excellence is greatly enhanced by prolonging the boiling. This may be eaten at any time within twelve or twenty hours after it is made. We may content ourselves with the first preparation, or when it is hardened by cold, we may reduce it to slices, and toast it or fry it either simply or with butter, or lard, or meat. Its savours may be thus increased; but these additions are not required either by the stomach or palate.

When newly made and hot, its charms may be increased to some palates by accompanying it with milk, or cheese, or butter. Sugar or molasses, in very small proportions, may be advantageously added. In this form it is susceptible of mixture with rye or wheaten flour. Rye or wheat may be prepared alone in the same way.

The utility of this preparation must depend, partly upon its wholesomeness, but indispensibly upon its cheapness. To ascertain this, half a pound of meal was converted, by addition of two pints of water and $\frac{1}{16}$ of a pound of salt, into a pudding weighing 1 lb. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. It hence appears, that one pound of meal will make 3 lb. 9 oz. of pudding. The following computation is built upon our own, and the highest prices of Indian meal and salt.

Dolls. cts. mills.

Half a pound of Indian meal, at 90 cents the bushel (a bushel containing 45 pounds of meal) is	0	1	0
58 grains, or $\frac{1}{120}$ of a pound of salt (a bushel weighs 56 lbs. & may cost 112 cts.) at 2 cts. per lb, is . .	0	0	$\frac{1}{2}$
Total	0	1	$\frac{1}{2}$

An half pound of meal has been already proved to make 1 lb. $11\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of pudding; so that, according to this estimate, one pound of hasty-pudding will cost $\frac{1}{4}$, or somewhat more than a half-cent.

Count Rumford breakfasted at nine o'clock A. M. on a little coffee, cream, and toasted bread. At five o'clock P. M. he dined on hasty-pudding, and fasted till nine o'clock next morning, without any decay of his strength, or extraordinary excess of appetite. He dined upon 1 lb. $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of the pudding, so as to leave 10 oz. or nearly $\frac{2}{3}$ of a pound remaining. We will suppose that this remnant is consumed at a third meal. The food of a day, therefore, exclusive of breakfast, will be found to cost $1\frac{1}{10}$ cent. If this remnant be supposed (and it may with the utmost propriety) to constitute the breakfast, instead of coffee and bread, such would be the cost of the ingredients of our daily and wholesome food.

Let us, for a moment, picture to ourselves the condition of a man who should reduce these principles to practice. He would purchase a pipkin, constructed so as to concentrate heat and economise fuel, a plate, and a spoon. He would spend one hour in preparing his daily food, and the task would be neither toilsome nor uncleanly; and his annual expenses, on this head, would amount to *three dollars and two-thirds*.

Perhaps the present state of human knowledge does not furnish a more healthful, and, to a correct palate, a more delicious species of subsistence. The smallness of the expense may excite our wonder; but the foregoing estimate appears to be an infallible deduction from facts which cannot be denied. Fuel, properly chosen, and properly economised, will not cost more than $1\frac{1}{3}$ dollar per year.

Let us suppose ten persons to adopt this mode. One hour's labour of one of these will suffice for the supply of the whole number, and fifty dollars per annum will be the utmost expense of that branch of their subsistence. This is an hint equally profitable to the man of wisdom and the avaricious man.

It is difficult, however, to correct a depraved taste, or to confine ourselves within the genuine limits of temperance. Some addition to this simple food may be deemed necessary by some exorbitant epicures. For the gratification of such, Count Rumford has described a sauce, used by him, on one occasion, and composed of the most luxurious articles, namely, butter and molasses. With the addition of these articles (for vinegar perhaps had better be omitted) the cost of this banquet may be thus stated.

Dolls. cts. mills.

1 lb. $11\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of hasty-pudding, at $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cent per pound . .	0	0	7
Half an oz. of butter, at 32 cents per pound	0	1	0
Three quarters of an ounce of molasses, at 100 cents per gallon	0	0	$5\frac{3}{4}$
Total for sauce	0	1	$5\frac{3}{4}$
Total for dinner	0	2	$2\frac{1}{4}$

Hence it appears that the sauce is more costly than the pudding, and

must be acknowledged to be a superfluity.

Hasty-pudding is the simplest and cheapest preparation. There is one other form of preparing Indian meal, which is more in use among the opulent. As, however, its expense bears a very slender proportion to that of other delicacies, it may be worth describing. This is an Indian pudding, and is composed of molasses, salt, and Indian meal, in the following proportions:

	<i>Dolls.</i>	<i>cts.</i>	<i>mills.</i>
3 lb. of Indian meal, at			
2 cents per pound .	0	6	0
$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. molasses, at 10			
cents per pound . .	0	7	5
1 oz. salt, at 2 cents per			
pound	0	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Total	0	13	6 $\frac{1}{2}$

These ingredients, added to five pints of boiling water, inclosed in a bag, and boiled six hours, constitute an Indian pudding, that will weigh 10 $\frac{1}{8}$ lbs.

It is needless to add to the description of the composition and preparation of this pudding, any further details respecting the mode of carving it when placed upon the table, or of carrying the portions to the mouth. Those whose precipitation shall endanger their lips and gums must be taught caution by their sufferings; and those who mingle their mouthfuls with undue proportions of butter or other adventitious sauce, must bear the penalty of their stupidity. Such details, though copiously exhibited by this author, if not trifling, are, at least, unimportant; and though susceptible of some apology when addressed to novices in the art of pudding-eating, would be out of place in an audience of *adepts*. We in America are sufficiently versed in these mysteries, and want only to be incited by judicious reasonings and remonstrances

to the use of these cheap and delicious viands.

Molasses imparts to these puddings a taste which, though grateful to the palate, is not, so to speak, its own; but its principal use is as a substitute for eggs, to impart *lightness*. The Count likewise insists upon the attention to be paid to the length of time during which it is boiled, and upon the cubical capacity of the pudding-bag. He sagely observes, that, of the two extremes, too hard is better than too soft; it being matter of *great importance indeed*, that the pudding should be disengaged from its tegument, without *falling to pieces*. Great stress is also laid upon the form, and the preference is justly given to a truncated cone, provided it be inverted.

Suet is no unsavoury addition to this compound. Apples are another advantageous ingredient. Other fruits, fresh or preserved, are serviceable to the same end. Indeed, an Indian pudding is a substratum on which a thousand savoury structures may be erected. The instructions of this arch-caterer are of value; but perhaps it would be the more dignified, as well as safest course, to leave the manual dexterities and chymical refinements of the sause-pan and pudding-bag, to the *trade*.

The remaining part of this essay is of less importance than the foregoing. We have already dwelt so copiously on this essay, that little will be said on that which still remains to be noticed. We shall overlook his commentaries upon *cut paste* or *macaroni*. The ingredients are not cheap, nor the process easy; and it is not prepared by professed cooks, in this country.

Potatoes seem to be of chief value, but little new information is communicated to American house-

wives in this performance. The point, chiefly dwelt upon, is the boiling of potatoes, and bringing them to table with the skins on: when boiled, it is recommended to evaporate the moisture by replacing the vessel, in which they were boiled, over the fire. Receipts are likewise given for preparing potatoes in puddings and dumplings.

The preference is given to barley over wheat, as to its nutritiousness; but it is chiefly recommended as the basis of soups. Barley-meal may be used for this purpose with as much benefit as pearl-barley. One ounce and a quarter of barley-flour, to one pint and a quarter of water, will produce twenty ounces of soup; and this is a sufficient portion for one man.

Samp, or the grain of Indian corn, boiled and peeled, is celebrated as savoury and nutritive. The preparation is, however, tedious and complex. Soaking, for twelve hours, in a lixivium of water and wood-ashes, and, subsequently, boiling it four times as long, are necessary parts of this process. If grinding were an household process, it might be doubted whether samp would not be preferable, in simplicity and cheapness, to hasty-pudding, but the invention of mills has greatly simplified and expedited the pulverization of this grain. Some person, perhaps, may discover more compendious and comprehensive modes of making samp than are at present in use.

Brown soup is a Bavarian dish. It consists of butter and a little meal, fried, and afterwards dissolved in boiling water: It has little power of nourishment, but it is infinitely to be preferred to tea,

which is the darling of almost all classes. Tea is a pernicious portion, corrigible only by a plentiful addition of milk, and sugar, and solid eatables.

Rye-bread seems to be in bad repute in Great-Britain. This prejudice is thought by Count Rumford to be chiefly owing to imperfect preparation. Among the lower classes, in Europe, it is the chief species of bread. This circumstance attests its wholesomeness, and the author refers us to tables and receipts, yet to be published, for information on its comparative advantages in cookery.

The great purpose of these essays is to alleviate the miseries of the lower classes of the people. It is impossible to say how much this publication may promote this end. His exertions, as the minister of a despotic prince, produced a considerable effect; but it is likely that the deluge of war has swept all traces of his institutions from the face of the earth: By delineating these establishments, and exemplifying the truth of his deductions by their success, he has done all that his situation permits.

Poverty is a disease that can be cured only by investigating and out-rooting the causes by which it is generated. If these causes be the defects of the political constitution, every remedy is ineffectual that stops short of these. Perhaps the philanthropist will derive more sorrow from contemplating the transitoriness of the author's improvements in Bavaria, than from surveying their short-lived success, and despair of conferring any benefit on nations who know no liberty among themselves, and no equity in their conduct towards each other.

SELECTIONS.

An Account of Mr. PARK's Journey into the Interior Parts of Africa.

[Concluded from p. 235.]

ON the third day of August Mr. Park left Silla, intending to return through Sego, in his way back to Gambia; and at Modibao he had the good fortune to recover his horse, which he found somewhat improved in condition. Here he learnt that Mansong, having been persuaded by the Moors that our traveller had come into his country with some mischievous intention, had given orders to apprehend him. He therefore thought it prudent to avoid Sego altogether; which he accordingly did, by taking a circuitous route until he had got considerably to the west; when turning towards the Niger, he passed through many towns and villages on its banks; the largest of which, called Sammee, he left on the 14th of August, and lodged that night at Benni. On the morning of the 16th he arrived at Jabbee, a large town with a Moorish mosque in it. The same day he passed through Yamina, and on the 20th reached Koolikorro, a great salt-market. On the following day he proceeded to Marraboo, and in two days more arrived at Bammakoo, the frontier of the kingdom of Bambara.

During the course of this peregrination through the king of Bambara's dominions, our traveller had to encounter the tropical rains in all their violence; and he was principally indebted, for his daily support, to the dooty, or chief man, in the several towns through which he passed. This officer seems to possess, in some respects, the authority of mayor in the corporate towns of England; and it reflects

great honour on the police of the African kingdoms, or on the benevolent manners of the natives, that it is considered one part of the dooty's obligation to provide food for the necessitous traveller:—*To suffer the king's stranger to depart hungry*, (such is the phrase used) is an offence of a very heinous nature.—On many occasions Mr. Park offered payment for what he received, out of the kowries that still remained of the king's present, and his offer was sometimes accepted, and sometimes refused. On others he remunerated his host in a singular manner, the particulars of which deserve to be recited. Among the various impostures practised by the Moors towards the poor negroes, they frequently sell them scraps of paper, with an Arabic inscription, (commonly a passage from the Koran) which are called *saphies*, or charms. With one of these about his person, the possessor considers himself invulnerable, and neither the lurking serpent nor the prowling leopard is any longer the object of his dread. In the circumstances to which Mr. Park was reduced, he had the good fortune to discover that the negro natives ascribed to him the power of granting *saphies* of even more than Arabian virtue. "If a Moor's *saphie* is good," said the dooty of Sansanding, "a white man's must be better;" and Mr. Park, at his request, gave him one possessed of all the virtues he could concentrate, for it contained the Lord's prayer. The pen with which it was written was made of a reed; a little charcoal and gum-water made very tolerable ink, and a thin board answered the purpose of paper. In his journey westward, this merchandize turned to extraordinary good account; and it is surely

needless for Mr. Park to frame any apology for having availed himself of such a resource in his situation.

At Bammakoo the Niger ceases to be navigable. It takes its rise at a small village called Sankari, in the highlands of Jallonkondoo, about six days journey S. W. from Bammakoo; and the country becoming mountainous, our traveller, on the 22d, took the path for Sibidooloo, where he arrived at the end of two days. On the 30th he came to Wonda, a fine village, regularly built, and surrounded by a wall. Here he was confined several days by sickness; and having nothing else to offer to the friendly negro in whose house he was accommodated, Mr. Park presented him, at parting, with his horse, now, indeed, become unable to proceed any farther. On the 8th of September he set out on foot for Kinneyeto, a considerable town, which he reached on the 11th, and in three days more arrived at Kamalia. At this place, Mr. Park, worn down by fatigue and the vicissitudes of the weather, having sometimes been plunged up to the neck in rivers and swamps, and sometimes lost in woods and deserts, without shelter, clothing, or food, fell into a severe and dangerous fit of sickness, in which the remembrance of past suffering, and the hopes of future enjoyment, had nearly been extinguished together. On his arrival at Kamalia he had still a space of five hundred miles to traverse before he could reach any friendly country on the Gambia; and being informed that great part of the way lay through a desert, which it was impossible he could cross singly and unsupported, he had no other resource but to wait for the first caravan of slaves that might travel the same track. Such an one was expected to pass through Kamalia at the end of three months, and the chief director of

it resided in that place. To him, therefore, Mr. Park applied; and for the value of one slave, to be paid on his safe arrival at the Gambia, this worthy negro, whose name was Karfa Taura, not only undertook to conduct him safe to Pisania, but offered him likewise the accommodation of his house until the time of the caravan's departure. Under this man's roof our traveller was confined to a mat, which was his only bed, by a severe and dangerous fever, for upwards of a month. Five months longer he was detained for the caravan. During this long interval not a murmur escaped the lips of Karfa, or of any of his wives, at the trouble and expense which their inmate brought upon them. To the kind attentions, the tender solicitude, the cheerful assiduity, and warm hospitality of these poor Pagans, Mr. Park declares he is indebted not only for his safe return to Great-Britain, but also for the preservation of his life; and he admits that he made his friend Karfa but an inadequate return, though the best in his power, by presenting him, on their arrival at Gambia, with double the sum that he had originally promised.

The whole of Mr. Park's route, both in going and returning, having been confined to a tract of country bounded nearly by the 12th and 15th parallels of latitude, it must be imagined that he found the climate, in all places, exceedingly hot. On the borders of the desert, where the fierceness of the tropical sun is reflected from the sands, the heat was scarcely supportable. Having been robbed of his thermometer, he had no means of forming a comparative judgment; but he well remembers, that in the dry season, when the wind blows from the east and north-east, across the desert, the ground became so hot, in the middle of the day, as not to be

borne by the naked foot. In the camp at Benowm, even the negro slaves, accustomed as they were to this temperature, could not walk from one tent to another without their sandals. At this time of the day the Moors lie stretched at length in their tents, either asleep or unwilling to move; and Mr. Park declares, that, as he lay listlessly along, after their manner, in his hut of reeds, he could not hold his hand against the current of air which came through the crevices, without suffering very sensible pain from its scorching effect. In the southern districts, which abound with wood and water, the climate improves; and, in the mornings and evenings, the air is serene, temperate and pleasant. During the rainy season the prevailing wind is from the south-west. The monsoon commonly changes about the latter end of June, and the wind continues to blow from the south-west quarter until the middle or end of October. In this interval the country is flooded, and the rains are preceded and followed by dreadful tornadoes or typhons. The commencement of this monsoon is the spring, or seed-time, and its termination is commonly the season of harvest.

Among the principal productions of the negro territories is the *lotus*. It is rather a thorny shrub than a tree, and abounds in all the countries which Mr. Park traversed; but it thrives best in a sandy soil. Its fruit is a small yellow farinaceous berry, about the size of an olive, which being pounded in a wooden vessel, and afterwards dried in the sun, is made into excellent cakes, resembling, in colour and flavour, the sweetest gingerbread. Some of the natives prepare from it also a liquor deliciously sweet.

Of one species of their corn the negroes make excellent beer, by

malting the seeds nearly in the same manner as barley is malted in England; and the beer which is thus made was, to Mr. Park's taste, equal to the best strong beer he had ever drank in his native country.

In the latter end of April, 1797, the *coffe*, or caravan, being at length completed, and our traveller's health re-established, he set out from Kamalia, in company with seventy persons, of whom only thirty-seven were slaves for sale. In nine days they came to Maana, bordering on a branch of the Senegal. In ten days more they reached the small but fertile state of Dentilla, and crossed, in their journey, some of the streams that contribute to the great river of Gambia. On the 4th of June they fell in with that river, about two days journey above the falls of Baraconda, to which place it is navigable for canoes from its mouth; and in six days more, on the 10th of June, Mr. Park, to his infinite satisfaction, having undergone in his journey, from the heat of the weather, from fatigue, and from hunger, more than he could find words to describe, entered the hospitable mansion of Dr. Laidley, from which he had set out eighteen months before.

On the 15th of the same month he embarked in a slave ship, bound to America; which being driven, by stress of weather, to Antigua, Mr. Park took his passage from thence in a vessel bound to Great-Britain; and on the 25th of December last arrived safely in London.

*General Description of PERU. Translated from a Peruvian Journal published at Lima.**

THE principal object of our periodical paper is to convey a better knowledge of the country

* See No. 2, page 140, of this Magazine.

we inhabit,—a country respecting which foreign writers have published so many fictions and absurdities. Among the Spanish authors who have treated of Peru, the earlier ones either compiled the relations of their own adventures, or introduced into their histories and annals what tradition had handed down to them. Of this class are Garcilaso, Herrera, Zarate, Gil Gonzales, &c. as are also all those by whom they have been followed, if we except his excellency Don Ulloa; who, in the history of his voyage to South America, has treated of the customs, manners, and diversions of the inhabitants. This illustrious author is the first among the Spanish writers, who, in describing these countries, has soared to the contemplation of man in his moral and physical relations.

From such loose materials as the above, and from the slight informations which a few travellers have picked up in a cursory way, almost all the histories, reflections, charts, geographical tracts, and compendiums, which have been published respecting Peru on the banks of the Seine and of the Thames, have been compiled. The spirit of system, national prejudices, ignorance, and caprice, have by turns so much influenced the greater part of these productions, that the Peru which they describe to us, appears to be a country altogether different from the one with which we are practically acquainted.

The consequence which we deduce from this exposition is, that we may, without presumption, set out by giving a general sketch of Peru, without fearing to incur the imputation of plagiarism; and with

the certainty of furnishing more precise, and, at the same time, more novel information, than any that has been hitherto given.

This great empire, the foundation of which by the Incas remains enveloped in the obscurity of a series of fables, and of an uncertain tradition, has lost much of its local grandeur since the time when it was stripped, on the north side, of the provinces which form the kingdom of Quito,* and afterwards of those which, towards the east, constitute the vice-royalty of Buenos-Ayres.† Its present extent‡ in length runs, north and south, for the space of from 420 to 450 leagues, and from 2 degrees to nearly 23 degrees of south latitude; and its greatest breadth is from 100 to 120 leagues, east and west, and from 297 to 310 degrees of west longitude, the first meridian being taken at the Peak of Teneriffe. The river of Guayaquil divides it from the new kingdom of Granada on the north side. The depopulated territory of Atacama separates it from the kingdom of Chile towards the south. Another horrible desert, of more than five hundred leagues extent, separates it towards the east, from the provinces of Paraguay and Buenos-Ayres. And, lastly, the Pacific Sea washes its western shores.

A chain of barren and rugged mountains; several sandy plains, which in a manner reach from one extremity of the coast to the other; and several lakes of many leagues in extent, some of which are situated on the summits of the above chain of mountains, occupy a great part of the Peruvian territory.—Throughout, the breaks, and the

* In 1718.

† In 1778.

‡ The geographical map of Santa Cruz, and the hydrographical chart of Don Ulloa, inserted in the third volume of his voyage to South-America, have been useful to us in fixing the longitudes and latitudes, respecting which Busching, Lacroix, and various other geographers, differ most essentially.

valleys, which enjoy the benefit of irrigation, present to the view an extensive range of delightful plains, replete with cities and towns, and the climate of which is highly salubrious. That of the elevated spots of la Sierra is extremely cold. In the Pampas le Bombon,* Fahrenheit's thermometer is constantly at from 34 to 40 degrees above zero.†

The population of Peru, so far as the original races are considered, is composed of Spaniards, Indians, and Negroes. The secondary species best known, and proceeding from a mixture of these three, are the Mulatœ, the offspring of the Spaniard and Negro women; the Quarteron, of the Mulatœ women and Spaniard; and the Mestize, of the Spaniard and Indian women. The final subdivisions which are formed by the successive mixtures, are as many as the different possible combinations of these primitive races.

The rural operations of sowing and planting, as well as domestic employments, have constantly fallen to the lot of the Negroes. It is true, indeed, that within these four years past several white people have engaged in these different tasks. Prior to this, any one, neither a negro nor a mulatœ, who should have hired himself as a valet or a labourer, would have been in a manner reputed infamous; to such a length was prejudice, or it may, perhaps, be said, pride, carried on this head. Enlightened politicians are not wanting who think it would be very unfortunate

for the kingdom, and more especially for this capital (Lima), if this prejudice were to be entirely done away.

The commerce of Peru has been considerably augmented, since it has, by the arrival of the merchant vessels of Spain by Cape Horn, and by the grant of an unrestrained commerce, freed itself from the oppression under which it groaned in the time of the Galeons, and of the fairs of Porto-Bello and Panama. Prior to that epoch, the bulky and overgrown capitals circulated thro', and were, in a manner, lost in a few hands; and while the little trader tyrannized over the people, by regulating, at his own will, the prices of the various productions and commodities, he himself received the law from the monopolizing wholesale dealer. The negotiations of this capital with the interior were then, in a great measure, dependent on the intelligence and the decisions of the magistrates; and the commerce with Spain owed its best security to the circulation of the silver entered in the bills of lading. Commerce, on the other hand, being, at this time, subdivided into so many smaller branches, maintains a greater number of merchants; at the same time that the fortunes which accrue from it are not so numerous. It is necessary that a commercial man should combine his plans skilfully, and extend his speculations, to be able to acquire a handsome property.

The manufactures of this country consist almost entirely of a few frie-

* These are plains of fifteen leagues in length, and five or six in breadth, which form a part of the sub-delegation of Tarma, and of the intendency of the same name. They are distant from Lima, in an eastern direction, forty leagues. The lake of Chinchay-cocha intersects them in their length; and they constitute the most lofty and most level part of la Sierra.

† This equality of temperature must appear very extraordinary to the inhabitants of Europe: a variation of six degrees only throughout the year, by night and by day! In Great-Britain there is often a greater variation in the space of half an hour; and the extreme variations throughout the year may, without the intervention of extraordinary heat or cold, be estimated at sixty degrees at least.—TRANSLATOR.

Yes, the use of which is in a manner confined to the Indians and negroes. There are besides an inconsiderable number of manufacturers of hats, cotton-cloths, drinking glasses, &c. which do not, however, occupy much space in the scale of the riches of Peru. Sugar, Vicuna-wood, cotton, Peruvian bark, copper, and cocoa, (it is to be observed, however, that the two latter articles, as well as a considerable part of the Peruvian bark, are sent hither from Guayaquil, &c.) are the only commodities, the produce of our mines excepted, which we export.

The mines are the principal, it may indeed be said the only source of the riches of Peru. Notwithstanding the little industry which is employed in working them, and the small help which commerce affords to the miners, 534,000 marks of silver, and 6,038 of gold, were smelted and refined last year (1790) in the royal mint of Lima; and 5,162,239 piasters,* in both materials, were coined there.†

From the mines of Gualgayoc,‡ and from that of Pasco,§ about one half of the silver which is annually smelted, coined, and wrought, is extracted. The mine of Guantajaya|| is abundant in ores and rich metallic veins, but does not yield in proportion, in consequence of the dearness of every necessary, as

well for working, as for convenience and subsistence. On account also of its distance from the capital, the benefits which would otherwise arise from it are lost: the ores of thirty marks the caxon,¶ do not pay themselves; and the same may be said of the products of the smaller and more superficial veins, which occasionally present themselves, and in which the silver is chiseled out. It is greatly to be hoped that the plan of transporting the produce of this mine to Callao may be adopted: this would not only cause the mine itself to flourish, but would be beneficial to all the adjacent provinces.

That of Guarochiri,** the effects of the abundance of which are more immediately felt in this capital, does not flourish in a degree which should apparently correspond with the richness of its metals, and the abundance of its metallic spots and veins. The adoption of the newly introduced method of amalgamation; the employment of a sufficient number of Indian labourers, who may be engaged without difficulty; and a few reforms in the practical part of the laborious operations; these are the only principles on which this mine, as well as all the others in the kingdom, can be brought into a truly flourishing condition.

The navigation of Peru is limit-

* Dollars.

† In the former year, 1789, 3,570,000 piasters in silver, and 760,768 in gold, were coined.

‡ This mine is in the intendency of Truxillo, 178 leagues distant from Lima, and from Truxillo 68.

§ Otherwise called Cerro Mineral de Lauricocha. It is situated at the northern extremity of the Pampas de Pombo; and is distant from Lima 45 leagues, and from Tarma 22.

|| This mine, which, in opposition to the laws nature generally observes, is situated in a very hot and sandy soil, is comprehended in the province of Tarapacá, in the intendency of Arequipa. It is distant from that intendency 80 leagues, from Lima 300, and from the port of Iquique nearly two leagues.

¶ The caxon contains 6250 pounds.

** This mine extends, in a manner, over the whole of the province which bears its name, the capital of which is the town of Guarochiri, distant from Lima 17 leagues, and from Tarma 28. It belongs to the intendency of Lima.

ed. Our commerce in corn carries us to the ports of Chile; with Guayaquil we carry on a traffic in timber, &c. and, lastly, we make a few voyages to Chiloe, Juan-Fernandes, Valdivia, and Panama. We navigate with economy and with ease; but are deficient in the scientific part, deriving no aid whatever from astronomy. Those who have the charge of our trading vessels, have no skill beyond imitation; the hydrographical charts which are consulted, are, on many accounts, defective; and the situation of the coasts is more parallel than it is represented. On another hand, the fogs which almost constantly hover over the land, and hide it from the navigator's view, oblige him to make a circuitous course, by which his voyage is considerably delayed.—Until about the year 1780, it was a source of vast riches to a commercial house to keep a vessel of its own employed in the coasting trade; but in proportion as mercantile speculations have been since multiplied, the price of freightage has been lowered, and the profits are divided among a greater number of adventurers.

The fishery is a branch of industry exclusively belonging to the Indians, situated on the coast; but they are destitute of skill, and being, at the same time, unprovided with proper boats and fit instruments, keep constantly within sight of the coast, venturing but a very small distance to sea. Hence arise the scarcity and dearth of fish, so often experienced in this city, and in all the places along the coast. A few years ago several boats of a

particular construction were built, for the purpose of fishing throughout the whole extent of these seas; but this scheme was shortly afterwards abandoned. The lakes of this kingdom afford but few fishes. Were the Indian to resort to them, he would put no price on the fruit of his labours. Content with his maize, and his dried pease, he considers the multiplicity of foods as a voluntary surrender of health and life.

Agriculture might, generally speaking, be made to supply our wants, insomuch than our subsistence ought not to be so precarious as it is, nor so dependent on foreign aid. In the vallies adjacent to this capital, wheat may be cultivated with the greatest success. The bad uneven roads, together with the delays and expense of carriage, almost entirely obstruct the internal circulation of this kingdom, and are so many obstacles in the way of agriculture. The valley of Jauja* affords many proofs in support of this proposition: the facility with which it sends its maize and other products to the mine of Pasco, keeps it in a most flourishing condition.

The natural history of Peru is fertile in prodigies. All the systems which have been formed in Europe, on this subject, are capable of a thousand amplifications, whenever their theories shall be applied to our natural productions. The mountains of Chanchamayo, Huanuco, Lamas,† &c. are so many privileged spots of nature with respect to the surprizing gaudiness and beauty of their productions. The circumstances of several hu-

* This valley, the circumference of which is not more than 17 leagues, is extremely populous.—Atunjauija is the capital of the province of that name, dependent on the intendency of Tarma, from which it is distant 10 leagues, and from Lima 38.

† The mountains of Chanchamayo are distant from Tarma 25 leagues. Those of Huanuco are distant from Lima about 80 leagues. The mountains of Lamas extend from Tefé, the boundary of the Portuguese possessions, to the confines of the intendency of Truxillo.

mid and hot climates, and the dread of the hostile Indians who inhabit them, have contributed to withhold from us much information on this head: there is, however, a great scope for investigation and description; and accordingly the natural history of Peru will occupy no small space in our periodical journal.

Knowledge is general throughout Peru, as well on account of the natural quickness and penetration of its native inhabitants, as through their fondness for study. In whatever does not require a meditated combination of ideas, the fair sex has commonly the advantage over ours. The Royal University of St. Mark, and, proportionably, the other universities of this kingdom, form a centre of literature which diffuses an abundant light to the whole of the circumference. Under their auspices, the moral and philosophical sciences have latterly made an incredible progress, and make it constantly proud of being received in the palace of the supreme authority; they have found their way into all the schools, and from thence diffused themselves rapidly into every order of the state.

May this philosophical light be so constant and efficacious, as to influence and ameliorate the common system of education! Education, taken in the sense which comprehends the whole of the kingdom, is that alone in which Peru is, in some measure, defective. A good taste, urbanity, and a social disposition, are the hereditary qualities of every Peruvian.

We have thus fulfilled our promise, by giving an idea of Peru in general terms, not subject to a determinate point either of history or of literature. It is a prefatory introduction; or, if we may be permitted to adopt the phrase, a leisure composition, which will give us a greater facility in speaking of

the kingdom of Peru, in the whole series of the *MERCURIES*, according to the variety of the subjects which may present themselves.

Russian Mode of treating Frozen Limbs.

[From Eton's Survey of Turkey.]

ON this occasion I cannot help mentioning the treatment of parts frozen in Russia, not by the surgeons, but by the common people, the success of which I was an eye-witness to in several cases, as well as to the failure of the common mode of treating frozen parts by the most able surgeons of the army. I shall simply state the facts I relate to.

After Ochakof was taken, I received into my subterranean lodging as many prisoners as it would contain, all of whom were either wounded or had a limb frozen. Among them were two children, one about six, and the other about fourteen years of age: the latter had one of her feet frozen to the ankle; the other all the toes, and the sole of one of her feet. The second day the parts appeared black, (the first day they were not much observed.) The French surgeon, whom Prince Potempkin had sent for purposely from Paris, and who was a man of note, ordered them to be constantly bathed with warm camphorated spirits; the elder was removed to the hospital, when a mortification began; the younger I kept, and, as we removed into winter quarters, I carried the child along with me. The mortified parts separated, the bones of the toes came off, and, after a considerable time, the sores healed. I should have said the surgeon was for immediately amputating both the limbs.

In a subterranean room, not far from mine, were several women,

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whose feet had been, in a like manner, frozen; but as no surgeon attended them, the Russian soldiers and waggoners undertook the cure. It was also the second day when they applied their remedy, and the parts were perfectly black. This remedy was goose-grease, with which the parts were smeared warm, and the operation often repeated: their directions were, never to let the parts be dry, but always covered with grease. The consequence was, that, by degrees, the circulation extended lower down, and the blackness decreased, till, last of all, the toes were only discoloured, and, at length, circulation was restored to them.

I can account for this no otherwise, than that the fat kept the pores shut, and prevented the air from promoting putrefaction: in the mean time the vessels were continually absorbing part of the stagnated blood, till, by degrees, the whole circulation was restored. It is known, that extravasated and stagnated blood will remain a long time in the body without putrefying, if it be not exposed to the air. I conclude also, that in these cases of frost, the mortification first begins on the surface, which is in contact with the air.

I only meant, however, to relate facts, and leave it to others to account for them.

This is a general practice of the peasants throughout all Russia; but if a part is discovered to be frozen, before the person comes into a warm room, the frost may be extracted by plunging the part into cold water, or rubbing it with snow till the circulation returns.

Sixth Sense of Bats.

SPALLANZANI having destroyed the eyes of bats, and set them at liberty in an apartment,

observed that they could guide themselves from one place to another as before. They avoided every obstacle that was presented to them, and even passed through rings which he placed before them: and for this reason he asks, "May not these animals possess a sense with which we are not acquainted, and which may supply that of sight? or, May not smell be sufficient for that purpose?"

Jurine is of opinion that it is hearing which supplies the above want. He filled with wax one of the ears of those animals which he had deprived of sight, and he observed that they flew about with difficulty: when he filled both their ears, they could not fly at all.

Method of preparing a cheap Substitute for Oil Paint, as durable as that prepared with Oil, and free from any bad smell. From the Bibliotheque Physico-économique, 1792.

IT often happens that people do not choose, or cannot employ oil-painting in the country, either because it does not dry soon enough, and has an insupportable smell, or because it is too dear. M. Lüdicke employed, with the greatest success, the following method for painting ceilings, gates, doors, and even furniture.

The Process.

Take fresh curds, and bruise the lumps on a grinding-stone, or in an earthen pan or mortar, with a spatula. After this operation, put them in a pot with an equal quantity of lime well quenched and become thick enough to be kneaded; stir this mixture well, without adding water, and you will soon obtain a white-coloured fluid, which may be applied with as much facility as

varnish, and which dries very speedily. But it must be employed the same day, as it will become too thick the day following.

Ochre, Armenian-bole, and all colours which hold with lime, may be mixed with it, according to the colour which you wish to give to the wood; but care must be taken that the addition of colour made to the first mixture of curds and lime may contain very little water, else the painting will be less durable.

When two coats of this paint have been laid on, it may be polished with a piece of woollen cloth or other proper substance, and it will become as bright as varnish. It is certain that no kind of painting can be so cheap: but it possesses, besides, other advantages: in the same day two coats may be laid on and polished, as it dries speedily and has no smell. If it be required to give it more durability, in places exposed to moisture, do over the painting, after it has been polished, with the white of an egg: this process will render it as durable as the best oil-painting.

Method of discovering Adulterations with Metals in Wine. From Bibliothèque Physico-économique.

THE property which liver of sulphur (alkaline sulphures) and hepatic air (sulphurated hydrogen) possess of precipitating lead in a black form, has been long ago made public; and this property has been employed to determine the quality of wines by means of the liquor probatorius Wirtembergensis, or Wirtemberg proving liquor.

But, in trying wines supposed to have been adulterated, this proof does more hurt than service, because it precipitates iron of the same colour as the pernicious lead. Many wine-merchants, therefore, of

the greatest respectability, rendered by these means suspected, have been ruined.

There was wanting, then, a reagent, which should discover in wine those metals only which are prejudicial to the health of man.

The following liquor precipitates lead and copper in a black form, and arsenic of an orange colour, &c. but does not precipitate iron. The last, which is not noxious, and rather salutary to the constitution, frequently gets into wines by accident.

Method of preparing the Proving Liquor.

Mix equal parts of oyster shells and crude sulphur in a fine powder, and put the mixture into a crucible. Heat it in a wind furnace, and increase the fire suddenly, so as to bring the crucible to a white heat, for the space of fifteen minutes. Pulverise the mass when it is cool, and preserve it in a bottle closely stopped.

To prepare the liquor, put 120 grains of this powder and 120 grains of cream of tartar (acidulous tartarite of pot-ash) into a strong bottle; fill the bottle with common water, which boil for an hour, and then let it cool; close the bottle immediately, and shake it for some time: after it has remained at rest to settle, decant the pure liquor, and pour it into small phials capable of holding about an ounce each, first putting into each of them 20 drops of muriatic acid. They must be stopped very closely with a piece of wax, in which there is a small mixture of turpentine.

One part of this liquor, mixed with three parts of suspected wine, will discover, by a very sensible black precipitate, the least traces of lead, copper, &c. but will produce no effect upon iron, if it contains any of that metal. When the pre-

cipitate has fallen down, it may still be discovered whether the wine contains iron, by saturating the decanted liquor with a little salt of tartar (tartareous acidulum of pot-

ash), by which the liquor will immediately become black.

Pure wines remain clear and bright after this liquor has been added to them.

Miscellaneous Articles of Literary and Philosophical Intelligence.

WE learn that a volume of *SERMONS*, by the Rev. John Clarke, D. D. late of Boston, is now in the press in that town, and will shortly be published.

Proposals have been issued for publishing, by subscription, two volumes of *SERMONS*, by the Rev. Jeremy Belknap, late of Boston. These proposals have not, it is said, met with that encouragement which was expected. The publication, however, will be made in a few weeks.

A volume of *DISCOURSES* has lately issued from the press of Messrs. Hudson and Goodwin, of Hartford, by the Reverend Dr. Trumbull, of North-Haven, which are intended to exhibit "A systematical demonstration of the divine origin of the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments."

A new *ROMANCE*, written by the author of *Mervyn, Wieland, Ormond*, &c. and entitled, "*Edgar Huntley, or the Sleep-Walker*," is now printing in Philadelphia.

At a commencement held on the 6th day of June, 1799, at the University of Pennsylvania, the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on the following gentlemen, who submitted Inaugural Dissertations to the examination of the Medical Faculty on the following subjects:

Mr. Edw. Brailsford, of Charleston, South-Carolina—An Experimental Dissertation on the Chymical and Medical Qualities of the *Nicotiana Tabacum* of Linnæus, commonly known by the name of *Tobacco*.

Mr. John H. Foushee, of Virginia—An Essay on Strictures in the Urethra.

Mr. Wm. G. Chalwill, of Tortola—A Dissertation on the Source of Malignant Bilious, or Yellow Fever, and the Means of preventing it.

Mr. James Norcom, of North-Carolina—On Jaundice; containing Observations on the Liver, and some of its Diseases.

Mr. Washington Watts, of Virginia—An Inquiry into the Causes and Nature of the Yellow Fever.

Mr. Arthur May, of Pennsylvania—A Dissertation on Sympathy.

Mr. Robert J. King, of Maryland—An Essay on Blisters.

We are assured that a new publication on the *history of North-Carolina* is in great forwardness, and will be put to press in the course of the ensuing winter. The author is H. Williamson, M. D. and LL. D. long a resident of that State, and for many years employed in the public concerns. We have reason to believe this performance will be a valuable addition to the stock of American literature.

An animal of the *Bos* family, said to be the Pygarg of Deuteronomy xiv. 5. has been exhibited lately in New-York. The creature is a female, and answers very well to the Bison of 2 Pennant's *Arctic Zoology*. The proprietor said she was brought from Russia, though we think it more probable she is a native of some northern part of the American continent.

For some time past that large and singular bird the *Cossowary*, has been shown in this city: it was brought from Japan, by the way of Batavia. The common descriptions of writers are correct enough, as there is little chance of confounding this remarkable animal with any other of the feathered race.

The following living plants have been lately received by Dr. Hosack, Professor of Botany in Columbia College, from Dr. Anderson, superintendent of the Botanic Garden at St. Vincents.

1. Bread-fruit (*Artocarpus Incisus*).
2. Arrow Root (*Maranta Arundinica*).
3. Cinnamon (*Laurus Cinnamomum*).
4. Mango (*Mangifera Indica*).
5. Vanilla (*Epidendrum Vanilla*).
6. Lemon Grass (*Andropogon Schoenanthus*).
7. Sago (*Cycas Circinalis*).
8. *Dracæna Ferrea*.
9. Turmeric (*Curcuma Longa*).
10. Galengal (*Kæmpferia Galanga*).
11. Gum Arabic (*Mimosa Nilotica*).
12. Liquorice (*Glycyrrhiza Glabra*).

This present was accompanied with about 300 kinds of seed of the most valuable plants.

The Professor of Botany has also lately received from Dr. Smith, President of the Linnæan Society, a large collection of some of the most valuable of the recent publications on botany.

The Chymical Society of Philadelphia, beside a variety of other minerals, from different parts of the United States, have lately received a specimen of the golden or auriferous pyrites from Virginia, from ten penny weights of which, three grains of gold, twenty-four carats fine, have been extracted.

A quantity of manganese has been sent to the society, from the county

of Albemarle, where it is found in abundance. The mineral now retails in Philadelphia, at the rate of eleven-pence per pound. It is consumed in this country principally by potters. It is used in Europe, in bleaching, and in the manufacture of glass.

A variety of the sulphate of barytes, called *Lapis Hepaticus*, accurately described by Cronstedt, as the *Lieberstein*, or *Liverstone*, of the Germans and Swedes, has also been forwarded to the society from the same place.

This mineral almost always accompanies the best metallic ores, and is considered by mineralogists as a happy presage of finding them. According to the celebrated *Becher*, it is a certain indication, *aut præsentis, aut futuri metalli*.

It is hoped that the importance of mineral substances in agriculture and manufactures, will induce the farmers, and other gentlemen of the United States, to attend to the mineral products of their fields, and send them to the Chymical Society of Philadelphia, where they will be accurately analyzed, free of expense. By this means many valuable discoveries may be made, and we may become acquainted with the operations of nature in this part of the globe.

Professor Rush has just published "Three Lectures upon Animal Life, delivered in the University of Pennsylvania."

The celebrated *KOTZEBUE*, who, it was reported, had been dismissed by the Emperor of Germany from his Court and from the appointment he held as *Poet Laureat* and Director of the Imperial Theatre, has, it seems, been slandered by his enemies, who have fabricated the supposed reasons for his dismissal. The facts are these:—

"*M. Von KOTZEBUE* had, for various reasons, but most probably of the same nature as those which

induced him to quit the Russian service, voluntarily applied to the emperor for his dismissal. This request FRANCIS complied with; and, besides expressing the fullest satisfaction with his conduct, granted KOTZEBUE a pension for life, of one thousand florins, or about one hundred guineas; with liberty to spend it in whatever country he pleased.—To fill this important office, the emperor has appointed the learned M. Von RETZER, and the Aulic Secretary, Von ESCHRICH, who in future, in conjunction with the three oldest members of the Imperial Theatre, are to form a committee, and divide the former functions of KOTZEBUE. It is confidently reported, that this celebrated dramatist has already left Vienna, and is now on his way to England.

The two first numbers of a splendid and highly-finished work have lately been published at Leipzig, which claims the attention and patronage of every lover of the arts. The publishers are the respectable booksellers Voss and Co. and the work is written with great taste by the celebrated senator, Dr. STEIGLETZ, under the title, "*Designs of Ornamental Architecture, or Representations of actual and ideal Buildings, with plans and elevations, in a series of one hundred engraved plates: To which is added, a Treatise on the beauty of the Art.*" Second number (in German) consisting of thirteen plates royal folio.—All the drawings are from the pencil of Mr. Schwender, and are engraved by Citizens Gaitte, Piquet, and Ransonnette, of Paris, and Mr. Boettger, of Leipzig. Eight numbers, containing from twelve to thirteen plates each, will conclude this magnificent work: the subscription price for each is five rix dollars, or about one guinea English.

The second volume of "*A Universal Dictionary of Commercial Geography*," by PEUCHET, is just published at Paris. The remaining two volumes are shortly to follow.

There has just issued from the Parisian press, a translation of Guthrie's *Geographical Grammar*, by Citizens NOBL, Ex-Ambassador to the Batavian Republic, and SOULES, author of the History of the American Revolution, and translator of Blair's Lectures. It is published in three volumes, 8vo. 2100 pages, closely and elegantly printed, with an Atlas in 4to. of 34 maps. This is not merely a translation, there being nearly a third part of new matter, particularly an account of the events that have occurred in the different parts of the world since the last edition of Guthrie, in 1796; the divisions, ancient and modern, compared with the new Republics; the last partition of Poland; the discoveries of *Peyrouse* and *Vancouver*; a succinct theory of the earth and rivers from *Buffon* and *Lametherie*; a concise analysis of *Busching* and *Zimmerman* on Europe; and of the German and English Geographers *Bruns*, *Fabri*, *Brooke*, *Gordon*, &c. &c. besides several later writers: a Treatise on Foreign Exchange; a History of the Banks and Commercial Companies of Europe; a Table of the Weights and Measures of different nations, compared with those of France, old and new. There are also several maps that are not in the original work. Upon the whole, with the corrections, additions, and improvements, which this standard book has received from the learned translators, it may be well considered one of the most complete systems of geography that has ever appeared; and it is without exception the cheapest, the price being only 21 livres, or 24 livres with coloured maps.

P O E T R Y.

THE OATH OF HANNIBAL.

*From Silius Italicus—Book 1st.**Translated by R. ALDOP.*

BY birth distinguished, by his prowess
 more,
 The first command renown'd Hamilcar
 bore:
 The chief indignant view'd his country's
 doom,
 Disgrac'd and humbled by the arms of
 Rome,
 And fought each means assiduous to in-
 flame
 His son with hatred of the Roman name,
 When Reason first her glimmering dawn
 display'd,
 And first his lisping tongue imperfect
 words essay'd.

Just in the centre of the city stood
 (In the dark bosom of a sacred wood,)
 A fane in honour of Eliza rear'd,
 By Carthage with religious awe rever'd.
 Here baleful yew and larch obscur'd the
 ground,
 And cypresses cast a mournful gloom
 around:
 No cheerful sun, in noontide splendour
 bright,
 Through the close branches pour'd en-
 livening light,
 But gloomiest night eternally display'd
 Her sable pinions o'er the dreary shade.
 Here, as 'tis said, the love-distracted
 queen
 Clos'd, of a hapless life, the weary scene:
 The mournful statues of her royal race
 (Great Belus' progeny) adorn'd the place.
 With Belus, Agenor, the nation's fame,
 And ancient Phenix, whence Phenicia's
 name:
 Sad Dido stood beside her much-lov'd lord;
 Beneath her feet was plac'd the Dardan
 sword.
 To Gods celestial and infernal rais'd,
 An hundred altars in long order blaz'd:
 Here, in dishevell'd hair, the hoary priest,
 In black attire and Stygian garments drest,
 Invok'd aloud, with wild terrific yell,
 The powers Ætnean, and the Gods of
 Hell.

Then the torn earth, oppress'd with terror,
 shook;
 Through the dun shade dire screams of
 horror broke,
 Sulphureous lightnings gleam'd a pallid
 ray,
 The kindling altars flash'd with sudden
 day,
 Then spectres, shrieking, shot athwart
 the gloom,
 Compell'd by songs of magic from the
 tomb;
 Eliza's statue trembled from its base,
 And briny drops bedew'd the marble
 face.

These dark recesses stern Hamilcar
 sought,
 Hither, with him, young Hannibal he
 brought:
 With anxious care the fire his son sur-
 vey'd,
 No change of hue the signs of fear betray'd,
 Nor wild Massilian priests, with fearful
 howl,
 Nor barbarous rites dismay'd his steadfast
 soul;
 Nor the dire threshold, wet with human
 gore,
 Nor Stygian flames, evok'd by magic lore.
 With fond paternal kisses then he prest
 The godlike boy, and clasp'd him to his
 breast,
 And thus bespoke,—“The sons of Troy
 disgrace,
 With stipulations vile, our Tyrian race;
 But should opposing fate deny to me
 My country's honour from this stain to
 free,
 Thine, O my son! shall be the future
 praise,
 Against proud Rome destructive wars to
 raise;
 E'en now her youth with dread thy ris-
 ing wait,
 And Latian mothers mourn their off-
 spring's fate.”
 By such incitements fir'd, he fierce re-
 ply'd,—
 “When age maturer shall my councils
 guide,
 By land, by sea, with sword and wasting
 flame,
 Will I pursue that loath'd, detested name:

By thee, O Mars, terrific God of war!
By thy dread manes, mighty queen, I
swear!

Tarpeian rocks and Alpine cliffs in vain
Shall lift their heights my vengeance to
restrain;

No faith of treaties shall my arms confine,
No holy reverence for the powers di-
vine,

No terms my settled enmity controul,
Or to soft peace dispose my vengeful soul."

Then fell a sable victim to the power,
The tri-form'd Goddess of the midnight
hour;

The priest explores, with *auspicious* art,
The limbs yet quivering and the beat-
ing heart;

With skilful eye the various signs surveys,
Then thus, aloud, the will of fate dis-
plays.

"What routed bands o'er pale Ætolia
pour

What lakes are smoking with Ilean gore?
Far off, what rocks immense to heaven
ascend,

On whose ærial heights thy camps de-
pend?

And lo, the pass is gain'd!—Dire havoc
reigns,

And fires Sidonian light Hesperian plains;
O'er men and arms, in crimson billows
roll'd,

I see the Po a bloody shroud unfold!

Here shall thy victor arms, 'mid fields
of blood,

Raise thy third trophy to the thundering
God.

Alas! what sudden clouds in tempest
roll,

While flames terrific kindle o'er the pole?
Events of import vast the Gods prepare,

And Jove in thunder rushes to the war.
More to disclose the Queen of Heaven

denies,
And veil'd in deepest shades the future
lies."

DESCRIPTION OF HANNIBAL.

From the same—By the same.

SWIFTLY his furious course he thi-
ther prest;

Far gleam the fatal lightnings of his crest.
So, scattering bloody fires, the comet's
blaze,

With flaming train, barbarian realms
disfays;

Its torch portentous, in continual stream,
Wide o'er the heavens emits a ruddy
beam;

From the red star terrific sparklings
hurl'd,

Menace destruction to the astonish'd
world.

Before him standards, arms, the embat-
tled host,

Swiftly recede in wild confusion lost;
Both armies tremble—from his massy
shield

A glancing splendour lightens o'er the
field;

His javelin's fiery point sends forth afar
A dreadful radiance through the ranks
of war.

So the Ægean sea, rough, swelling high,
Heaves its tumultuous billows to the sky,
When wintry Caurus howls, with hide-
ous roar,

The uplifted waters tumbling to the
shore,

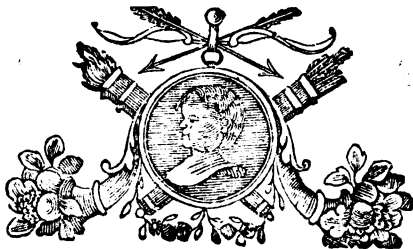
With dread the shivering sailors stand
aghast;

Hoarse sounds the surge, and, madden-
ing with the blast,

Wide o'er the trembling Cyclades is cast.
Not flaming brands, nor all the missile
showers,

Incessant pouring from the hostile towers;
Nor rocks from engines thrown, avail to
stay

Or check the ardent chief's resistless way,



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VOL. I.]

AUGUST, 1799.

[No. 5.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Memoir on some Peculiarities in the Anatomy and Physiology of the SHARK, particularly as respects the Production of its Young. By Dr. S. L. MITCHILL.

ALTHOUGH the generation and multiplication of animals have so long exercised the attention of philosophers, the whole subject still remains involved in intricacy and indistinctness. The maxim laid down by Harvey, and adopted by Linnæus, of *omne animal ex ovo*, that every animal proceeds from an egg, has, perhaps, been too generally received, since numerous facts, related by Mr. Bonnet, in his work, entitled, *Considerations sur les Corps Organisés*, evince the propagation of animals, in a great variety of cases, from GERMS. Notwithstanding the multiplicative powers of animals have been thus traced to eggs and germs, yet a popular distinction still prevails to a considerable extent, of classing animals that propagate their species by means of genital organs, into oviparous and viviparous.

The great discovery of Haller, that the membrane covering the yolk of an egg was really a conti-

nuation of the membrane covering the intestines of the chick, had not only given countenance to the idea of the pre-existence of the embryo, but has shown that animals, whether of the oviparous or viviparous kinds, really propagated their species in pretty much the same way.

Amidst the different modes in which the embryo and its membranes are organized in different animals, there seems to be one case which has not been hitherto described with the accuracy and minuteness which its singularity deserves: the genus of the *SQUALUS*, which includes all the animals of the shark tribe, has some peculiarities which make these animals approach both to the oviparous and viviparous classes, without, however, belonging strictly to either.

It had been known a long time, that the young of the shark had something in their structure considerably different from any other creatures, and figures of them have been given by Edwards, in his natural history, and probably copied from thence into the *Encyclopædia*; but there has been, as yet, no dissection of these animals in this period of their existence, nor any

VOL. I. No. 5.

A

explanation of their physiology that I know of. It is the object of this short memoir to explain the structure and functions of the foetus of a species of shark found frequently along the coast of New-York, in the waters of the Atlantic, during the summer months. About two years ago, as I was engaged in a fishing party in one of the bays on the south side of Long-Island, a shark, between four and five feet in length, was taken in the seine, and secured in our boat, without receiving any material injury. Upon examination, this animal was found to be a female, whose uterus contained eleven young ones, of the size and figure represented in the plate.

Besides these young ones that had advanced thus far in their growth, there were contained a large number of ova within the body of this fish, in different degrees of evolution and size, some of them resembling the full grown eggs of the tortoise, and others similar to the smaller rudiments of eggs found in the ovaria of laying-hens. On opening the uterus with a knife, the young fishes, as represented in the figure, were found each connected with an egg, dependent from that part of the belly which may be considered as the umbilicus, and appearing in the form of a very large hernia. This hernia, on examination, proved to be a true ovum, filled with yolk substance, evidently intended for its nourishment: and what was very remarkable, the young animal, though grown to a considerable size, and connected in this manner with its egg, had no connection whatever by means of an umbilical cord, a placenta, or by vessels of any kind, to the uterus of its dam; but it was so completely organized as to derive no sustenance to its body, nor to receive any renovation of its blood from its parent.

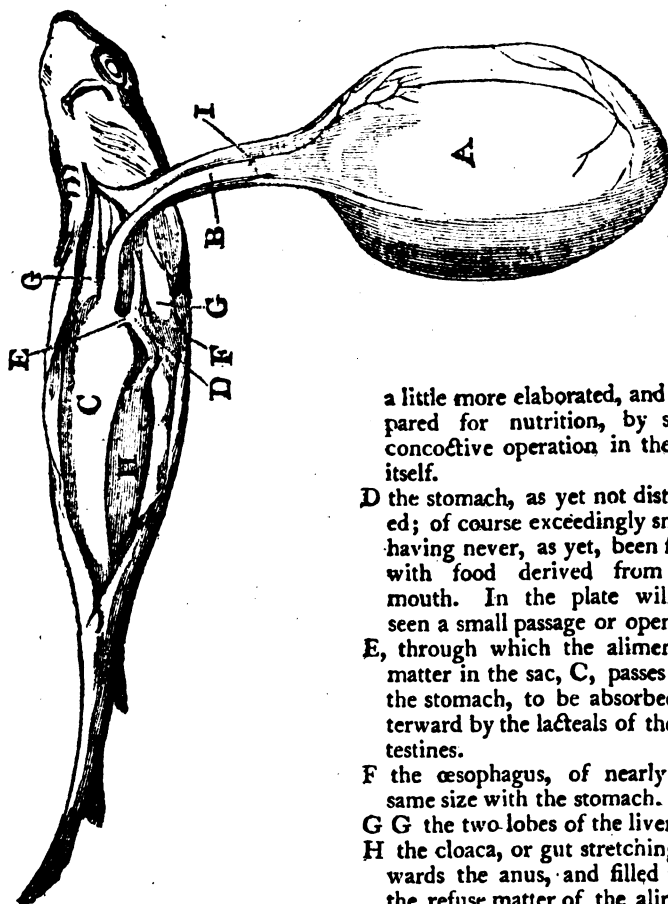
The membrane covering the egg contained most beautiful ramifications of blood-vessels. The arteries descending from the little fish could be seen sending off their branches over its whole exterior surface; and terminating in veins, to unite their trunks, and carry back their contents.

The singularity of all these appearances was considerably heightened by the capability of the little sharks, when cut out of the uterus, to live for a considerable time in the open air. The larger part of the brood had been left on the grass of the shore where the dam had been dissected; but the three which I reserved for examination lived, and exhibited, during the greater part of the time, brisk motion for almost two hours, although exposed to the temperature of a common atmosphere. During this time, while they lay before me on a plate, nothing of the kind appeared more beautiful or distinct than the branches of blood-vessels shooting through and running over the transparent membrane of the egg. The blood evidently appearing to acquire a brighter scarlet colour, whilst the fish was thus exposed to the air, than it had possessed during the immersion of the young animal in the fluid of the uterus. It seemed to have acquired more rapidly, and to a greater quantity than before exclusion from its maternal membrane, the oxygene of the air to which it was exposed; the union of which with the blood evidently brightened its colour, and imparted to it, at the same time, so much of a stimulant quality as to have shortened the duration of its life by excessive excitement.

The internal structure of the foetus of this shark may be seen in the plate. The dissection was made by my colleague Mr. Post, Professor of anatomy in Columbia Col-

lege; and the drawing was executed, immediately after, by Dr. Alexander Anderson, of New-York, in

the presence of the late Dr. Elihu H. Smith, Mr. William Dunlap, and Mr. Thorne.



In this drawing,

A represents the ovum, with its exterior membrane dissected off.

B the internal tube or duct extending from the egg to a sac, or reservoir of nutriment, within the body of the fish.

C the sac alluded to in B, of considerable size, and occupying a good deal of room in the abdomen: it was filled with a pulpy or soft matter, evidently derived from the ovum, and apparently

a little more elaborated, and prepared for nutrition, by some concoctive operation in the sac itself.

D the stomach, as yet not distended; of course exceedingly small; having never, as yet, been filled with food derived from the mouth. In the plate will be seen a small passage or opening, E, through which the alimentary matter in the sac, C, passes into the stomach, to be absorbed afterward by the lacteals of the intestines.

F the oesophagus, of nearly the same size with the stomach.

G G the two lobes of the liver.

H the cloaca, or gut stretching towards the anus, and filled with the refuse matter of the alimentary mass.

I the external membrane connecting the egg with the fish, cut through and turned back.

A species of shark, called *catulus major vulgaris*, is delineated by Edwards, but appears to be different from this. He has taken two views of the parent animal, and two more of the young. From the figures there given, it would seem that the same law of generation obtained as in this species. All the species probably breed in the same way.

There is a great variety in the multiplicative process of living beings. The female *RANA PIPA*, or *Surinam frog*, nourishes its young in certain cells or cavities in her back, and not in the womb. The *OPOSUM* of this country supports her young appendant to the teats, within the paunch or sack, called a false belly. The *KANGAROO* of New-Holland has somewhat of a similar structure and economy. More extensive and penetrating inquiries show the exceptions to the common mode of generation to be almost indescribably curious and diversified. We see no end to the variety of ways in which the perpetuation of the species is carried on. Even Spallanzani (5 *Viaggi alle due Sicilie*, &c. p. 46), though he went to the Lake of Orbitello on purpose to examine the anatomy of the large eels which live there, could discover in them no appearance of sex.

When I published my *Inaugural Dissertation*, in 1786, "*Circa novi Genituram Animalis*," I was decidedly in favour of the hypothesis of *pre-existent germs*, and of the production of animals by their gradual *evolution*. All my numerous experiments on generation appeared, at that time, to lead to such a conclusion, though I have since had a good deal of reason to doubt the soundness of the inference: and the experiment now to be related, though it throws light on some part of the process, leaves the main question almost as unsettled as ever. In 1789 I ordered a large sow to be killed, immediately after having had intercourse with a male. On examining the genital organs, the blood-vessels of the vagina uterus, fallopian tubes, and fimbriæ, were more than usually distended, and the fimbriæ in particular were in a condition of high redness and inflammation. Their fibres were lengthened, and reached so far as, on one side, to embrace the whole

ovarium, and contain it within their enclosure. But the most remarkable appearances were in the ovarium itself. The sow had borne pigs before. Some of the ova were of course exhausted of their powers, and exhibited the appearance common in such cases. The whole ovarium was tinged with blood, and appeared to have been under the operation of a powerful stimulus. The entire substance seemed to have been enlarged. The ova partook of this enlargement, and all of them had evidently shared in the excitement and suffusion. Some of them were but little swelled. Some were so tumid as to be on the point of bursting. The membrane of others was ruptured, and the contents partly protruded; and, in several, the substance discharged from the broken ovum was fairly within the grasp of the fimbriæ. I imagined now I had before me proof sufficient to determine the *derivation of the fœtus from the mother*. I accordingly examined the portions of substance discharged from one ova, and extracted from others, with all possible care. But, instead of finding an embryo, or any thing like the rudiment of a young animal, the little masses I had obtained resembled coagulated blood more than any thing to which I can compare them, and appeared to have no more of organization or figure than is frequently seen in grumes or clots of that fluid.

New-York, June 6, 1798.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in Philadelphia to his Friend in England, dated July 7, 1799.

THIS city is again afflicted with what we improperly term Yellow Fever. It discovered itself about 17 days ago, beginning at the spot where it originated in each of

the two preceding years. Fortunately, a present dryness in the atmosphere has, as yet, kept it in check. A few cases only have occurred, and, consequently, but few deaths. But should a humid atmosphere succeed, the contagion may be expected to spread, and death again rear his hideous form, to stalk through the affrighted streets. I have said this malady is improperly termed; and why? Because, though its general features are those of the yellow fever, yet are there others that do not pertain to it: and, besides, the yellow fever of the West-Indies, whence ours is pretended to be imported, is not held to be contagious; the presumption therefore is, that it cannot be imported. It is, however, possible, that a fever of that kind may, by coming into contact with the stagnant and impure air of a ship's hold, (rendered still more impure by the contaminating effluvia arising from the bodies of seamen crowded together, and the nature of a perishable cargo) it is possible, I say, that contagion may, under such circumstances, be excited, and spread a pestilence in a distant country, where the atmosphere may happen to be in a state fit for the reception and conducting of contagion. But if ours be that acute, putrid, and pestilential disease, commonly called the plague, (and its symptoms and operation do not permit me to doubt it) we are not to search for it in a foreign origin. Numerous and stubborn facts, drawn from various parts of the United States, concur to forbid us. In Philadelphia the malady was plainly traced to its source in 1793. At Harrisburgh, a town on the Susquehanna, and far from any seaport, the same disease was generated at the same time, and proved uncommonly mortal. I can speak to this fact with precision, as I was then on the spot. There could be no importation in this case. In

1794, 1795, and 1796, the plague again broke out in Philadelphia, but soon disappeared, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere in each season. It appeared at New-Orleans too in 1794, sweeping away great numbers of the inhabitants. In 1797 Philadelphia was again visited by the pestilence, and lost about 1500 of her citizens, although not the fifth part of the population remained in town. In 1798 the same consuming pestilence returned among us, beginning at the same point where that of the preceding year began. Its appearance this year was uncommonly early. It was first observed in May: the cases were very few. In June it spread a little; in July it became more visible, for numbers died. It was not, however, till about the close of July, or beginning of August, that the faculty (a very few of them excepted) would acknowledge its presence; and then, forsooth, recourse must be had to the Deborah, a ship that arrived in port many weeks after the malady appeared that season. Her they dubbed the importing source of the contagion! The removal of this ship from a wharf where she had lain, on the south side of the city, to Kensington, a suburb on the northern side, and till then uninfected, was a circumstance which the advocates for foreign origin eagerly laid hold of; and they placed on it the greatest stress. But what did the fact go to prove? It proved nothing to their purpose. It proved, indeed, that the air in the ship's hold was a fit medium for receiving and conducting the contagion from one wharf to another, and nothing more! Yet, so blinded by prejudice or interest are some minds, that having once shut their eyes, they obstinately determine not to re-admit the light, lest their fortunes might suffer, or the reputation of a favourite city be impaired. Tales, most absurd, were

invented; first, to deny the existence of the malady; and, second, (when it could no longer be concealed) to find arguments against the non-importation of it. Nay, many went so far as to deny its contagious quality. By these false impressions, the few remaining citizens, thrown thus off their guard, and neglecting those cautionary means which prudence required, were daily hurried, in numbers, to their grave. How can those to whose peculiar charge the health of their fellow citizens is confided, answer for such mistaken conduct to their consciences; their country?

The plague this year (1798) raged with redoubled virulence, and for a length of time unknown here before. About 4500 persons became its victims.* It left us only with the year, notwithstanding some severe frosts and snow in November and December. The sea-ports were now more generally infected with it, than in either of the former years of 1793, and 1797. It even appeared on the borders of Lake Champlain, where it proved highly mortal to the settlers. This is an important fact, in addition to that of Harrisburgh. How came the plague upon Lake Champlain? To evade this question, the friends to foreign origin deny that it was the same disease as ours, and to give greater plausibility to the assertion, they fabricated a new appellation, namely, the Lake Fever. But if my information may be depended upon, (and I believe it may) the disease, both there and here, was one and the same in its symptoms, its progress and effects. After having said so much on the subject of clashing opinions, it is now an act of justice

to observe, that, contrary to the doctrine promulged and maintained last year, by the Philadelphia College of Physicians, the Academy of Medicine of this city have announced their unequivocal belief in the local origin of this scourge of the American metropolis; the scourge, too, of many of her sister cities.

During last summer, and part of the winter, Philadelphia presented to the contemplative mind a solemn, a melancholy scene. Imagine to yourself a flourishing city, whose buildings extend a league in length, and nearly a mile in breadth, a proud port, whose capacious harbour, once bearing on its bosom a forest of masts, now a wasteful expanse! A population of 70,000 souls, suddenly reduced, by flight and pestilence, to less than 6000! Imagine this miserable remnant shut up from the eye, and nothing to be seen but carriages bearing the infected to the hospital, or hearses carrying the dead to the grave, and each, too, deserted by every relative and friend! Such was the awful, the impressive picture of Philadelphia in 1798.

Since I have dwelt so long upon this subject, in sketching out merely a few outlines, I cannot willingly quit it without saying something on the cause and means of preventing the return of the pestilence. I am well aware, however, that while the corporation of Philadelphia shall continue to be infatuated with the belief of imported contagion, so long will the true means of prevention be neglected or overlooked, and the city be subject to frequent returns of the malady. A belief more dangerous to the prosperity of the city, and the lives and happi-

* Our published accounts of the deaths this season fall a few hundred short of four thousand! But it must be remembered, that it was not till early in August that any account of the mortality began to be taken. My computation, therefore, will appear to be moderate. Most of August, and all September and October, proved extremely mortal, from eighty to upwards of one hundred dying in a day.

fless of its citizens, could not have been cherished. We rely upon the rigorous execution of a quarantine law for the security of the place. This can only be compared to attempting a defence by the out-works, while the enemy is already in possession of the citadel.

It will be proper to premise here, that the greatest length of Philadelphia lies upon the Delaware.—This front, in its whole extent, is formed principally of a narrow filthy street, crowded with lofty dwelling-houses, pent up together, and deprived of the wholesome convenience of yards—I mean as to one entire side of the street. The margin of the river is lined with docks and wharves, from one end of the city to the other. At low-water the docks are left either partly or wholly dry, with their beds exposed, at intervals, during the day, to the powerful rays of an American sun. These beds are composed of a slimy ooze, mixed with putrescent and putrid matter, both animal and vegetable, collected from the city, the shipping, and the stream. I say the *stream*, because many noxious materials, borne forward with the tides, escape into the docks, where, meeting with eddy water, they remain to be deposited at low ebb. Thus there is a perpetual accumulation of matter, whose poisonous exhalations have, for several summers past, contaminated the atmosphere, and been, in my opinion, the leading cause of our pestilence. The same observations will apply to other sea-ports within the United States, wherever the malady has raged. In Philadelphia there is also a great common sewer, which, passing through the city, discharges its contents into the river, near to where the plague began in this and the two preceding years. Contrary to what ought to have been the construction of this conduit, the

tunnel lies considerably higher than low-water-mark; and the mouth, or outlet of it, whose arch should have extended below that mark, falls far short of it. Hence a bank of very offensive matter has accumulated here, and which, exposed, as it daily is, to the full action of the sun's rays, must steam with noxious vapours. An auxiliary agent of our contagion arises, possibly, from the numerous city privies, many of which are a century old. These, again, being unattended to, and communicating, more or less, with the wells every where dispersed, (and which alone furnish all the water used by the Philadelphians) must have a powerful tendency to render the latter unwholesome, and may not a little contribute to predispose the human system to disease under a contaminated atmosphere. I am happy to have it in my power to observe, in this place, that measures are now in a train of vigorous prosecution, for supplying this city with the pure water of the Schuylkill. This salutary plan will supersede the necessity of using pump-water. It will furnish additional security against fire; contribute to the cooling, the cleansing, and ornamenting the city; and, above all, to the common stock of health, whether the water be used in the parlour, the kitchen, or the bath.

Here, my dear Sir, I must abruptly leave you. My letters are this moment summoned to go on board. The vessel will instantly depart. It is now the 20th of July, and I can inform you, with pleasure, that the malady has, to all appearance, subsided. Thanks to the state of our atmosphere which would not suffer it to spread. My next shall contain a continuation of the subject, which I am not permitted to finish in this, and particularly the promised *means of prevention*.

*Extract of another Letter, dated
July 26, 1799.*

IN my letter, dated the 7th inst. but which was not closed till the 20th, I promised to resume, in a future epistle, the subject of pestilence, which has so frequently, of late, attacked this and other cities within the United States. I have gone through the causes whence, in my opinion, the malady derived its source; and have, so far, attempted to prove its domestic origin. It now remains to touch on the *means of prevention*. But, first, let me premise, that in aught I have said, it is not to be inferred, that the plague cannot be transported from the old world into the new—it certainly may. Yet, in none of our periods of pestilence, (I date from 1793) can we derive it from a foreign cause; since it is well known that, during such periods, no vessels entered our ports from places infected with that disease.

To prevent, now, returning pestilence, I would class the means under the following nine heads:

1. Convert every dock into a *permanently wet* or dry dock.

2. Extend the arch which covers the mouth of the common sewer into the river, below low-water-mark, so as effectually to exclude the sun's rays; or, what is more advisable, let a necessary portion of this end of the tunnel assume a progressive descent towards and into the river; so as to keep its bottom constantly covered with water.

3. Fill up all the ancient noisome privies, and form new ones; or, where this cannot conveniently be done, throw into them a sufficient quantity of quick-lime. This should be done to privies of every description, and be repeated annually; first, on the setting in of the warm weather, and once a month, at least, during its continuance. This ne-

cessary regulation ought not to be left to the discretion of the inhabitants. It should be enforced by a city ordinance of the corporation, who ought to appoint proper officers to carry it into strict execution. Neglect of the officers to meet with certain and adequate punishment.

4. Introduce into the city wholesome water, for culinary and other purposes; establish public fountains and baths; and fill up all the public wells. The latter, if left open, (disused as they would now be) could answer no other purpose than to generate bad air.

5. Let a requisite number of fish-markets be erected, on piles driven into the ground, below low-water-mark. Make one or more trap-doors to each, through which the washings of the floor should pass off when the market is over; and prohibit the sale of fish at any other stand. This, too, should be regulated and enforced by a city ordinance.

6. In addition to the daily sweeping and cleansing of the streets by public scavengers, (and which ought to be performed every morning before the shops, stores, and warehouses are opened) the corporation should cause to be provided a number of water-carts, sufficient for watering, in hot and dry weather, every street in the city, at least once a day.

But, it is of little service if A take precautions for the preservation of his house, while B, his next neighbour, takes none, and, by his neglect, subjects the life and property of A to destruction. So it is with respect to cities surrounded by suburbs, over which the former have no controul. What avail the exertions of the city, if the suburb, by its criminal omissions, render them all abortive! This *imperium in imperio* is, in itself, a pest. The city jurisdiction of Philadelphia

should either be extended, by the abolition of the northern or southern liberties: or, should narrow prejudices counteract this salutary measure, the three authorities ought to co-operate in the due execution of a uniform plan, which has for its object the preservation of the citizens, and the prosperity of the city.

8. Drain off all stagnant waters in the vicinity—and,

9. It is *important* to make a change in the pavements of the footways, and, instead of bricks, to substitute stone flags. A heated atmosphere, plentifully charged with humidity, becomes the active conductor of contagion. Hence, the necessity of means to obviate this fatal property of the air. Now, it is well known that heated bricks absorb a considerable portion of every rain that falls on them; that the water so absorbed, is returned to the atmosphere by evaporation; that, in consequence, the air is again charged with a portion of that humidity of which it had just before been deprived; and thus another medium is prepared to give fresh activity to any existing contagion. I exposed the upper surface of a brick for four hours to the sun, when the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at $86\frac{1}{2}$ in the shade, which is not an immoderate degree of summer's heat for this city. The heated surface of the brick being next immersed in two quarts of water, it actually absorbed, in ten minutes, a fourth part of the whole. If, now, an estimate could be formed of the many millions of bricks employed in the foot pavements of Philadelphia, and daily heated by the sun, the quantity of water absorbed during a rain, and given back again to the atmosphere, in vapour, would appear to be incredible!

I will add, in this place, a few observations on some of the fore-

VOL. I. No. 5.

going heads, the better to elucidate my meaning and reasons.

In regard to the first head, the *wet dock* is to be preferred, being the healthiest and most convenient of the two. The water should be changed at every flood tide, till the proposed alteration in the docks shall take place: it will be proper, at low-water, during the summer, to spread over the beds of the docks a layer of quick-lime, to be repeated occasionally. It is to be regretted, that the local situation of Philadelphia precludes the idea of that superior and ornamental improvement, a quay. The great bodies of ice which, in winter, move up and down the Delaware, render the use of docks indispensable for the security of the shipping. But, seated as New-York is, upon the East-river, which is not, I believe, subject to that inconvenience, a quay might, with propriety, be extended along the whole length of that front. The like improvement would be peculiarly suitable to Charleston, (S. C.) and some other ports on the Atlantic coast.

As to the 4th head; the beauty and utility of public fountains are too obvious to require another word. But, on the subject of public baths, there is room to enlarge a little. Every reflecting mind, acquainted with the oppressive summer heats of America, must feel both surprize and regret at the total want of baths throughout the United States.—Health and long life, comfort and cleanliness, tranquillity and vigour, both of body and mind, with a long train of other blessings, are all intimately connected, in climates like ours, with the frequent use of the bath.

Q. If the hot-bath will not be discovered to be the best general remedy against pestilence?

Concerning the 6th head, as it respects watering the streets, it would not be advisable to continue

B

the practice during existing contagion; because of the humidity it would impart to the atmosphere.

There are two other things which, though of considerable importance to the health, comfort, and ornament of cities, I have neglected to notice under the foregoing heads: 1st. Trees before the houses; and, 2d. Firm, compact gravel carriage ways, instead of the stone pavements used in the middle of our streets. The foliage of the former would, in a great measure, defend both houses and side-pavements from the sun, and would add to the purity as well as coolness of the air. By the latter, we should gain two advantages—less heat still, and less noise. I can remark here, with great pleasure, that a spirit for planting of trees in their cities, has, of late years, become prevalent throughout the United States.

Reflections on the Character of MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.

WHEN a great character appears in the world, every one is busied in contemplating and scrutinizing it, and various are the censures and plaudits which are given. Benevolent minds are most deeply interested in its investigation, from a conviction that its influence on society is of signal importance. One of these characters has lately appeared in the person of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin; and, like a dazzling meteor, while yet we gazed, has vanished forever from our view. Her actions and writings have composed a theme that has long dwelt on my tongue, and employed my thoughts. They are, indeed, of no common kind; nor is it proper that they should pass unnoticed, since their direct tendency is to produce a revolution in principles and manners; the effects of which are

of infinite consequence. She discovered all the force of original genius, not only in detecting the errors of all former plans of instruction, but by devising new principles of education, sufficient to rescue the minds of females from the lethargy that has so long oppressed them. Hence I respected her, even to veneration. She appeared to me like one whom religion and philosophy had raised above the common elements of life, and rendered invulnerable to those darts of anguish, which a sensibility, fostered at the expense of reason and discretion, can sharpen to agony. Her views seemed not to be bounded by this world. The passions which animated her seemed all exalted into a pure ethereal fire, whose whole energy was directed to the completion of a grand scheme, in which self was absorbed and individuality lost. That she was alive to all the sympathies of nature—that her heart glowed with the most affectionate warmth, and was formed for the most ardent attachments, appeared indubitable; but that she should yield to their impulses when unanctioned by wisdom, when the cost of self-denial was a mere sensual privation—that she should oppose her abstract opinions of rectitude to the general suffrages of mankind—that she should rashly set her face against the world, at the expense of her dearest interests, and thus render more doubtful even the duration of those darling schemes of domestic happiness of which her soul was so enamoured, seemed impossible.

In her *travels* I behold her in a new light. I saw her there the child of nature and the sport of feeling: yet, like a lovely infant smiling through its tears, changing alternately from anguish to delight; for in the midst of gloom her exquisite genius darted ever and anew, like sunshine on her mind, through

the crevices of the clouds which hung upon it. I saw her there reasoning and philosophizing with all the powers and the skill of a rational being, yet secretly preyed upon by circumstances which her reflections on the vicissitudes of life might have taught her to expect, and her firmness of mind should have prepared her to encounter. In this she but resembled the rest of her cotemporaries. Encounter them she did; but she wanted that support which a calm resignation would have given, could she have bowed beneath the chastening hand of affliction, as to a refining power, and exclaimed with the true christian, in sincerity of soul, "thy rod and thy staff, oh God! alike do comfort me:" but she had, by this time, discarded all faith in christianity, and belief in the immediate superintendence of providence: and it is, perhaps, from the period when she ceased to consider the sublime author of nature as the supreme governor and disposer of human events, that we may date her lapse from that dignity of character which before distinguished her. From this period she adored him, not as one ordering the occurrences of life with inscrutable but unerring wisdom, and directing the course of things to the ultimate promotion of good—not as one whose interposing power is ever silently at work on the grand theatre of human affairs, causing eventual good to spring from present evil, and permitting nothing but for wise and benevolent purposes; but merely as the great first cause and vital spring of existence. Hence she was excluded from the benefits of that faith which gives to heroic christians the stability of unshaken confidence. From this period she defied reason, and denied revelation: she ceased to regard herself as an accountable being: she assumed the provinces of judge and law-giver to herself; and, final-

ly, laboured to view all things as fabulous and visionary which are beyond the limits of human comprehension. Thus was she cut off from the chief advantage and solace of religion. What though she could not be conscious of any thing within herself, which, in her most solemn appeals to heaven, she could condemn as criminal or gross; still she suffered that mind to be occupied by private interests, and engrossed by an overweening solicitude about selfish enjoyments, which was wont to glow with ardent zeal for the advancement of general happiness, and lose its own cares in the desire of alleviating the miseries of others; while that love which she once declared could alone fill the soul, might have been almost totally excluded by the passion which absorbed her every feeling, and drank in her very vitals. To have fancied, then, that one of those invisible spirits which are said to hover round us, was placed over her as the guardian angel of her purity, and commissioned to inflict this disappointment to recall her to her first love, which includes the love and promotion of all that is good—to awaken her from her dream of confidence in one so inferior—and rouse her from that inactivity and uselessness into which she otherwise might sink—would have been a sweet consolation. In the passage above alluded to, she has acknowledged, that he who formed the heart can only fill it, and that love to man does but lend pinion to the soul, to waft it through devotion to his throne.

In the memoirs of her life, and her *Wrongs of Woman*, I felt shocked, and even disgusted, at the licence she seems to allow to the unrestrained indulgence of the feelings, in open contradiction to the virtue of self-denial, though in two instances—to avoid every vulgar surmise and indecent animadver-

sion, it needed but to be practised for a season. Justice, however, must allow, that in this, except indirectly by her own example, she injured no being in existence but herself—as much cannot be said for posterity. In one place she seems to prefer the risque of confidence to the safety of distrust; yet could she not have sufficient reliance on the object of her choice, at once to give up her independence, and tie herself to him by indissoluble bonds? Why then would she form a connection of such a nature without that firm reliance which would dissipate all doubt, and render trials needless? This appears to me a palpable inconsistency.

At one period of her life she seems to have given the wing to her imagination, indulged in all the enthusiastic reveries of a luxuriant fancy, and suffered life to evaporate in a rhapsody of sentiment. But there were moments, even during this empire of sensibility, when she was recalled to her former self—moments when the phantoms which deluded her distempered mind were disrobed of their enchantment—when the fleeting pleasures of time, which still eluded her pursuit, were estimated at their true value, and her soul sickened at the emptiness of those joys which, when seemingly most near, perpetually mocked her grasp: yet still she again relapsed into the error of eagerly hastening forward to the untimely practice of an abstract speculative theory of morals, incompatible with her own, and the general interests of society. Her's was the wild and visionary scheme of uniting, in her own experience, the blissful confidence, and tranquil joys of connubial life, with those inestimable privileges, and that perfect independence alone compatible with nothing but a single state. This it was that became the source of all her misfortunes; and this it was that

precipitated her to the brink of destruction.

I see her next, after a season of torturing conflict, the self-devoted victim of ungovernable sensibility—no longer able to endure the torment of her soul, or breast the overwhelming torrent of misfortune. I see her plunging headlong into the gulph of despair, and, with a deliberate firmness, worthy of a better purpose, resolving to snap the thread of her existence. I stand aghast at the dismal spectacle!—my soul shudders at the terrific ruin!—a creature so noble!—a genius so towering!—And can it be that thou hadst come to this? Can it be that thou couldst so balk the promise of thy better days, and contemplate this as the period of thy career—the end of all thy usefulness! Oh! Mary, thou who couldst speak with such sublime emotion of the God who formed thee, couldst thou think thou hadst a right to destroy his workmanship? He gave thee power over thy life it is true, but he also gave thee faculties to discern, that thou oughtest to preserve it. Conscious as thou wast of thy superior powers, and eminently distinguished with talents to nurture and promote every excellence that could bless and ennoble his creatures, couldst thou imagine thou hadst a right to thwart his purposes—to cut asunder the ties which bound thee to mankind—to sever thyself from them in the meridian of thy strength, thy sands scarce half run, and thy tasks unfinished? Well mightest thou afterwards confess, as thou didst through the voice of thy spirit in the cave of Fancy, that during the season of thy idolatry to the affections of thy nature, thou hadst “seen through a false medium,” and “neglected many opportunities of being useful, whilst thou fosteredst a devouring flame.”

From this view of her actions and character, what strange incon-

sistences appear! She wanted not magnanimity—she wanted not fortitude—the ills of life in their common shapes could not affect her—to shake her firmness, they must assume a peculiar form; yet, unaccustomed from self-confidence to believe it possible she could be foiled in her projects; unaccustomed to think that success would not crown all her undertakings, and ensure the attainment of every object of her wishes, when she felt herself reduced to the humbled situation of common mortals, conviction came upon her like a flood, and she wanted patience to endure it. Her lofty soul disdained submission to this pale faced virtue. Her sober lineaments and dead complexion suited not the temper of her feelings, and she abhorred life linked with so lame a companion. Oh! what an assemblage of contradiction does her character display!—What a striking instance of the frailty of human perfection does she exhibit to the world!—What mist obscured thy judgment?—What demon chained thy prudence, and palsied thy activity?—Where slept thy reason, whither wandered thy philosophy at this momentous crisis?—Could nought awaken these dormant powers, and bring them into action at a time like this—when nature shrunk from the demands of duty, and life and fame were just tottering on the verge of annihilation?—False and treacherous friends!—ye cowardly deserters in the hour of danger!—may the sons and daughters of men no more confide in your sufficiency, but learn hence, that he who has granted to finite beings these auxiliary aids, is alone empowered to give them sovereign efficacy.

I have asserted that the purity of her heart appears to be incontestible, yet I do not defend her opinions; at least, however just they may be, abstractedly considered, I think

them far from expedient to be reduced to practice. I can feel no hesitation in concluding, that when she entered into covenants, she believed herself actuated by the most virtuous and disinterested intentions; she conceived herself pledged in the most solemn manner, before the all-seeing eye of heaven, to perform all the relative duties annexed to her station as a wife, and these duties she held sacred; but she would not reconcile it to her high idea of the nature of the matrimonial connection to suppose, that the seal of human contrivance, in any form of words, was necessary to cement and strengthen the contract, or that the sanction of men could confirm and knit closer those ties which can alone bind the union of hearts, without which marriage is but a mockery. Yet how sorely was she deceived by the fancy that she was treading upon sure ground, because she believed herself governed by solid principles. "*Truth must prevail,*" was a part of the Godwinian creed, which most probably inspired her sanguine expectations; and I can have no doubt of the sincerity of her belief, that in her conduct she strictly adhered to the simple rule of right, and dictates of truth, abstracted from what she called the false opinions which influence the world. She did not believe that a civil institution respecting marriage was unnecessary, for the sake of order, and the restraint of those who, through weakness or ignorance, are unable to govern themselves; but she was firmly fixed in the opinion, that the existing laws on this subject, as well as the prevailing notions of unnatural duties, and partial prescriptions of rules for action, are particularly to woman unjust, tyrannical, and oppressive. With the highest sense of her sex's natural rights, as rational and free-born beings, it is not surprising that her

whole soul should be filled with indignation against the abuses of power she perceived; and knowing their subjugation to laws which they had no part in framing—laws, passed without their consent, or even knowledge, and from which there is no appeal; that she should feel the utmost aversion to giving them her countenance, by submitting her neck to their unequal yoke? Can we not easily conceive, that the strongest feelings of her mind must have revolted from it?

This led her to disregard her present interest, and the opinion of the world, and overlook the effects of her example, on those who, not comprehending her motives, might catch at it as a covert, to shelter their licentious propensities, and justify their vicious habits.

Personal and mental independence was her darling object: she could not submit to have even her thoughts shackled by prejudices—they must be all original and true to nature; and from the complexion of her character we may conjecture, that she could never have endured, in the case of affection and esteem, subsiding after marriage, and decided dissonance of character upon more intimate acquaintance dissolving the chain of union, to practise that kind of hypocrisy, which decency is said to require, in keeping up the force of appearances in the presence of witnesses. And to live at open variance in such habits of intimacy would, to her feeling and sympathetic heart, have been equally impossible.

By her letters to the monster of insensibility, who deceived and abandoned her, the severity of my decisions, were softened, and my aversion converted into sympathy. From these letters, the purity of her heart appears to be incontestible; yet the fallacy of her projects can be no where more forcibly exemplified, than from the practice

they delineate of her own painful experience. The knowledge of her excruciating sufferings may balance the dreaded effects of her baneful example, and proclaim a solemn warning to others, to beware of treading in her footsteps.

A reformation, in manners, in many respects, is truly to be desired, and the labours of individuals would produce a better effect on forwarding this reformation, than in breaking down the restraints of law. I cherish a hope, that the efforts which have been made, will not be lost, but that their influence may tend to equalize the condition and privileges of the sexes, without entrenching upon the necessary guard of civil institutions, or confounding their salutary regulations with the exercise of despotic tyranny. Let us pay no homage to empty names; let us render it only when it is due; nor, at the bidding of the world, reverence and obey the mandates of injustice—but let us not level ourselves with the wild animals of the forest, who range the deserts and the mountains free and unrestrained, unconscious of a tie, with no local attachment or home to resort to, but such as the impulse of the moment provides. Let us not, in flying from a servile submission to the decrees of power, return to a savage state of lawless liberty. The sense of rectitude in the breast of some, would be sufficient to preserve them in the path of duty, and deter them from infringing the order of society, without the interference of legislative authority; but it would not protect them from the deceptions, the outrages and oppression of others, who seeing their unguarded state, might mark them for their prey.

Schemes of independence have produced dangerous experiments, while, in fact, there is no such thing as perfect unequivocal independence in the world. There may be inde-

pendence of fortune, but not of mind, unless we shut out all that can solace life, and alleviate its sorrows. While we are subject to the infirmities of humanity, and even in our most happy state, we must be indebted to our fellow beings for all the pleasures, and even comforts of existence.

Turn but the tide of popular declamation against certain actions and practices which have long been tolerated, and imprint on them the lasting mark of infamy, and we shall soon see them banished from, at least, the higher and middle ranks of society; for I am convinced that things have been done, out of the then wantonness of power, merely because it was known they could be acted with impunity. How ready are the sparks of indignation to mount into a blaze at the infliction of a blow on one of the softer sex? How quickly does contempt descend on the perpetrator of the deed! dastardly and mean are the epithets which instantly brand him. Fix but the same indelible stamp upon every other injury they suffer, and all the aims of justice are accomplished.

For this let the clear stream of reason, and rapid torrents of eloquence, burst from their fountains, and shew us, that in the silent lapse of time they can even wear away stones—for this, let them gush with their most impetuous force upon the world, and bear down every thing before them, that the flinty rocks of opposition may no more erect their inflexible fronts on the side of cruelty and oppression, and shelter their enormities.

L. M.

Walstein's School of History. From the German of Krants of Gotha.

WALSTEIN was professor of history at Jena, and, of course, had several pupils. Nine

of them were more assiduous in their attention to their tutor than the others. This circumstance came at length to be noticed by each other, as well as by Walstein, and naturally produced good-will and fellowship among them. They gradually separated themselves from the negligent and heedless crowd, cleaved to each other, and frequently met to exchange and compare ideas. Walstein was prepossessed in their favour by their studious habits, and their veneration for him. He frequently admitted them to exclusive interviews, and, laying aside his professional dignity, conversed with them on the footing of a friend and equal.

Walstein's two books were read by them with great attention. These were justly to be considered as exemplifications of his rules, as specimens of the manner in which history was to be studied and written.

No wonder that they found few defects in the model; that they gradually adopted the style and spirit of his composition, and, from admiring and contemplating, should, at length, aspire to imitate. It could not but happen, however, that the criterion of excellence would be somewhat modified in passing through the mind of each; that each should have his peculiar modes of writing and thinking.

All observers, indeed, are, at the first and transient view, more affected by resemblances than differences. The works of Walstein and his disciples were hastily ascribed to the same hand. The same minute explication of motives, the same indissoluble and well-woven tissue of causes and effects, the same unity and coherence of design, the same power of engrossing the attention, and the same felicity, purity, and compactness of style, are conspicuous in all.

There is likewise evidence, that each had embraced the same scheme

of accounting for events, and the same notions of moral and political duty. Still, however, there were marks of difference in the different nature of the themes that were adopted, and of the purpose which the productions of each writer seemed most directly to promote.

We may aim to exhibit the influence of some moral or physical cause, to enforce some useful maxim, or illustrate some momentous truth. This purpose may be more or less simple, capable of being diffused over the surface of an empire or a century, or of shrinking into the compass of a day, and the bounds of a single thought.

The elementary truths of morals and politics may merit the preference: our theory may adapt itself to, and derive confirmation from whatever is human. Newton and Xavier, Zengis and William Tell, may bear close and manifest relation to the system we adopt, and their fates be linked, indissolubly, in a common chain.

The physician may be attentive to the constitution and diseases of man in all ages and nations. Some opinions, on the influence of a certain diet, may make him eager to investigate the physical history of every human being. No fact, falling within his observation, is useless or anomalous. All sensibly contribute to the symmetry and firmness of some structure which he is anxious to erect. Distances of place and time, and diversities of moral conduct, may, by no means, obstruct their union into one homogeneous mass.

I am apt to think, that the moral reasoner may discover principles equally universal in their application, and giving birth to similar coincidence and harmony among characters and events. Has not this been effected by WALSTEIN?

Walstein composed two works. One exhibited, with great minute-

ness, the life of Cicero; the other, that of the Marquis of Pombal. What link did his reason discover, or his fancy create between times, places, situations, events, and characters so different? He reasoned thus:—

Human society is powerfully modified by individual members. The authority of individuals sometimes flows from physical incidents; birth, or marriage, for example. Sometimes it springs, independently of physical relation, and, in defiance of them, from intellectual vigour. The authority of kings and nobles exemplifies the first species of influence. Birth and marriage, physical, and not moral incidents, entitle them to rule.

The second kind of influence, that flowing from intellectual vigour, is remarkably exemplified in Cicero and Pombal. In this respect they are alike.

The mode in which they reached eminence, and in which they exercised power, was different, in consequence of different circumstances. One lived in a free, the other in a despotic state. One gained it from the prince, the other from the people. The end of both, for their degree of virtue was the same, was the general happiness. They promoted this end by the best means which human wisdom could suggest. One cherished, the other depressed the aristocracy. Both were right in their means as in their end; and each, had he exchanged conditions with the other, would have acted like that other.

Walstein was conscious of the uncertainty of history. Actions and motives cannot be truly described. We can only make approaches to the truth. The more attentively we observe mankind, and study ourselves, the greater will this uncertainty appear, and the farther shall we find ourselves from truth.

This uncertainty, however, has

some bounds. Some circumstances of events, and some events, are more capable of evidence than others. The same may be said of motives. Our guesses as to the motives of some actions are more probable than the guesses that relate to other actions. Though no one can state the motives from which any action has flowed, he may enumerate motives from which it is quite-certain, that the action did *not* flow.

The lives of Cicero and Pombal are imperfectly related by historians. An impartial view of that which history has preserved makes the belief of their wisdom and virtue more probable than the contrary belief.

Walstein desired the happiness of mankind. He imagined that the exhibition of virtue and talents, forcing its way to sovereign power, and employing that power for the national good, was highly conducive to their happiness.

By exhibiting a virtuous being in opposite conditions, and pursuing his end by means suited to his own condition, he believes himself displaying a model of right conduct, and furnishing incitements to imitate that conduct, supplying men not only with knowledge of just ends and just means, but with the love and the zeal of virtue.

How men might best promote the happiness of mankind in given situations, was the problem that he desired to solve. The more portraits of human excellence he was able to exhibit the better; but his power in this respect was limited. The longer his life and his powers endured the more numerous would his portraits become. Futurity, however, was precarious, and, therefore, it behoved him to select, in the first place, the most useful theme.

His purpose was not to be accomplished by a brief or meagre story. To illuminate the understanding, to charm curiosity, and

sway the passions, required that events should be copiously displayed and artfully linked, that motives should be vividly depicted, and scenes made to pass before the eye. This has been performed. Cicero is made to compose the story of his political and private life from his early youth to his flight from Astura, at the coalition of Antony and Octavius. It is addressed to Atticus, and meant to be the attestor of his virtue, and his vindicator with posterity.

The style is energetic, and flows with that glowing impetuosity which was supposed to actuate the writer. Ardent passions, lofty indignation, sportive elegance, pathetic and beautiful simplicity, take their turns to controul his pen, according to the nature of the theme. New and striking portraits are introduced of the great actors on the stage. New lights are cast upon the principal occurrences. Every where are marks of profound learning, accurate judgment, and inexhaustible invention. Cicero here exhibits himself in all the forms of master, husband, father, friend, advocate, pro-consul, consul, and senator.

To assume the person of Cicero, as the narrator of his own transactions, was certainly an hazardous undertaking. Frequent errors and lapses, violations of probability, and incongruities in the style and conduct of this imaginary history with the genuine productions of Cicero, might be reasonably expected, but these are not found. The more conversant we are with the authentic monuments, the more is our admiration at the felicity of this imposture enhanced.

The conspiracy of Cataline is here related with abundance of circumstances not to be found in Sallust. The difference, however, is of that kind which result from a deeper insight into human nature, a more accurate acquaintance with

the facts, more correctness of arrangement, and a deeper concern in the progress and issue of the story. What is false, is so admirable in itself, so conformable to Roman modes and sentiments, so self-consistent, that one is almost prompted to accept it as the gift of inspiration.

The whole system of Roman domestic manners, of civil and military government, is contained in this work. The facts are either collected from the best antiquarians, or artfully deduced from what is known, or invented with a boldness more easy to admire than to imitate. Pure fiction is never employed but when truth was unattainable.

The end designed by Walstein, is no less happily accomplished in the second, than in the first performance. The style and spirit of the narrative is similar; the same skill in the exhibition of characters and deduction of events, is apparent; but events and characters are wholly new. Portugal, its timorous populace, its besotted monks, its jealous and effeminate nobles, and its cowardly prince, are vividly depicted. The narrator of this tale is, as in the former instance, the subject of it. After his retreat from court, Pombal consecrates his leisure to the composition of his own memoirs.

Among the most curious portions of this work, are those relating to the constitution of the inquisition, the expulsion of the Jesuits, the earthquake, and the conspiracy of Daveiro.

The Romish religion, and the feudal institutions, are the causes that chiefly influence the modern state of Europe. Each of its kingdoms and provinces exhibits the operations of these causes, accompanied and modified by circumstances peculiar to each. Their genuine influence is thwarted, in different degrees, by learning and commerce.

In Portugal, they have been suffered to produce the most extensive and unmingled mischiefs. Portugal, therefore, was properly selected as an example of moral and political degeneracy, and as a theatre in which virtue might be shewn with most advantage, contending with the evils of misgovernment and superstition.

In works of this kind, though the writer is actuated by a single purpose, many momentous and indirect inferences will flow from his story. Perhaps the highest and lowest degrees in the scale of political improvement have been respectively exemplified by the Romans and the Portuguese. The pictures that are here drawn, may be considered as portraits of the human species, in two of the most remarkable forms.

There are two ways in which genius and virtue may labour for the public good: first, by assailing popular errors and vices, argumentatively and through the medium of books; secondly, by employing legal or ministerial authority to this end.

The last was the province which Cicero and Pombal assumed. Their fate may evince the insufficiency of the instrument chosen by them, and teach us, that a change of national opinion is the necessary prerequisite of revolutions.

(To be continued.)

ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

SIR,

THERE is no department of your work which an ingenious reader will attend to with more curiosity, than that containing the review. Among the happinesses of existence, I do not remember to have seen the *bliss* of publication mentioned; but, surely, there is no felicity to be compared

with this. The reason, perhaps, is by no means discreditable to human nature. It is a branch of the love of existence, and of fame, and this passion carries with it higher, as well as purer gratification, than any other.

The love which a man manifests for his book, has been often compared to his attachment for his child. Books have frequently been termed the *offspring* of the brain; and our fondness for this offspring has been called *parental*. The comparison is just; and parental solicitudes and biasses are, at least, as frequent and conspicuous, with regard to our typographical progeny, as to that which moves about on two legs. We are no less anxious that its garb should be ornamental and neat, that it should be introduced to an extensive circle of acquaintance, and that it should be admitted to the familiarity and confidence of those whose approbation is the test of merit.

We know that the success of any being depends, in an high degree, upon his *reputation*. Independently of our genuine merits, those whose conduct may influence our happiness, may be governed by the species of repute that happens to be connected with our names. We cannot display our wit, or exert our benevolence, unless admitted into intercourse and contact with those who have taste to admire, and sensibility to feel; but our introduction chiefly depends upon the character that we have previously established, and the rumours that are current in society respecting us.

Good report, therefore, is of great value; and as a man loves it for himself, he loves it for his child, and especially for his book. In truth, the parallel between children and books, though just in a loose and popular sense, will be found, on a closer view, to be defective. A book is the repository of our own language and ideas, and audience

and deference must therefore be as desirable to what our pen conveys as what our lips utter.

Reviewers are to be considered as auditors who comment on our discourse in our presence, and likewise as men who employ themselves in diffusing their opinions of our merits in as wide a circle as possible. They are not censurers or eulogists who pursue us to our closets, and admonish or applaud us in retirement, with none to witness the humiliations of our vanity or the elations of our pride. They call as loud, and gather round them as numerous an audience as they can, and trumpet forth our virtues or follies in the most sonorous key. No wonder, therefore, that we are anxious for the *good word* of reviewers, that we eagerly investigate their verdict, and are dissatisfied or pleased in proportion to the censures or praises conferred. Hence, your judgment of authors, will be more carefully attended to than your miscellaneous or narrative productions.

This curiosity, however, will, of course, be chiefly limited to authors, and to those who design to be such. The number of those who write books, especially in our native country, is, unluckily for you, extremely small. That set or class of men, denominated authors, and which is so numerous in the European world, is, on this side the ocean, so few as scarce to be discernable amidst the armies of merchants, artisans, physicians, advocates, and divines, scattered through the land. Indeed, if an author be defined to be a creature who devotes regular and daily portions of his time to writing that which shall some time be published, I question whether one such creature shall be found among us. This definition may be made still more rigorous, and those may be named authors, to whom the pen is not only the means of regular employment, but of subsist-

ence. In this sense, he that should set out in search of an author, would be engaged in a still more hopeless undertaking.

The number of those who repair to a desk, take pen in hand, and trace black or red lines upon paper, with the same regularity, and with the same views, as others wield the awl, the needle, and the adze, is by no means inconsiderable; but this class is busied the live-long day, either in placing figures beside and under each other, in making out catalogues of names, or in composing instruments affecting property, and whose usefulness is limited to one, two, or three persons. Their aim is not to transfer the sense of some book in a foreign language into our own tongue, nor to convey, through the medium of the press, their own ideas, or the ideas of other men, in their own words. In short, they are clerks or scriveners, writers of *deeds* and doers of *writings*, but not authors or translators.

I am desirous of knowing the cause of this want of authorship among us. Four millions of persons, generally taught to read, and not overpowered with the barbarism of Algonquin savages, or the indigence of Polish serfs, have taylor, carpenters, and even lawyers and physicians among them, but not one author can be found. Is this deficiency a proof of refinement or stupidity? Is it a topic of congratulation or condolence?

Though authors be wanting, books are plentifully furnished; but these, though sometimes printed, are seldom written among us. It flows not from dearth of curiosity, or sterility of meditation; not from the want of inclination to purchase, or leisure to read. These are possessed by us in as large portions as by any nation. It is true that the constant demand may be unequal to the subsistence of any one man,

and this insufficiency may flow from the smallness and dispersion of the whole number of inhabitants, from the cheaper workmanship of British artists, from the greater lucrative-ness of other methods of subsistence, from the easy accessibility of the pulpit, bar, and counting-house, to those who, if shut out from these, might strive to get their bread by authorship, and from other causes not reproachful to the curiosity, diligence, or genius of our countrymen. These causes may account for the want of writers by *trade*: but, since men sometimes write and publish from other motives than the love of gain; since books are elsewhere produced by the thirst of reputation, by the impulse of genius, by the passion for invention, arrangement, and discovery; as well as by the appetite for gold, or the suggestions of want, one is tempted to inquire why this does not sometimes happen among us. In truth, when it is considered that the European market is open to our book, as well as to our picture-makers, the non-existence of authors by *trade*, who owe their being, if not their subsistence to America, may still excite our wonder; but, dropping the profession, let us ask why book-makers of a different kind are so rare?

Perhaps my readers may question the truth of the fact, and may remind me of the propriety of determining whether book-makers be rare or rarer in proportion to our numbers, than in other civilized nations. Perhaps I have pronounced too hastily on this point. It may be needful to cast an eye over the departments of our literary world, and compute the kind and number of original performances that issue from our presses.

In making this review, I find an annual harvest of sermons, orations, inaugural treatises in medicine, and pamphlets that discuss the reigning

political topic: The hearers of a sermon or oration, delivered on the death of some eminent personage, or the anniversary of some national event, or some fast or festival, request a copy of the speech or exhortation. Some hundreds are printed, and an half score of them are handed by the author to his friends. When many of these are collected into one hand, they are bound into a volume, and placed upon a shelf, where their repose is unmolested, save by rats and white-washers. The remnant being still in sheets, supplies the printer with wrappers to his quills, quires, and ink-powder. Perhaps the United States produce two dozen sermons, and half the number of orations, in a year.

A medical thesis used to be composed of fifteen or twenty pages of barbarous Latin, in which the name and attributes of some disease, and the common modes of treatment, were delivered. These were preceded by three or four separate dedications, which some pedagogues was paid for cloathing with *inscriptive* formality and elegance. These theses are now written in English. These precious monuments of juvenile proficiency and literary gratitude, circulate, in like manner, among the tutors and fellow-students of the candidate. The surplus, of fifty or an hundred, is packed in a trunk, or scattered in a garret at the author's lodgings. Eight or ten of these may be the product of the American schools in a year.

Pamphlets, on some transitory topic of municipal or national government, the making of war, the displacing of public officers, the building of an aqueduct, or digging a dyke, or erecting a bank, are sometimes to be met with. These spring up and die with the occasion. They are seldom entitled, by their intrinsic merits, to republication, or even to be reposit

between two sheets of paste-board. The annual produce, in this kind, is unequal and hard to be computed, but he will not fall short of the truth, who limits them to eighteen or twenty.

Works that are swelled to the bulk of a volume, are till more rare. Science, history, and poetry, have received but few accessions from the citizens of the United States. There are, doubtless, men who diligently study what is written, and acquire what is known; but the sagacity which shall detect new existences, or trace new relations, has hitherto, for the most part, wrought in secret. Some indigenous plants have been discovered, and their healing efficacy been examined; some speculations upon Indian languages, some collections of public facts in the early period of our settlement, some plain details of recent events, some poems, epic, ludicrous, and descriptive, and some specimens of fiction, in prose, have been published. The value of these, considered in themselves, I shall not discuss; but, in relation to the mass of human knowledge, it may be safely pronounced to be extremely small. In systematic and encyclopedical arrangements, they may find a place. They add a loop or a nail to the wall, but the structure is carried forward and raised higher only by European hands.

The number of *volumes* in the various branches of art and science written in America, during the last sixteen years, the period in which we have been a nation, would not, perhaps, be found to exceed an hundred. No small portion of these have owed their existence to the depopulation of the country by epidemical diseases. The physicians have split into factions, by one of which, the origin of our calamities is traced to the West-Indies, and by the other, detected lurking in our privies and sewers. Which

of these is right, time must decide; but the materials of decision are extremely copious. No doubt, in the course of this controversy, facts and reasonings in the art of healing, and in that branch of political economy which respects the health of the people, have been added to the mass of human knowledge.

There is one kind of authorship to which Americans have shewn a stronger propensity than any other, and that is, the composition of political invectives for a newspaper. Those diurnal sheets are, perhaps, more widely diffused and read, than in any other part of the world. Their columns are generally supplied with notices of something to be bought or sold, and with transcripts from commercial letters, and from foreign gazettes. There is usually, however, a space some inches square, which the editor or his friends supply with sage remarks upon the latest intelligence from Europe; predictions of the consequences to ensue from the shock of certain armies which the last courier informed us were marching towards each other, or from the encounter of certain squadrons that were said to be at sea; narratives of some fire, or riot, or military shew, or anniversary feast; or, lastly, some obloquy upon the persons and motives of those whose political creed is adverse to that maintained by this gazette. The value of newspaper rhetoric and history, is more easily settled than the quantity per day or per year. The value, with some very few exceptions, is so small as not to amount to any critical denomination: and, with regard to the quantity, the proper subject of regret is, not that it is so small, but that it is so large.

Such appears to me to have hitherto been the literary harvest of America, and this is the harvest which critics must superintend. The tares and rubbish are abundant, and the

grain is neither vigorous nor plentiful. This, however, scarcely constitutes any objection to the utility of this office. The exact amount of our wealth seems equally desirable to be known, whether that amount be much or little; and it is not easy to overrate the dignity of that province which undertakes to give a monthly statement of the literary productions of any civilized country.

Give me leave to add that your review should comprehend every valuable American performance published since the revolution. The number is not large, and there are few of us acquainted with the achievements of our countrymen, in authorship, during the last sixteen years. Be they heroic or contemptible, they ought to be known. Perhaps a more accurate scrutiny may prove them more worthy of respect, than they have appeared to.

Your well wisher,

CANDIDUS.

Some Account of SILIUS ITALICUS.

Mr. Editor,

THE translations from SILIUS ITALICUS, which appeared in your last Magazine, have pleased me so much, that I cannot but wish that Mr. Alsop may find sufficient encouragement to favour the world with the publication of the entire work. So elegant and poetical a version would rescue the Latin poet from that obscurity and neglect to which he has been so long condemned. The most celebrated poets of Greece and Rome have already found able translators. Modern critics, in their enthusiastic admiration of Homer and Virgil, have overlooked or despised every other of inferior rank; and we find Silius Italicus rarely mentioned, or mentioned with indiffer-

ence or contempt. LUCAN long suffered under the unjust censures of the brutal *Scaliger*. In later times more justice has been done to his merit; and the translation of Mr. ROWE has increased the good opinion of those who are not enslaved by the prejudices of education, or the dogmas of literary censors. I do not intend now to enter into a discussion of the merits of SILIUS, or to attempt a *critique* on his poem. This would demand more attention than I have leisure to bestow; but, if executed with discernment and skill, would be an useful and instructive task. Mr. A. himself, or some of your classical correspondents, may feel disposed to exercise their critical sagacity and talents on the subject. Even an analysis of the Latin performance would gratify the liberal curiosity of some of your *unlearned* readers. To such, the following brief account of the life and character of SILIUS ITALICUS may prove acceptable.

The little knowledge we possess of this poet is derived from one of the letters of Pliny the younger, and the epigrams of Martial; both of whom were his friends and contemporaries. He was born during the reign of Tiberius, but the place of his birth is uncertain. Some have fixed it in Spain, others in Italy. The latter is the more probable. He came, early in life, to Rome, where he applied himself, with great diligence, to those studies which form the orator and advocate. He selected Cicero, whom he warmly admired, and successfully imitated, as the most finished and perfect model of eloquence. By his industry and genius he established his reputation as an accomplished advocate and distinguished orator. He was engaged in numerous and important causes, which he managed with equal success and applause. By some he has been

censured for voluntarily undertaking the office of an accuser, against those whom the infamous Nero had selected for destruction. His subsequent conduct, after the death of that tyrant, seems to have nearly effaced the stain which his reputation had received. He was three times consul, and exercised that office at the time of Nero's death. In the reign of Vespasian he was sent as pro-consul into Asia, from whence he returned with increased reputation. He soon after retired from the toils of office, and the management of public affairs, and lived, in literary ease, among the leaders of the State, without power and without reproach. He devoted himself to literature, but chiefly to poetry. His house was the resort of the most enlightened men of the time, by whom he was courted and admired; and, when disengaged from the employment of writing, he spent whole days in learned and polite conversation. On account of his advanced years, he retired, not long before his death, wholly from the city, and remained in Campania; and, according to Pliny, that he might not be forced to pay his court to the new emperor. Pliny praises Trajan because this freedom was permitted, and Silius, for daring to exercise the liberty.

SILIUS possessed many seats and villas, and was fond of changing the old for some new purchase. His most favourite places of residence were one of the villas of Cicero, and the farm of Virgil, of both of which he was the proprietor. As his love of eloquence had induced him to select the former for his imitation, so his passion for the muses led him to the choice of the latter, at whose tomb he indulged in all the luxury of the most enthusiastic admiration. An excessive lover of antiquities, of rare and beautiful objects, he had collected, in many places, a great

number of books, statues, and pictures, which he kept not merely for ostentation, but to gratify his great veneration for the authors. The principal object of his veneration was Virgil, whose birth-day he annually celebrated at *Neapolis*, with more religious observance than his own, and would often visit the tomb of his favourite poet as the temple of a divinity.

In this tranquil retirement, in the pursuits of philosophy and poetry, he passed his 75th year, when, having been long troubled with an incurable ulcer, though possessed of a delicate rather than infirm constitution, he became weary of his malady, and sought death, with invincible constancy, by a total abstinence from food. To his last days, says Pliny, he was fortunate and happy, unless his felicity was impaired by the loss of the youngest of his two sons; but he left the eldest in the flower of his age, possessed of wealth, and honoured with the office of consul.

He was endowed with an ardent and comprehensive mind, which fitted him to shine in any department of literature or science. His poetry exhibits more of art than genius—*Scribebat carmina majore curâ quam ingenio*, says Pliny. This opinion we shall be more inclined to think just, when we consider that he did not begin to write until he was far advanced in years, when the vigour of his imagination must have been impaired, and the fire of his genius abated. His friend MARTIAL has bestowed on him higher praise; but something must be allowed to the partiality of friendship and the fancy of the poet.

Silius hæc magni celebrat monumenta Maronis,

Jugera facundi qui Ciceronis habet.

* CHRISTOPHERO LANDINO, in a Latin elegy on the death of the learned and indefatigable POGGIUS, who first discovered and brought to light the manuscript books of *Silius*, about the year 1415, calls them *divina poemata*, divine poems.

Illius atque manu divina poemata SILI

ITALICI redeunt, usque legenda suis.

See ROSCOE's *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*. vol. i.

Hæredem Dominumque sui tumulique larisque,
Non alium mallet nec Maro nec Cicero.
Ep. 49. lib. cx.

Silius possessed of Tully's fair retreat,
And Maro's tomb, adorned with pious care;

Not Tully's self, nor Maro, should they meet

On earth again, would choose a different heir.

In the following epigram (Lib. vii. Ep. 63.) *Silius* is more fully described and commended.

Perpetui nunquam moritura volumina
Sili

Qui legis, et latia carmina digna toga;
Pierios tantum vati placuisse recessus
Credis, et Aoniæ Bacchica fæta comæ?
Sacra cothurnati non attigit antè Magonis,
Implevit magni quàm Ciceronis opus.
Hunc miratur adhuc centum gravis hasta
virorum.

Hunc loquitur grato plurimus ore eliens.
Postquam bis-senis ingentem fascibus
annum

Rexerat, asserto qui facer orbe fuit;
Emeritis Musis, et Phæbo tradidit annos,
Proque suo celebrat nunc Heliconæ foro.

"In groves Pierian was thy sole delight,
Immortal *Silius*!" would you fond exclaim,

Whoe'er his deathless pages oft recite,
And numbers worthy of the Latian name?
Long did grave courts his eloquence admire,

While grateful clients on his accents hung;
To equal Tully's fame he dared aspire,
Ere he the lays of lofty Maro sung.
When he the *sages* that proud year had borne

To Rome made sacred, from a tyrant freed;

The *Nine* belov'd his well-spent years adorn,

And now to Helicon his footsteps lead.

The subject of the poem of *SILIUS* is the second Punic war, one of the most critical and memorable to be found in the whole Roman history. It is comprised in seventeen books, and has come down to us entire.* It is alluded to in terms

of applause by Martial, (Lib. iv. Ep. 14.) who invites his friend to lay aside the severity of his epic muse, for those sportive diversions and pleasurable relaxations, often seasonable and salutary to those who court the muses; and compares himself to CATULLUS, and SILIUS to VIRGIL.

Sili Castalidum decus sororum,
Qui perjuria barbari furoris
Ingenti premis ore, perfidosque
Fastus Hannibalis, levesque Pænos
Magnis cedere cogis Africanis:
Pallum seposita severitate. &c.

Silius! the glory of the Nine,
(Nymphs of Castalia's fount divine)
Who in thy deep majestic song,
The frauds of barb'rous rage prolong;
And bids th' incessant punic race,
Their leader's wily schemes and base
All, all to the great Scipio's yield.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

BEING too impatient to wait for the solution to the question I proposed to you sometime ago, about the wages due to me from A, B, and C, for sinking a well, I had recourse to my friend, Mr. Standard, (a gentleman supposed to have had much experience in the settlement of vulgar fractions amongst his neighbours) to compromise the matter in dispute for me. A, B, and C were accordingly summoned to appear, and after much altercation amongst themselves, it was proposed by Mr. Standard that each should call in an arbitrator, by whom the affair in dispute should be finally determined. X, Y, and Z, those poor but honest accomptants, were fixed upon, who determined that each should pay me in the following proportions.

	Dolls.	Cents.	Dimes.	
A	9	52	380	} 4
B	13	33	332	
C	17	14	284	

VOL. I. No. 5.

And as there was a remainder of four trifles due to me from A, B, and C, it was determined that Mr. Standard should settle it as he thought proper; who, after rummaging among some musty books, which I took for old Almanacks, he retired a few minutes, and returned with a wooden instrument upon his shoulders, something in the form of two sugar-loves glued together by the thick ends, which he rolled several times backwards and forwards upon the edges of two thin boards, and acknowledged that he was convinced by the use of this most perfect of all mathematical instruments, that the remainder four was nothing: for he reasoned in this manner: what is too small to be divided cannot be divided; the remainder four is too small to be comprehended by our senses, and cannot be divided, *ergo* the remainder four is *nothing*. A, B, C, and myself were perfectly contented with this decision, but X, Y, and Z gave us all a smile of contempt, and retired.

ADAM WORKMAN.

On the Use of MAIZE.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I HAVE been much amused with your abstract from Rumford's essays, and particularly with his speculations on the uses of Indian corn or *maize*. Many conclusions of the highest importance to the welfare of mankind, are suggested by the facts which are stated by him; but in proportion as these conclusions are extensive and important, it behoves us to be careful that the facts from which they are deduced are ascertained.

Whether man may healthfully subsist upon Indian corn alone, and what portions are necessary to his daily subsistence, are questions to be decided only by experiment. Tc

D

try the experiment in our own person, is certainly the safest method; but to do this effectually would require a degree of self denial which few of us are able to practise. Count Rumford seems to think that this experiment was tried by himself, and proceeds to build conclusions on the facts which I am afraid are hardly sufficient to sustain them.

His experiment consisted in dining *once* on a given quantity of hasty-pudding. The usual interval between this dinner and his breakfast next morning, was spent, without any sense of debility, or extraordinary craving. Hence he infers that hasty-pudding might usefully constitute our only food, and especially the food of the poor.

On this case, however, several observations are to be made. In the first place, the effects of a single meal afford no proof of what we must expect from an invariable continuance of the same food. It would be quite as reasonable to infer, that food itself is unnecessary, since many men have fasted one, two, and three days, without apparent diminution of their vigour. Almost every man has lost a meal and a night's sleep, without sensible increase of appetite or drowsiness. The influence of food, like that of abstinence, is far from being always sudden or speedy. A change of diet and employment will frequently occasion a temporary buoyancy and exhilaration, though its ultimate and gradual effect is to undermine the strength and shorten life. A sense of fulness and vigour will often flow from the use of a liquid which stimulates without nourishing. This is eminently true with respect to coffee, which, it seems, composed the Count's breakfast, and which alone will sustain the strength of those who are accustomed to it, for twelve or eighteen hours.

This experiment was, in another

view, extremely delusive; for, had the effects of dining upon hasty-pudding been lassitude and craving till a new meal, the insufficiency of this kind of food would not thence follow. This is, on most occasions, the effect of withdrawing a stimulus to which we have been accustomed, though that stimulus is, generally and in itself, superfluous or pernicious. It is only by persisting for weeks or months in the use of the same diet, that either its good or bad tendency can be fully verified. Habit has tritely, though cogently, been termed a second nature, and must be gradually broken and subdued. The constitution does not instantly embrace a new law, and accommodate itself to a new regimen; and, as habit will frequently disarm the most poisonous material of its hurtful property when enlisted on its side, so the most wholesome aliment will be purely mischievous when unsupported by a league with habit. A man accustomed to inflammatory wines and condiments, to roast beef, mustard, and *brown-stout*, might naturally be expected to complain of languor and faintness, on changing his regimen to milk, fruits, or hasty-pudding. This change might, indeed, operate to his destruction, and yet be far from furnishing a proof that milk, fruits, and bread are poisonous or insufficient. If the change should prove ultimately beneficial, the benefit would be experienced by degrees and slowly. Healthful and benign feelings would be preceded by *inanimation*, fits of lassitude, and, perhaps, by actual disease.

Opium and spirits, and tobacco, will become in like manner necessary to the constitution, and the disuse of them, in certain cases, will produce disease and death.

There is likewise another consideration proper to be mentioned. What is sufficient for the subsist-

ence of a man of one size, and one set of habits and employments, may not answer the exigences of another. The man of slender frame, quiet thoughts, and intellectual industry, may be expected to require fewer supplies than the robust and laborious classes of mankind. Count Rumford, all whose feelings are probably benign, and his exertions uniform, mental, and placid, would probably have appetites less keen, and a stomach less capacious than those of the carrier of burthens and the driver of plows. The latter might deem very slender and scanty fare what would amply satisfy the former. In every view, therefore, the experiment of this philosopher is insufficient to establish the conclusions for the sake of which it was made.

It is evident that the only illustrations of this truth must be gained from the practice of large numbers of mankind. Is there any laborious class of people whose subsistence is totally derived from maize? If there be such, in what proportions do they use it, and what is the apparent influence of this food on their constitution?

Maize is used by the natives of Africa, and by the peasants of Italy and Switzerland. Of many of these it probably constitutes the only bread; but none of them are wholly limited to maize, as food. It is always mixed with meat, or milk, or fruit, or oil, cheese, or wine, or it is used alternately with these. There are, probably, thousands of Savoyards and Tyrolese, whose meals have been composed of nothing but cheese, milk, rye bread, and pollenta. That these ingredients are sufficient to sustain, invigorate, and prolong our existence, there is no room to doubt; but whether bread alone, and bread made of maize, be sufficient for these ends, must be proved by other examples

—Perhaps such examples may be found in our native country.

It is well known that the staple production of North-Carolina, is maize or *Indian corn*. In some of the counties, as Chowan, Bertie, and Tyrrel, it occupies a larger share of the soil than in the others, but, in all, it is the chief product: and what is particularly to our present purpose, in all, it constitutes the *bread* of the slaves.

Slaves are every where treated with different degrees of severity. This severity principally consists in limiting the kinds and quantity of food. In this respect, as in all others, there is a mean, which there are a few who rise beyond, many who fall below. Maize is every where considered as the gross and regular subsistence of the negroes. Other vegetable products are sparingly or seldom added to their meal; and pork, or fish, or salt, is given, more to add a relish to their *hoe-cake*, than as an indispensable portion of their sustenance.

It is natural to suppose that the experiment which our philosopher has tried in so small a scale, would be frequently repeated by the avarice of slave-holders, on a larger one; and that we should find, on some Carolinian plantation, complete proof of the extent to which simplicity and abstemiousness in eating, may be carried. On making suitable inquiries, I have found that the mere use of Indian corn, sometimes occurs, but rarely; and that a land-holder is accounted barbarous and cruel beyond the customary degree, who confines his negroes to maize alone.

The most lenient and indulgent treatment consists in allowing each negroe, in addition to his maize, which, in this case, is ground and baked by slaves allotted for the purpose, as many salted herrings as he can eat, and twice or thrice a week

he is allowed to banquet upon pickled pork: A man, the limits of whose appetite are not prescribed by his master, will eat three herrings, each weighing four ounces, at a meal. He makes two meals per day. His meat therefore amounts, daily, to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. He has likewise a rood or two of land, round his hut, which he may cultivate on Sundays and holidays, in what manner he pleases. In this garden he raises potatoes, pease, beans, and the like, which greatly heighten and diversify his banquets, or which he exchanges for spirits, molasses, dainties, or cloathing. He will likewise raise a fowl or two, and will, sometimes, in conjunction with his fellow servants, perhaps, make out to rear an hog; which his master will give him the necessary means of pickling. In some cases, tasks are prescribed to the slave, which his industry may dispatch so as to gain a day or two in the week, to be employed for his own advantage.

This is the utmost limit of indulgence. The opposite extreme of rigour consists in abridging the negro of all leisure but that of Sundays and a few days at Christmas, and of dispensing, weekly, to each slave, eight quarts of maize, in the grain. They are driven to the field on Monday morning, and continue there, day and night, till Saturday evening. Besides their appointed tasks, they are to grind their corn, and prepare the meal, with water brought from a neighbouring spring, and at a fire kindled on the spot. They are utter strangers to flesh or fish, to every kind of condiment, even to salt. Their food is, absolutely and simply, Indian meal mingled with water. This is spread upon a board, and placed before the fire. The hoe, the usual instrument of their labour, has sometimes been made their instrument of cookery, whence has arisen the

term hoe-cake; but, in cases of extreme hardship, this office must be performed by a board, the hoe being in constant use till the moment of beginning their repast.

This description is by no means exaggerated. On the fertile banks of Roanoke, there are farmers who cultivate five hundred acres, and this is performed by eighty or one hundred slaves. The treatment of these slaves is far from being generally rigorous; but, nevertheless, there are some instances of barbarous severity. Every one acquainted with the country, will recollect more than one planter, who possesses between two and three hundred slaves, and whose provision is simply, and absolutely, and invariably, one peck or eight quarts of unground maize per week. This is ground, sifted, and eaten by the same persons, and is unaccompanied by flesh or fish, by molasses, sugar, and even by salt. This, therefore, may be considered as a complete instance of the exclusive use of maize.

In estimating the influence of this diet, we may be led, by attendant circumstances, into some errors. The rigour that is exercised with regard to food, extends to every other particular; to their dwelling, cloathing, tasks, and especially to punishments. These unhappy beings usually appear half naked, emaciated, and dejected. They form a melancholy contrast to the plump, spirited, and laughing figures, whom their good fortune has placed under a more lenient government. How much of this emaciation and dejection is to be imputed to the kind or quantity of their provision, it is difficult to ascertain.

I have described the limits of indulgence on the one hand, and of rigour on the other. There are, of course, numerous intermediate degrees. One of these degrees consists in dispensing, weekly, a fixed,

though limited provision. Herings constitute, always, a part of this provision; but the grain is never less than eight quarts a week. Hence it should appear that eight quarts, without any additional ingredient, are insufficient for wholesome subsistence.

Admitting, however, that with moderate tasks, with all the benefits of cookery, with comfortable cloathing and shelter, with intervals of leisure and amusement, eight quarts per week should be deemed sufficient, let us see what will be the amount of daily provision, and compare it with the experiments of Count Rumford.

	lbs. oz.
A bushel of maize (in grain)	
will weigh	61 0
And produces, of meal, . . .	45 0
A peck, or fourth of a bush-	
el, will, therefore, pro-	
duce, of meal,	11 4
This divided into seven por-	
tions, is, per day,	1 6
This will make, of hasty-	
pudding,	4 8

Count Rumford informs us that he dined upon 1 lb. 1½ oz. of this pudding, so that the negro's daily portion of corn, would afford, if made into hasty-pudding, more than four meals equivalent to our author's dinner; a quantity, which, according to this estimate, ought amply to supply the daily wants of a single person.

It is not to be forgotten, however, that water, properly combined with other substances, has been proved to be eminently nutritious; and that hasty-pudding has a larger proportion of water than can be produced by any other mode of preparation. The negro is compelled to turn his meal into dough, and to bake it, without permitting fermentation, and as soon as it is made. By this mode, the benefits of cookery are almost wholly lost. Suppose, however, that the hoe-

cake retain as much air and moisture as well fermented bread. Meal, by fermentation and baking, is supposed to gain one third of its weight, so that 1 lb. 6 oz. of meal, will produce, of hoe-cake, 1 lb. 13 oz. which is but two ounces more than the product in hasty-pudding, of half a pound of meal. Hence it follows, that though the negro may famish and die upon his daily allowance made into *hoe-cake*, the same portion made into *hasty-pudding*, might constitute an ample supply for two days. Hence we may infer the great importance of cookery.

These facts respecting the negro method of subsistence, may be deemed indisputably authentic. These, added to the facts stated by our author, will suggest many important conclusions.

In the first place, it is remarkable that the avarice of the Roanoke planter might be gratified without injury to his slaves, merely by a different and not more expensive preparation of their food.

These facts may likewise be made the basis of various calculations as to the productiveness of landed property, the benefits of predial slavery, and the possible bounds of population, the quantity of cultivable ground, and the degree of its fertility, being given.

Population, beyond most subjects, is involved in perplexity. Our ideas respecting its actual and possible state in any country are vague and indeterminate, in consequence of wanting a proper basis for our computations. This basis would, in some degree, be supplied by accurate conceptions of the capacity of certain products to sustain the life of man, and of the capacity of ground to produce these products.

There is found to be considerable difference in both respects. Soils, equal in fertility, will pro-

duce different quantities of different products. It will produce, for instance, more potatoes than maize, more rice than potatoes, more bread-fruit than rice, and more of sago than either. According to the plant which we cultivate, will therefore be the quantity of sustenance, and the possible limits of population.

Ground, consisting wholly of siliceous, calcarious, or argillaceous matter is wholly barren. It is fertile, on the contrary, in proportion as *mould* or vegetable earth predominates over the former substances. Ground, in our southern states, sometimes refuses to the cultivator, one bushel in the acre. The utmost degree of fertility, joined with the greatest care in the tiller, will scarcely produce seventy-five bushels. The most usual degrees of productiveness, are between fifteen and forty-five.

If one fourth be added to the portion allowed, according to the above statements, to the cultivators of the soil, and which must be granted to be sufficient for healthful sustenance, an acre producing fifteen bushels, will maintain a man, and one producing forty-five, will maintain three men. The medium, therefore, is thirty bushels, which may be fixed as the average fertility of cultivable ground, when devoted to maize, in any part of the temperate and torrid zones.

The possible population of a country may hence be inferred, having ascertained first the proportion of cultivable ground, and, secondly, the proportion of cultivable soil, to be employed in raising maize. If the numbers of any country be given, we may likewise hence compute the proportion of cultivable ground in the country necessary to their subsistence, provided that ground were devoted to maize, and provided, likewise, the maize were prepared in the most judicious manner for food.

PHILO-RUMFORD.

MEMOIRS of STEPHEN CALVERT.

[Continued from p. 282.]

I ENTERED Sydney's apartment in a state of perplexity and anger, which made me careless of all forms. Ideas floated in my brain which assumed no distinct shape, but they were connected with remembrances of Sydney's ancient pretensions to my cousin, and vague suspicions of malevolence or treachery.

He was sitting at a table, with books and papers before him. "So," said I, abruptly and advancing towards him, "here are mysteries which it must be your province to explain. Yesterday Louisa Calvert consented to become my wife, but to-day, it seems, she has changed her mind; and, she tells me, you have been the author of this change. You have urged reasons for not merely postponing our alliance, but even for wholly dissolving the contract. You will not be surprised that this disappointment should distress me, and that I should expect from you the reasons of so strange and unexpected, and, indeed, unwarrantable interference. What have you discovered to make my marriage with my cousin less eligible now than formerly? Till this moment, I have seen in your conduct, no marks but of approbation, and have relied upon you as my strongest advocate; but now, it seems, the tide has changed, and you have persuaded her to recall all her promises, and thwart every expectation of her friends."

During this address, Sydney's countenance became grave, but without embarrassment or dejection. After a pause he replied, in a sedate and mild tone, "It is true." There he stopped.

"True! But why have you acted thus? What objections have you found to this marriage? What

vices or enormities have you detected in me which unfit me for being the husband of Louisa Calvert?"

"No vices or enormities: nothing but the want of age and experience: but my objections are not limited to you. They relate chiefly to your cousin. Her qualities, in my opinion, make this alliance improper. It is more likely that misery will flow from it than happiness. I have endeavoured to convince her of this, and have, beyond my expectations, succeeded."

"Qualities in my cousin that make marriage improper? Pray, of what kind are they? They have entirely escaped my sagacity, and I should be grateful for the assistance of a friend in drawing them to light."

"I doubt much," replied he, unaffected by the ironical severity of my looks and tones, and eyeing me mildly and stedfastly, "I much doubt the fervency of your gratitude for a service like that; and yet I have no mean opinion of your generosity. You are passionate and headstrong, but there is, in your character, a fund of excellence, which, if not checked by untoward events, will hereafter render you illustrious. You have won my esteem, and I love you so much that I am willing to promote your happiness even at the expense of your temporary gratification. I would save you from an alliance which would operate to your mutual destruction."

These intimations startled me. I re-urged, in a milder tone, my inquiries into those defects in my cousin which were adapted to produce such disastrous consequences.

"It is useless to discuss them," said he: "instead of regarding them as defects, you will account them excellences, and excellences they truly are. Those qualities which have given birth to your passion, are the same which disqualify her

for being *your* wife. In proportion to her candour and benevolence, to her tenderness and constancy, is she unfitted for an indissoluble alliance with a youth, raw, unexperienced, with principles untried and unsettled, impetuous, versatile, liable each day to new impressions, and enslaved by a thousand romantic and degrading prejudices. I do not beseech your patient attention to arguments and exhortations. I do not seek to convince you that Louisa Calvert, in proportion to the purity and elevation of her character, is unfit to be your wife. By my conduct on this occasion, I expect only to excite your rage, and to draw upon myself your upbraidings and suspicions. If any other emotions were excited, my objection to the marriage would not have existed. It was agreeable, however, to my conceptions of duty, to act and to speak thus. I think I foresee all the consequences of my actions, and as this foresight has not shaken my purpose, these consequences, whatever they may be, will not molest my tranquillity."

It is impossible to describe the emotions which were produced by these words. A secret conscience whispered me that Sydney was right; that I was, indeed, that versatile, romantic, and ambiguous being which he had described; that the passion I had fostered for my cousin was built on inadequate foundations, was unsupported by congeniality of character, was more allied to the impulses of sense and to the instigations of vanity, than to any better principle. This whispering conscience, however, was scarcely heard, and its intimations were neglected. I viewed the subject not through so cold a medium. My desires, though ambiguous in their origin, and, perhaps, transient and mutable, were vehement, and acquired new strength from this unexpected opposition. These desires

dictated my opinions and my language. The interference of Sydney, in a transaction in which he had no direct concern, his attempt to controul his friend in a choice where her happiness alone was to be consulted, appeared to me audacious and presumptuous. I was likewise sufficiently disposed to question the purity of his motives, to impute his conduct to mean jealousy and rivalry. I did not hide these thoughts, and was, by no means, sparing of surmises and reproaches.

He listened to me with unaltered features. At first I was inclined to suppose that my reproaches had possessed some influence, but when I gave him opportunity to speak, he declared that the light, in which his interference had been viewed by me, and the resentment which it had excited, fully agreed with his expectations. My reproaches argued all that impetuosity of temper which he had already, in the secret of his own thoughts, ascribed to me. It added, if possible, new force to his objections against any union between me and his friend. "Your errors," continued he, "are of no rare or prodigious kind. They are incident to persons of your immature age, and contracted experience, and secluded education. They entitle you to sympathy and succour from those wiser and older than yourself. I am your senior by a few years, and if I possess any superiority over you, am indebted for it to wiser instructors and larger observation.

"I have made no secret of the love which I once felt for your cousin. That love was founded on proofs of her excellence, which time has multiplied instead of lessening. That love, therefore, has not been diminished, but enhanced by time; but the happiness to flow from her union with me, must mutually exist, or it cannot exist at all. If undesirable, if unproductive of felicity

to her, it must cease to be desirable, cease to be productive of happiness to me.

"You imagine that my opposition has its root in selfish considerations, that I labour to prolong her single state, in hopes that time and assiduities will win her favour to myself. Even while you utter these surmises, you are doubtful of their truth, and you fully expect that I will earnestly assert the purity of my motives. These expectations will be disappointed. I am far from supposing myself raised above the frailties of my nature, that my conduct is exempt from all sinister and selfish biases. I know that they sway us in a thousand imperceptible ways, that they secretly pervert those resolutions, and vitiate those reasonings which, to our hasty view, appear the most enlightened and benevolent. I claim no merit but that of honestly, and strenuously labouring to discover and exterminate the suggestions of self-interest. I know very well that I am far from constantly succeeding, and the detection of my own mistakes, is the irksome, but inevitable fruit of every new meditation.

"It is true that I love this woman; that no man on earth estimates so justly, and admires so fervently her virtuous qualities; that no one is so qualified to make her happy, provided love was not wanting on her side. I know that this love may, on some future occasion, start into being. Need I say that I desire this event? That I regard, with aversion, any obstacle to its occurrence?

"It is true that she loves another, that her heart is devoted to you. I am grieved that her heart is thus devoted. I would willingly free her from this inauspicious passion, and restore her to that indifference which I desire that she should relinquish only for my sake. I repine at her choice, because I am not the object

of it, but I should be guilty of falsehood and injustice if I allowed you to suppose that this was the *only* cause of my repining, and that hence only arose my opposition to your marriage. No; it is founded on accurate examination of your character, and proof which, to me, is incontestible, that the misery of your cousin, and your own misery, would flow from your alliance.

"You will imagine that prejudice and selfishness create, to my view, those disadvantageous qualities which I impute to you. I will not deny it. It is possible that I mistake your character. Hence the diligence of my scrutiny into your deportment, and into my own motives, has been redoubled. Hence my decision has been protracted, and my interposition been delayed to the present hour. Hence I have not, as you seem to think, advised your cousin to dissolve all connection with you, but merely to postpone her marriage for a few years, during which that steadfastness of views and principles in which you are now wanting, may be acquired by intercourse with the world, and exposure to its temptations and vicissitudes.

"You have hitherto dreamed away your life in solitude. You have no practical acquaintance with yourself, or with the nature of the beings who surround you. You have nothing but distorted and crude conceptions, and passions lawless and undisciplined. You are governed by the present impulse, rebel against all restraints, shrink from all privations, and refer nothing to futurity. Your attachments spring from vanity and physical incitements; they are transient as the hour, and variable with every variation in the objects which surround you. To link Louisa Calvert, by ties that cannot be unloosed, to such an one, would be devoting one being, whom I love beyond all man-

kind, and another, for whom, in spite of his defects, I have considerable esteem, to bitter regrets and incurable calamity. I cannot think of it."

These representations, urged with the utmost pathos and simplicity, produced a temporary effect upon my feelings. Without being convinced, I was at a loss for an answer. After a pause of some minutes, I left the house; and, returning to my lodgings, employed myself in revolving the topics which Sydney had urged.

The impression which his last words had made upon me, speedily vanished. The more I brooded on the subject, the more equivocal his motives, and fallacious his reasonings appeared. I began to see nothing in his conduct but the stratagems of a selfish competitor, and called up all my courage to the contest with him. To compel him to recal his prohibitions, was not possible. To betake myself to solicitations and intreaties, was sordid and dastardly. My genuine province was to change my cousin's resolutions by intreaties or arguments. In this task, I imagined that little difficulty would occur; and relied, for success, on my own talents, and on the warmth of her affection.

Shortly I obtained another interview. Her deportment was no longer the same. Instead of the cheerfulness, and even gaiety, by which she had been formerly distinguished, and manners flowing from the union of affection and candour, she was melancholy and full of solicitude, which she was at no pains to conceal. She eyed me with visible dejection and apprehension.

My discontents were sufficiently apparent, and augmented that anxiety which her conduct betrayed. A look, cast upon Mrs. Wallace, indicated her desire of conversing

with me apart. Her friend seemed acquainted with the new embarrassments which had arisen between us, and left us to ourselves.

As soon as we were left alone, my cousin placed her chair close to mine, and pressing my hand between her's, said, in broken accents, "You have been with Sydney. He has talked to you, but not convinced you. He has repeated your discourse, and I see, too clearly, the inefficacy of his reasonings. O! my friend! would to heaven you could think with him and with me! and imitate that self-denial which duty imposes on me."

"You mistake," said I impatiently: "*duty* would prescribe a very different conduct. Should you listen to *that*, a lesson would be taught you very different from the suggestions of envy and jealousy."

At these words, her countenance changed into some expression of resentment. She withdrew her hand from mine. This resentment, however, passed away in a moment, and resuming looks of kindness, she replied, "I can bear injustice when committed against myself. I can also bear it even when committed against my friend. You misapprehend the character of Sydney, and I ascribe that misapprehension to causes that do not make you culpable. You have not enjoyed the means of knowing him, and your equity is blinded by passion. The time will come when that blindness will be removed, and your confidence in his integrity be equal to my own."

"On this subject I desire not to reason with you; for reasoning will make no conquest of your opinions, but will expose my own resolutions to be shaken, and lessen my tranquillity. And yet I fondly cling to the hope that reflection will convince you of the rectitude of my scheme."

"Your scheme! I know not your scheme. What scheme have you adopted?"

"I have mentioned it once already. Spare me the anguish of repeating it."

"You have uttered doubts and surmises, but I know not what it is that you finally intend. I have, indeed, talked with Sydney, but I will not suffer him to be your representative, and the announcer of my fate. What is it that you determine with regard to me?" These words were uttered in a tone that excited the consternation of my cousin. She looked at me with streaming eyes, but without speaking.

"What is it," continued I, "you mean? To reject me? To banish me? What have I done to merit the treatment of an enemy? Have I failed in any point of respect to you, or to my mother? Have I violated any law? Have I offended, in any instance, against virtue or decorum? Has a single day brought forth such damning proofs of my depravity? What is the crime? Let me know it, and let me be confronted with my accuser. Save me from the odious necessity of imputing fickleness and hypocrisy to the object of my devotion."

"You have talked with Sydney, and must, therefore, know my resolution, and the grounds on which it is built."

"I know nothing from him but that I am a sensual, selfish, and hypocritical slave. That alliance with me will be, to Louisa Calvert, degrading and calamitous; that, instead of affection and esteem, I merit only to be detested and shunned. This, then, is the sentence you pronounce on me. He whom yesterday you loved beyond all mankind, in whose character you found no inexpressible blemish, and to whom you were willing to consecrate all your feel-

ings and wishes, has, to-day, become a being hateful or terrible. Make haste, I beseech you, to inform my mother of this change in your opinions. Shew her the extent of her error in imagining her son worthy of your esteem. Persuade her to despise me, to relinquish the hopes which she had formed of seeing my happiness and virtue established by union with you."

"Felix! this is too much from you. You have deceived my expectations. I had more confidence in your moderation and your justice. It is impossible that Sydney should have spoken thus. Heaven knows that my love for you has no wise diminished, that I esteem you as much as ever, but I deem it necessary to postpone an event which cannot be recalled, and to stay till your character is matured by that age and experience in which you are now deficient. And what—if your love be virtuous and sincere, what objection can be reasonably made to the delay of a few years? Your absence will improve your understanding, your morals, and your fortune, and will not bereave us of the advantages of a pure and ardent friendship. Communication, as frequent and copious as we please, may subsist between us. Mutual sympathy and council may be imparted; and, by the practice of self-denial, we shall insure our claim to future happiness."

These reasonings were but little suited to appease my discontents. I endeavoured to demonstrate the visionary folly of her scheme, and dwelt upon the pangs of that disappointment which she would inflict, not only upon me, but upon my mother. "You can scarcely expect," I said, "the approbation of my mother, whose fondest hopes, with regard to her son, have been fixed upon this alliance, and who

will charge you with caprice and levity."

"Indeed," she answered, "I fear her censure; but I confide in the candour of my deportment to prove to her, at least, the purity of my motives, though my arguments may fail to make any impression on her understanding. I will explain myself fully to her, and if I should be so unfortunate as to have offended her beyond forgiveness, it will, indeed, be a painful aggravation of my calamity, though it ought not to change a determination built upon such grounds as mine."

My vanity, as well as my passion, led me to imagine that my cousin's objections would easily be overcome. Her scheme appeared so wild and absurd, that I could scarcely argue with her patiently. It was modelling conduct by such artificial refinements and preposterous considerations, that it was more the topic of ridicule than ratiocination. Her purpose was so new, so remote from all her previous views, and so adverse to that scheme of happiness which she had formerly adopted with undoubting confidence, that I was prone to regard it as a kind of phrenzy, which might maintain its hold for a time, but which would speedily fall away of itself, if it were not removed by argument.

At present, little more was said on either side. I shortly after withdrew to ruminate on this strange revolution. The more thought I bestowed upon it, the more impatient and uneasy I became. My indignation and aversion, with regard to Sydney, increased. I began to suspect not only the disinterestedness of his conduct, but even that of my cousin herself. The change that had been effected, flowed, I imagined, from some unexplained cause, some cause which the parties were ashamed to avow.

This imagination was confused and wavering, but it gave birth to complaints and insinuations, which were heard with grief, and repelled or confuted with calmness and steadfastness. They were recounted in my presence to Sydney, on whom they appeared to excite no resentment, and whose deportment was unaltered by my reproaches. I was not studious of concealing from him my opinion of his interference. Finding his power over my cousin's sentiments was absolute, I laboured to convince him of his error; and, when arguments failed, resorted to the most pathetic intreaties. These, however, availed nothing, and our interviews always terminated in anger and upbraidings upon my side.

These obstacles added new fuel to the flame which consumed me. If my affections had been cold or neutral, previously to these transactions, their nature was now changed. The danger of losing this prize appeared to open my eyes to its true value. The thought of postponing our union for years, was equivalent to losing her forever. Nay, I derived more torment from these delays and suspenses, arising, as I conceived, from perverseness or caprice, than from our total and everlasting separation. My vehement temper pushed me forward irresistibly to the goal of my wishes. I would not believe but that the attainment of this good was within my power. I would not believe that, should all my efforts be frustrated, I could endure to live.

The ardour of Louisa's sensibility was the advocate on whose assistance I relied. Nothing but perseverance in her new scheme created a doubt of the sincerity of her love. I had innumerable proofs of her tenderness; and, therefore, was confident of vanquishing her scruples.

No wonder that with an heart full of softness, compassion, and rectitude as her's, she should sometimes hesitate. My impetuosity overbore all resistance. While she listened to my pleadings, she was ready to yield. Frequently I imagined my success complete, and exulted in my happiness; but the scruples which disappeared in my presence were sure to be reinspired by a single conversation with Sydney. On repeating my visit, when every obstacle was supposed to have been annihilated, I was always fated to discover them anew.

These incessant disappointments took away my hopes. I had exhausted every expedient and argument in vain. Every new day shewed me that Sydney's power was not to be shaken. My confidence in my efforts languished and expired. I resigned myself to gloomy suspicions, sullenness, and utter dejection. My vivacity and smiling prospects were flown. I regarded myself as one unjustly treated and betrayed. I found a mournful satisfaction in secretly upbraiding the perfidy of Sydney, and the inhumanity and fickleness of my cousin. My visits to the Wallaces became less frequent; they were shorter, and passed without any conversation from me. They produced nothing but pain, and were willingly postponed or exchanged for the solitude of my chamber or the fields. I seldom failed to meet Sydney at his sister's; and the tranquillity of his deportment, and affectionate manner in which he continued to be treated by my cousin, I construed into insults upon myself. These mortifications I endeavoured to avoid by shunning the house.

My deportment, it was easy to see, was by no means regarded with indifference by Louisa. She eyed me, when present, with an air of ineffable solicitude. She could not

escape the infection of my sadness. Her attention was alive, as formerly, to all my looks and words; but the vivacity which they formerly inspired, was now changed into grief. When we chanced to be alone together, she expressed her tenderness and her regrets without reserve. On such occasions she renewed her declarations of confidence in the propriety of her deportment, and endeavoured to win my concurrence.

These interviews and these contests, by always affording new proof that her determination was irrevocable, became irksome. I ceased to contend with her objections, but listened, in a silent and sullen mood, to all she could urge. If an answer was extorted by her intreaties, my words were dictated by resentment. They charged her with unfeeling obstinacy and infatuation, with treachery to me, and ingratitude to my mother.

The last topic had always produced a more powerful effect upon her feelings than any other. She frequently confessed that her decision would be greatly, if not irresistibly, influenced by my mother's choice. She was inexpressibly anxious with regard to the light in which her conduct would be viewed by my mother. She had written a copious letter to her friend, in which she had explained the reasons of her conduct with the utmost simplicity, and endeavoured to prepossess her in favour of her scheme; insinuating, at the same time, that my mother's authority would be of more weight with her than that of any other human being; and that the imputation of error or ingratitude from this quarter, would be avoided by any sacrifice, and at any price.

The sentence which was so much dreaded by Louisa, was not, in the same proportion, desirable to me. I had other passions besides love,

and these lessened, though they did not annihilate the value of a gift, conferred, not from submission to reason or affection, but merely from deference to authority, and for the sake of avoiding unreasonable imputations. In truth, these imputations were not to be expected from my mother. After an intimation that her authority would prevail where her arguments failed, she would be anxious to maintain a neutrality. It was far from certain, that with a mind dispassionate, sobered by age, and prone to refer all events to their remotest consequences, she would not side with her niece, and fortify her present resolutions. Hence no hope was founded on my mother's interference.

This state, so fertile of calamity to me, could not long be endured. After musing on the same detestable impressions, and growing hourly more weary of their uniformity, my mind betook itself to the contemplation of that scheme which had formerly occurred to me with powerful recommendations, but which my engagements with Louisa had suspended. In the scene around me, there was nothing but provocations to melancholy. Every object reminded me of the blessing which an untoward destiny had ravished away, and contributed to deepen my gloom. I, therefore, determined to resume my ancient design of visiting Europe.

This design was strongly recommended by Sydney. It will appear to you by no means incompatible with the continuance of affection, and even of one kind of intercourse, between Louisa and I. To me, however, my departure was the extinction of all my hopes. Three thousand miles constituted an interval like death, and the absence of years was equivalent to eternity.

This design had been vaguely suggested by my friend, but she

had, by no means, insisted upon it. She seemed contented that marriage should be postponed, but regarded my voyage to Europe with a reluctance she was unable to conceal. On this head, indeed, Sydney's arguments had not produced the same conviction as on others. She could not see but that my present situation abounded with sufficient motives to virtue and trials of fortitude. That on the busy theatre of Europe, I should forget both her and my country, was not improbable; and this change was likely to banish all ancient impressions without reflecting any great degree of guilt upon me. This dread was confirmed by my own representation, which confounded the postponement with the dissolution of the contract, and my assertions that if I left my country, it would be with no design of ever returning. Her knowledge of my mother's views, who was, for various reasons, an enemy to this design, augmented the reluctance which she felt to concur in it.

Her aversion to my voyage, operated, in some degree, as an argument in its favour. I conceived that though she had resisted every other plea, it was possible that she would revoke her determination, if that alone would detain me. At all events, residence in my native country was grown intolerably irksome, and I resolved to stay on no condition but that of her immediate compliance with my wishes.

The arrangements necessary to my departure were easily made. Having fixed the day of my sailing, and made suitable preparation, I determined to pay my cousin a last visit, and exert all the powers of which I was possessed, to vanquish her scruples. I resolved to recapitulate and enforce every argument which had hitherto been urged, and to offer her the alternative

of accepting me, or of seeing and hearing from me no more.

It happened, seasonably for my purpose, that, about this time, Louisa had gone a few miles from the city, on a visit to a venerable lady, who usually passed her time without company or any species of amusement. Louisa proposed to spend two or three days with this person, during which no other visitant was likely to intrude. Sydney, too, was called by some engagement, to a distance, and would not, therefore, be at hand to counteract my efforts. I designed to go to this house, in the evening, and taking my cousin apart, make a final and vigorous effort in the cause of my happiness.

For some days previous to this interview, my thoughts were full of tumult and impatience. I was fully aware of the importance of my undertaking. On the success of this interview depended the condition of my future life. According to the event which should then take place, I should either be blessed with the possession of this woman, I should continue in my present abode, in the discharge of dutiful offices to my mother, in the enjoyment of conjugal felicity, and the improvement of my patrimony, or I should wander, homeless and unattended, through the world. I should separate myself forever from my family, my friends, and my country, and should seek; in a distant land, a new society, new enjoyments, and new motives. My sanguine temper led me to anticipate success rather than failure. When I reviewed the proofs of tenderness which I had received from my cousin, of the reluctance with which she admitted the possibility of my voyage, and the intrinsic force of the reasons which I should be able to alledge in favour of wedlock, and the favourable circumstances,

the lonely and solemn season when our interview should take place, and especially the absence of Sydney and Mrs. Wallace, who had hitherto been strenuous adversaries of my cause, and without whom none of these impediments would ever have subsisted, I trusted that I should extort from her some avowal or some promise, which she should be unable to recal.

The day, so momentous to my

happiness, at length arrived. I was not sorry to find it dark and inclement. Storms would increase the probability of finding her alone, and add to the solemnity of our meeting. I designed to wait till night-fall, and then repair to her dwelling, whence, if my attempt should not succeed, I would hurry to New-Castle, where lay the vessel in which I intended to embark.

(To be continued.)

American Review.

ART. XVIII.

SERMONS, by Samuel Stanhope Smith, D. D. *President of the College of New-Jersey.* 8vo. pp. 437. Newark. Halsey and Co. 1799.

WE remarked, with pleasure, in a former article of our review, that American divines were beginning to vie with their European brethren, in this species of composition, at once so difficult to execute, and so useful in its tendency. This is one, among many other symptoms, of the increase of that literary independence, which it must gratify every friend of our country to see advancing. Our progress toward this desirable point, has been as rapid as could reasonably be expected; and, perhaps, there is no one class of our citizens who have contributed more to promote this progress, than the clergy. We believe it may be asserted, that a larger portion of reputable American achievements, in the field of authorship, have been accomplished by persons of this profession than of any other in the United States.

We opened the volume before us with no small expectation. The celebrity of its author led us to an-

ticipate much pleasure in the perusal. The selection of subjects increased our hopes of finding considerable instruction and entertainment from the work. And, we will add, the language of the preface induced us to suppose that Dr. S. had presented the public with a specimen of pulpit eloquence of a very superior kind. How far our anticipations have been realized will appear in the sequel.

The volume comprises sixteen discourses, on the following subjects, viz. I. and II. on the causes of infidelity. III. on the dangers of pleasure. IV. on the rich man and Lazarus. V. on the penitent woman at the feet of Jesus. VI. on industry. VII. on the Lord's Supper. VIII. on the influence of reflection and sacred reading. IX. and X. on the forgiveness of injuries. XI. on the pleasures of religion. XII. on secret faults. XIII. on public vices. XIV. on death. XV. on the last judgment. XVI. on the happiness of good men in a future state. Of these discourses three had been before published in a detached form: the rest now appear for the first time from the press.

In the discussion of the above subjects Dr. S. displays but little

originality. It is, indeed, peculiarly difficult for the Christian divine, at the present day, to offer any thing *new*, either with respect to sentiment or the mode of illustration. Almost every branch of the various systems of theology and morals, has been so repeatedly and ably treated by eminent writers, that we can seldom expect more than the repetition of familiar truths, in a pleasing and interesting manner. Accordingly our author tells us, that his principal aim, in the composition of these discourses, was to accommodate himself to the reigning fondness for elegance of style—"to give the grace of novelty to old and trite truths, and to add the decent and lawful embellishments of art to the simplicity of the gospel." In this design, we think he has, in some measure, succeeded. He writes in a manner considerably above mediocrity. He selects, in general, the most important and interesting topics which arise out of his respective subjects. His arrangement is natural and judicious. He always preserves that seriousness and solemnity which become the pulpit. And his style is laboured to an unusual degree.

Those who can relish nothing in sermons but profound theological discussion, will find little to gratify their taste in this volume. Those who are pleased only when a preacher occupies himself in explaining, defending, and applying the peculiar doctrines of the gospel, will not derive much pleasure from the discourses under consideration. Dr. S. seldom wanders into the regions of polemic divinity. He rarely attempts close and profound reasoning. The distinguishing doctrines of christianity he glances at only in a cursory manner: and he does not frequently employ proofs or illustrations drawn from scripture. But those who are fond of discourses on moral duties—those

who can relish religious truth only when it is exhibited in a neat and decorated manner, and who loathe a large portion of evangelical plainness, will read these sermons with considerable gratification.

Though Dr. S. as we have already intimated, seldom dwells on controverted points of religion, yet, from the complexion of the sermons before us, we infer that he is a moderate *Calvinist*. He frequently, however, introduces, and appears peculiarly fond of one idea, which we feel rather at a loss how to reconcile with this creed, viz. that "sentiments of religion and piety are by nature deeply rooted in the human heart, and that it requires time, and a long indulgence in vicious habits, entirely to eradicate them." We do not design to call in question the truth of this opinion, but only to declare, that we see not how it can be rendered consistent with the other parts of that theological system which our author appears to adopt. If Dr. S. means that there is, in all men who have received any moral instruction, more or less of a natural conscience, he is doubtless consistent with himself; though even in this case it were to be wished he had been more precise in his expressions. But if any thing farther be intended, we are unable to discover its coincidence with the doctrines of the original depravity of human nature, and the indispensable necessity of divine revelation and divine grace, to bring men to the knowledge and love of truth, which seem to be taught in other parts of this volume.

In connection with the above, we cannot forbear remarking on another passage, which appears to be open to the same criticism. In the 136th page the author expresses himself in the following manner: "It requires, indeed, an arduous conflict to subdue the burning impulses of a heart too sensible to pleasure,

and to divert its force from the gross and turbulent pursuits of sense, to the pure and spiritual enjoyments of piety. But if it be arduous, blessed be God! it is not impossible to the energy of reason, to the power of reflection, to the sacred impurity of prayer." Does Dr. S. mean to say, that the "energy of reason," and the "power of reflection," can sanctify the heart of man? Does he mean to represent them as agents who are able to purify the polluted recesses of the depraved mind, to curb irregular appetites, and to restrain the impetuosity of passion? We repeat, that we do not consider it as our province to settle questions of *orthodoxy*; but the most careless reader will perceive the importance of an author expressing himself in a definite, consistent manner, and being well understood, on a point so fundamental in its nature, and so extensive in its relations.

Dr. S. informs us, in his preface, that from an early period of his life, he has admired the fervour which characterizes the sermons of the French preachers who flourished at the close of the last, and the commencement of the present century; and that he aimed to transfuse, in some degree, this character of their sacred eloquence into his own discourses. We also have some acquaintance with the French preachers of the period to which Dr. S. refers; and we have often, with him, admired that conspicuous attribute of their compositions of which he speaks. But the "transfusion of their manner" into this volume, in any considerable degree, has, we confess, escaped our observation. We discover, indeed, in many instances, an *imitation* of those celebrated christian orators; and, perhaps, in some cases, Dr. S. has even improved upon their sermons, with respect to *matter*, and made his own, on the same subjects, more

replete with weighty and important sentiment than theirs. This was an easy task, considering that he had theirs before him, and considering also that instruction, strictly so called, was by no means their primary object. But we see few passages in the volume before us, which will bear an advantageous comparison, in any other respect, with the pages of *Bossuet*, *Massillon*, *Bourdaloue*, or *Saurin*; and we think it was injudicious to invite such a comparison. In our author's manner, there is an occasional display of fervour; but it looks more like the fervour of art than of nature. There is much use of apostrophe and interjection; but little of that genuine ardour which indicates and awakens deep sensibility. The artifices of the orator too often arrest the attention, when the *subject* should be made to occupy the whole mind. We discover efforts to be animated, instead of that real pathos which melts, and that sublimity which transports the soul.

In this collection, we notice a remarkable, and, in some instances, we think, a very faulty repetition of the same ideas, in the same discourse. This observation applies, with peculiar force, to the first in the volume; in which one of the leading sentiments is presented in so many different forms, and so many changes are rung on the same thought, that, though it be admitted to be just and highly important, it becomes, at length, fatiguing to the reader. Perhaps, when sermons are actually delivered from the pulpit, an occasional repetition of this kind may not be improper. It sometimes, indeed, becomes necessary, in order that the hearer who bestows least attention, may not be suffered to lose sight of the most important points in the subject discussed. But in printed discourses, where the reader has time to dwell

and meditate on each sentence, and where the great difficulty is to find room, by sufficient condensation, for the numerous ideas which crowd from every quarter, we think much repetition should be avoided.

We have already spoken with respect of the style in which these discourses appear. It is neat, perspicuous, and popular. Considerable pains have been obviously taken to embellish it; and we frequently meet with great felicity and energy of expression. But it is too generally artificial, stiff, inharmonious, and often incorrect. We are sensible that the task of mere *verbal criticism*, is neither a very dignified nor pleasant one. But, perhaps, the present case is one of those which, for several reasons, demand some attention to it. When an author repeatedly, and formally, professes to have paid particular attention to this point, it would be injustice, both to him and the public, to pass it over in silence. We would, therefore, take the liberty of recommending to the revision of Dr. S. the following expressions. The list might have been greatly enlarged, but it is sufficiently long for our purpose.

Page 4, preface—"As far as I have been able, I have studied to unite the simplicity that becomes the pulpit, *along* with a portion of that elegance *that* is now so loudly demanded in every kind of writing." Page 5, "Sometimes another may have so happily *hit off* an idea, that he would not wish to change it," &c. Page 8, "The spirit of retreat, of devotion, and of heavenly mindedness, which the gospel enjoins, *revolts* those whose hopes and enjoyments centre only in this world." Page 11, "They find doctrines in the gospel that *revolt* their reason, and on these they incessantly declaim." Page 122, "Small cause have we for boasting, or confidence in that spark of reason, *that*, struck out of darkness but a moment since, by

the hand of the Almighty, is hardly sufficient to *guide our path* through this world; but to futurity, and the highest objects of our interest and duty, is wholly *blind*." Here reason, in one branch of the sentence, is represented as a *spark*, and in another, the figure is completely broken by giving it *eyes*, and converting it into a *perceptive being*. Page 148, "Idleness *degenerates* every thing; and mere amusement, where it occupies a large portion of our time, *evaporates* the greatest and most respectable qualities of human nature." Page 277, "Religion offers the highest satisfaction to the *mind*—it yields the purest pleasures to the *heart*—it introduces serenity and peace into the *breast*." These are the principal divisions of the discourse on the *pleasures of religion*. Are the *mind*, the *heart*, and the *breast*, different things? Dr. S. indeed, sufficiently explains his meaning in the illustration of each head; but is he accurate in the use of terms? To close the catalogue, we often meet with such expressions as these, "*Shortly about to appear*"—"Internal law, *in his own breast*"—"Illy instead of *ill*—and *that* almost universally instead of *which*."

On the whole, we consider these discourses as a valuable addition to the stock of American sermons. They contain much important truth, and afford some specimens of good writing, and of real eloquence. And we hope, to adopt the words of our author, that they will "gain an access for the substantial truths of religion, to the hearts" of many who could hardly be induced to read sermons of a different kind. But we should be sorry to see them held up as a model for imitation. We should hope the public taste would call for a larger portion of the simplicity of nature, and the weight of solid instruction. And we have no hesitation in declaring, that although we admire the spright-

liness and fervour of those great examples for which Dr. S. has professed a partiality, and although we lament that there is so great a deficiency of these qualities in our sermon writers, yet we should lament still more to see a fondness for declamation and meretricious ornament, excluding from our pulpits the sound reasoning, the unaffected dignity, and the substantial worth of a *Tillotson*, a *Sherlock*, a *Clarke*, a *Walker*, and a *Witherspoon*.

We think the following quotations afford, by no means, an unfavourable specimen of our author's style and manner. Page 70, sermon "On the dangers of pleasure."

"Moderation and self-denial are not less necessary to the true enjoyment of pleasure than to the proper government of ourselves. When pleasure is the sole object of pursuit, its enjoyments soon grow insipid by excess. The appetites precipitate themselves upon indulgence, and weary themselves with delight. Hence their gratification is often dashed with disgust, and often followed by remorse. Abstinence is necessary to restore the tone of nature, and to create the highest relish even of the pleasures of sense. When useful employment makes up the main business of life, those moderate and lawful enjoyments that are interposed to unbend the spring of the mind, are tasted with the purest and most exquisite satisfaction. And if occasionally we retire to the house of mourning, its affecting scenes are calculated to nourish that tenderness and sensibility of heart which is the happiest soil in which to plant all the moral, sentimental, and social pleasures.

"An important quality in the government of ourselves, is the power of firmness and constancy of mind in enduring the necessary evils of life. Youth, who have always been flattered and softened by pleasure, who have had every desire gratified as soon as it arose, who have hardly known what disappointment is, are little prepared to encounter those adverse events of Providence, which sooner or later must present themselves to every traveller through this mournful and uncertain pilgrimage.—However serene and pleasant the morning of life may commence, clouds will often overcast the day,

or will most certainly cover the evening with darkness and gloom. If your path now winds along a smiling plain, in the midst of flowers, it will soon lead you into a barren desert, *filled with briars and thorns*, or present to you frightful precipices from which you will hardly escape. Disappointments you must meet, mortifications you must endure, distressful reverses you ought to expect. What affliction are they preparing for themselves who now will dwell only in the house of feasting? Constant pleasure induces a weakness of mind that augments the pressure of the multiplied and unavoidable calamities that belong to our state. In that case, unlooked for reverses will overwhelm you with a dreadful weight—if you would act your part with dignity in the world, and not weakly sink under its misfortunes, accustom yourself to look forward to its charges, and seriously to consider the mixed condition of human life. Early learn to forego your own inclinations, when duty requires it; and to preserve them, at all times, under the perfect controul of reason. Often enter into the house of mourning, and there meditate on the dark scenes of human nature. Visit the receptacles of poverty and want—attend the couches of disease and pain—listen to the sighs of the friendless and the wretched—look on the melancholy trophies of death—let the cries of mourners who lament the loss of all that was dear to them on earth touch your sympathy—reflect on the tears that are shed in secret, and on the thousand nameless griefs that wring the hearts of the unhappy. By scenes like these chasten yourselves, and, by becoming familiar with affliction, prepare your mind with fortitude to meet those changes which may be reserved for you in the course of divine providence. If it should please God to cultivate your patience and constancy in the school of suffering, regard it as a proof of his paternal care. Every such trial will be *disarming* for you *the force* of those great calamities that sink feeble minds to the dust, and preparing you, with calmness and resignation, to approach the close of life, a period so formidable to the soft and guilty sons of pleasure.—The grace of God, sanctifying the heart, and cultivating within it the hope of a blessed immortality, is the only effectual preparative for a peaceful and happy death. But the Holy Spirit uses as valuable and necessary auxiliaries of his influences, the

affecting meditations, and the self-denying duties which I have here recommended. Certain it is, that those who form to themselves the most flattering prospects in the house of feasting, and cherish only those gay hopes that are apt to brighten upon them there, must, in the progress of life, meet with many cruel and overwhelming disappointments, which they will, by no means, be prepared to endure.

"Without a firm and steady self-command, and many self-denials, no great attainments can be made in the best and most valuable qualities of human nature. When pleasure is left to form the character, it soon destroys whatever is amiable or respectable in youth. See a young man who has pursued only fashionable amusements! What frivolity, what ignorance, what conceit, what inanity mark his character, and render him contemptible in the esteem of the wise and good! What an unfurnished mind! what useless talents! what an insipid and unsteady heart! But if he has plunged deep in the stream of pleasure, frivolity and unsteadiness soon become its lightest faults. Loaded with treachery, deceit, and every baseness, it hastens to sink into the dregs of vice. If the bloom and vivacity of youth should cast a veil over these defects for a time, what insignificance, what contempt are they preparing for age!—what melancholy and gloom for declining health, and impotent years!—what bitter, and, at the same time, what vain repentance for a dying bed!"

We perused, with pleasure, the following passages in the discourse "*On Industry*," which was particularly addressed to a class of students at *Nassau-Hall*, page 159.

"You have now finished the usual course of studies in this seminary; but you have as yet only entered on the threshold of the temple of science. You have completed some years of laborious and honourable application to letters; but if you would arrive at eminence in your respective destinations in future life, your labours are only just beginning. It would be the effect of unpardonable vanity, and the proof of mispent time, or of defective talents, to suppose that your acquisitions hitherto were more than the most simple elements of science, and humble handmaide to future improvements. Ignorance alone is easily satisfied with its own attainments, be-

cause it sees not how much is to be known. Real knowledge, by elevating the mind to higher ground, enlarges its horizon, enables it to discern innumerable openings into the distant and boundless fields of nature that yet remain to be explored, and, therefore, humbles it with a discovery of the small progress it has already made. You have hitherto gained little, if you have not acquired habits of application, a taste for letters, and an ardent thirst for improvement. With these qualities, what you have attained will prove an useful introduction to the great circle of sciences, and enable you to direct your own future progress in study. Without them you may loose even what you have gained. For, in the steep and arduous road of science there is no point of rest. Unless we advance we necessarily go backwards.

"Industry will be essential to your success if you would rise to eminence in any liberal profession, or serve your country with distinction in any respectable department of church or state. One or another of these objects, I presume, is your aim. I will not suppose that any of you, after the opportunities you have had to elevate and enlarge your views, to refine your sentiments, and to prepare to act an honourable part on the theatre of public life, can prove so unworthy and degenerate as to be contented to drag through the inferior grades of society, useless and undistinguished, and to yield the palm of excellence and merit wholly to others. Shall indolence hereafter destroy the hopes of your parents, the expectations of your country, your own honour, and that high respect which the elevated and virtuous mind ought to have for itself? Shall the degrading love of ease and pleasure, like a blighting mildew, blast your improvements in the bud, and prepare for you a manhood unfruitful of honour, and an old age, if you should live to see old age, vacant of rational and virtuous enjoyment, and stript of the homage due to useful and well spent years?

"You now stand on an eminence from which you should look forward to the period when you shall be ranked among the future legislators, magistrates, or interpreters of the religion, or the laws of your country. When you look through the whole compass of science, by a general acquaintance with which you should prepare yourselves for the discharge of offices so arduous and important, what

affiduity and perseverance will even your preparation for public life require?

"The time has been in this country when a smattering of knowledge, aided by some sprightliness of natural parts, would frequently secure to a man in the liberal professions both distinction and fortune. That time is nearly past. And, by reason of the more general diffusion of learning, and the growing multitude of rivals in every art, and competitors for every office, more solid acquirements, and higher qualifications will every day become more necessary for success.

"Besides, a mere theologian, or a mere lawyer is an inferior character, and not of difficult acquisition. But to be able to illustrate the sacred writings by all the aids of philology, of antiquities, of criticism, of eloquence, and philosophy—to be the interpreters of justice by a familiar recurrence to the pandects and codes of the most enlightened nations—to draw political wisdom from the history of ages, from an extensive knowledge of human nature and human society, and from so many sages who have written profoundly on that science, this is an arduous labour—this is a character venerable by its powers, its virtues, and its usefulness; and it is the only one worthy of a generous ambition, or the noble desire of doing good."

ART. XIX.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge. Vol. iv. 4to. pp. 530. Philadelphia. Dobson. 1799.

THIS collection is introduced by a catalogue of premiums proposed for the best performances on certain subjects, and for certain inventions and improvements, connected with the promotion of knowledge and happiness. These premiums were proposed in May, 1796; none of them have been hitherto awarded, except the first, which was adjudged in December, 1797, to the authors of two treatises on education, S. Knox and S. H. Smith.

The six remaining subjects relate to improvement in agriculture, economics and the arts. Means of preventing the premature decay of peach-trees; the best model for stoves or fire-places; an easy scheme for computing the longitude at sea; some improvement in the structure of ship pumps and of street lamps; and experimental information on American vegetable dyes. The communication of papers, on these subjects, was limited to a period that is now past, but as the premiums are not yet adjudged, it should seem, though it be no where directly expressed, that competitors are still admissible.

A donation, by Mr. De Magellan, of two hundred guineas, has been vested in funds, for rewarding the author of any improvement or discovery in navigation and natural philosophy. The premium consists of a gold plate of ten guineas value.

These statements are followed by minutes of transactions, by lists of new members, and of presents made to the society; among which are many valuable publications, foreign and domestic, and some curious specimens of Indian antiquities; and by a circular letter requesting information with regard to the natural history and antiquities of America.

The essays in this volume are seventy-six in number. They are extremely miscellaneous, but are limited, with two exceptions, to physical and mathematical subjects.

The mathematical papers are the following:

To determine the true place of a planet, in an elliptical orbit, directly from the mean anomaly, by converging series. By David Rhitenhouse, L. L. D. &c. This is an abstruse process, and is not susceptible of abridgement.

Method of raising the logarithm of any number immediately. By the same. This method is concisely

explained in words, and illustrated by a copious example in figures.

A letter from Mr. Andrew Ellicott to Mr. R. Patterson, in two parts.

Of the aberration of the stars, nutation of the earth's axis, and semi-annual equation. By the same.

A method of calculating the eccentric anomaly of the planets. By the same.

Observations made at old French Landing at Presque Isle, to determine the latitude of the town of Erie. By the same.

The first of these papers consists of astronomical observations, made on different occasions, by Messrs. Ellicott, Ewing, Madison, Hutchins, Rhittenhouse, Page, Andrews, and Lukens. By some of these, the westward extent of Pennsylvania, from a point on the Delaware, was found to exceed 5° of longitude, by $1^{\circ} 7^m 5$. The southern boundary of that State, formerly, in part, marked out, was completed. This line is in the parallel of $39^{\circ} 43' 18''$ north latitude. Mr. Ellicott next recounts the observations made to trace astronomical lines for the western and northern boundaries of Pennsylvania. This is followed by an account of the method used to lay out the federal territory of one hundred square miles, and the plan for the city of Washington. The bounding lines of this territory run north-west and north-easterly, are opened forty feet wide, and marked with mile-stones, on which the magnetic variation, taking place at the spot of each erection, is inscribed. In executing a plan of the metropolis, meridional lines, intersecting each other at right angles, at the area of the future capitol, were drawn to opposite extremities of the city, and formed the basis on which the rest of the plan was chiefly executed. The parallels were laid off with wooden rods, duly graduated and rendered always horizontal by plummets and sliders.

The second memoir relates to a curious particular in the planetary system, namely, the aberration of the stars, occasioned first by that proportion which exists between the velocity of the earth's motion in its orbit, and the velocity of light; and, secondly, by the nutation of the earth's axis, flowing from the unequal action of the moon on the equatorial diameter of the earth, in consequence of the retrograde revolution of the lunar nodes. The methods of correcting these inequalities are copiously explained; but a plate of the figures, to which frequent and minute references are made, no where appears. This omission is not accounted for, and is productive of much embarrassment to the reader, whose imagination is not strong enough to supply the deficiency. This memoir concludes with a mode of computing the effects of unequal solar action, between the solstices and equinoxes, on the earth's equatorial diameter.

Mr. Ellicott's third paper, (No. VIII.) respecting the eccentric anomaly of the planets, is imperfect from the want of figures. The plate is carefully referred to in this essay, but is omitted in the volume in this as in the former case.

The observations contained in the fourth paper were made to discover the latitude of the town of Erie, on the lake of the same name, which is fixed at $42^{\circ} 8' 14''$ north. The magnetic variation, at the same time and place, was $0^{\circ} 43'$ east.

The papers relative to improvements in machinery are the following:

On the improvement of time-keepers. By David Rittenhouse.

On the expansion of wood by heat. By the same.

In the first of these papers is explained a contrivance for correcting inequalities in the motion of pendulums, arising from the variable density of the air. This inequality

is very slight, being not imagined to exceed, in the case of leaden pendulums, half a second in twenty-four hours. The mode of curing this error we cannot perfectly comprehend, from the want of a plate, to which, indeed, the writer refers, but which the volume does not contain.

In the second paper the author points out another source of inequality in the motion of pendulums, namely, the tendency of heat and cold to expand and contract the substances of which they are made. To remedy this evil, some have substituted wooden rods, which have been supposed to be exempt from this influence, in place of metallic ones. Mr. Rhithenhouse, by suitable experiments, however, has discovered that wood expands with heat, though in a much less degree, than metals or glass, and that this expansion is irregular, corresponding partly to the warmth, and partly to the moisture of the atmosphere.

Mr. Collin (No. XV.) has described a machine for rescuing persons from the upper stories of houses on fire, which seems well adapted to the purpose. The description, being illustrated by a plate, is sufficiently clear. The structure is simple, but from the inevitable cumbrousness of the machine, from the urgency of those occasions on which it would be necessary; and, also, from the rare occurrence of such occasions it will not probably be ever introduced into use.

A method of adjusting the glass of Hadley's quadrant on land, for the back observation. By R. Patterson. This mode is cheap, simple, and easy, and is accurately explained.

The general principles and construction of a submarine vessel. By Dr. Bushnel of Connecticut, the inventor. Means have been contrived for moving about in the air, which, however imperfect at present, may possibly be hereafter

brought to perfection. Nothing in this way remained, but to provide a method of moving about *under water*, with as much safety and celerity as upon its surface. Dr. B.'s machine is designed for this end. We discovered, with some regret, that the purpose of the inventor, was merely a warlike one; and, indeed, it does not seem adapted to any other purpose.

Strong objections may be urged against any machine intended merely to facilitate the destruction of our fellow beings. It is obvious, indeed, that partial and temporary benefit may sometimes arise from such inventions, as long as the knowledge of them is confined to one party in the contest, and that party be the *weaker* and the *injured* party, but this benefit is necessarily short-lived. The knowledge is quickly diffused throughout the world, and the general cause of humanity is nowise promoted. It is humiliating to reflect, that thirst of blood and lust of dominion, have been the great spurs to human ingenuity; and that *floating cities*, telegraphs, balloons, and submarine vessels, gunpowder and unquenchable fire, have been merely employed to mangle the limbs, pollute the morals, and destroy the happiness of mankind.

As to the *perfectness* of this machine, a cautious observer will not be seduced by any plausibility of description, and will rely upon nothing but experiment. Some experiments are recounted by Dr. B. which, unluckily, did not succeed; though it must be acknowledged that their failure seems more owing to unskilfulness or accident, than to any inherent or incurable defects in the machine itself. There is little doubt but that experience and ingenuity, would carry this machine to the highest pitch of improvement.

Of a very different kind is the

improvement which Mr. Jefferson describes (No. XXXVIII.) in the *mould-board of ploughs*. The use of the mould-board is to receive the sod when loosened by the plough-share, and to turn it over. This end should be effected by the *least resistance possible*; and the improvement described in this memoir, is intended to realize this property. The omission of the plate, necessary to make the description intelligible, is to be much lamented.

(To be continued.)

ART. XX.

The Nature and Danger of Infidel Philosophy, exhibited in two Discourses, addressed to the Candidates for the Baccalaureate, in Yale College. By the Reverend Timothy Dwight, D. D. President of Yale College. 8vo. pp. 95. New-Haven. George Bunce. 1798.

WE learn, from an advertisement prefixed to these discourses, that, in Yale College, it is customary for the President, or the Professor of Divinity, to address a discourse to the candidates for the Baccalaureate, on the Sabbath preceding the public commencement. The discourses under consideration were delivered, on this occasion, to the class of young gentlemen who graduated September 9, 1797, and have been since published at their request.

Dr. D. takes his subject from Colossians ii. 8. *Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, &c.* In a judicious and appropriate introduction he observes, that the object of the text is not that philosophy which consists in the use and attainments of reason. This he highly respects, and warmly recommends. But that false and insidious philosophy which opposes the gospel, and which seduces from

virtue and happiness. With respect to this philosophy he undertakes—

I. To prove that it is vain and deceitful.

II. To shew that the young and inexperienced are in great danger of becoming a prey to it; and,

III. To guard them against it by several arguments.

Under the first of these heads Dr. D. proposes to demonstrate, that anti-christian philosophy is utterly incompetent to teach us the character and will of God; that its doctrines are, in a high degree, discordant and contradictory; that its principles are grossly and shamefully immoral; and that it is totally inefficacious to reform the lives of those who espouse it. In illustrating these several particulars, he enters into a minute examination of the opinions of ancient philosophers and modern infidels, and displays the influence of their opinions on their tempers and lives. This picture is drawn with a strong, discriminating, and masterly hand. Infidelity is made to appear a deformed, odious, and self-destroying monster. And a list of absurdities and contradictions is produced from its boasted stores of wisdom, which cannot fail to shock and disgust the reader.

How far the statement which Dr. D. has given of the opinions of certain infidel writers is impartial, we will not undertake to decide, not having at hand all the works which would be necessary for a full review of the subject. But we presume he will consider himself responsible for the accuracy of his abstract.

Under the second general head Dr. D. warns his young hearers, that, vain and deceitful as this philosophy is, they are still in danger of becoming a prey to it. He represents this danger to arise from the plausible, but fallacious *arguments* of ingenious and learned infidels; from the imposing *confidence*

with which they assert their doctrines and advance their arguments; from the arts which are used to induce a belief, that this false philosophy is embraced by the great body of mankind, especially by those who are most distinguished for their genius and attainments in science; from the actual bias of a depraved world towards infidelity; and from the corruptions of the hearts of his hearers themselves, being enlisted on the side of this impious philosophy.

Dr. D. then proceeds to the third and last principal division of his subject, in which he dissuades his hearers from yielding themselves a prey to this philosophy, by representing its unsettled, contradictory, and continually changing character; by shewing its inefficacy to restrain vice and promote virtue, and its tendency to produce opposite effects; by adverting to the consideration, that it has never been able to support itself, nor to make any serious impression on the evidence of the divine origin of the scriptures; and, finally, by assuring them, that philosophy will *not*, and christianity *will*, increase their comfort, and lessen their distresses in this world, and save from misery, and confer happiness hereafter.

In every part of these discussions Dr. D. discovers learning, ability, and a serious concern for the welfare of those whom he addresses. Were we to make a remark on the composition in general, it would be, that he is sometimes too diffuse, and sometimes falls into unnecessary repetition. We consider the performance, however, as uncommonly respectable. The method of treating the subject pursued by the writer, is natural and judicious. The style is perspicuous, glowing and forcible, notwithstanding occasional redundancies, and generally correct. A severe verbal critic might, indeed, frequently find room

for animadversion; but this is of small moment in a work in which style appears to have been a subordinate object with the writer. We lament that the limits to which we are confined, do not admit of laying a specimen of his reasoning and his manner before our readers.

ART. XXI.

An ORATION, pronounced on the 4th of July, 1799, at the request of the Citizens of New-Haven. By David Daggett. Second Edition. pp. 28. 8vo. New-Haven. Thomas Green and Son. 1799.

THIS singular and amusing piece of oratory commences with a quotation from Swift's description of the Grand Academy at LAGADO, in LAPUTA, by which that ingenious and witty writer has ridiculed the pretended discoveries, and useless projects of philosophers and artists, and censured the abuses of learning and science. Supposing the philosophers of the present day, not less fertile in extravagant schemes than the learned academicians of Laputa, Mr. D. points the shafts of ridicule at those, who have laboured to construct *self-moving machines*; to ascend the air in balloons, or dive to the bottom of the ocean. He observes, that agriculture has not escaped the rage for *theoretic* improvement, and the labours of the *speculative* husbandman are suspended, and his utensils neglected, in the hope of a harvest without toil. The contagion of *theory* has also extended to *medicine, education, morals and politics*: Hippocrates, Galen and Sydenham, have given place to *Brown and Perkins*. Superficial and fantastic modes of education have undermined the good old maxims of our forefathers; and new theories of morals and polity have generated

a brood of *cosmopolites*, destitute of social affections, without the love of their country, the apologists of crimes, and the propagators of licentiousness and anarchy. These innovators and projectors, and their followers, are successively subjected to the rhetorical scourge of Mr. D. who has inflicted the stings of *irony* and *sarcasm* with merciless severity. He remarks, however, that notwithstanding those sublime inventions and wonderful discoveries, the great mass of his countrymen are *stupid* enough to keep their horses and oxen, and to prefer being impelled on the surface of the sea by wind and tide, to moving among clouds or monsters of the deep, by the force of *gas* or the expansion of steam.

To the inquiry where these novel theories have appeared, Mr. D. answers:—"They have dawned upon New-England; they have glowed in the Southern States; they have burnt in France. We have seen projectors in boats, balloons and automotons. A few philosophical farmers—a few attempts to propagate naked sheep—and we have at least one philosopher in the United States, who has taken an accurate mensuration of the mammoth's bones,—made surprising discoveries in the doctrine of vibrating pendulums, and astonished the world with the precise guage and dimensions of all the aborigines in America."

An inquisitive reader might here ask, whether the discovery of the means of forming a more correct and practicable standard of measure than has hitherto existed, is a fit subject of ridicule, to a grave and enlightened audience; or whether such researches into the natural history of our country, as a distinguished and admired historian of America thought worthy of his laborious attention, merit to be confounded with every thing that is useless, ab-

surd, and hostile to the welfare and safety of human society?

Our medical readers will be disposed to think that there is neither wit, nor justice in the attempt to place *Brown* and *Perkins*, in the same class of vain pretenders to extraordinary skill. Indeed, we cannot but remark, that in this part of Mr. D.'s performance, there is too little discrimination or liberal discernment;—too much of that general, comprehensive and unqualified censure, which distinguishes the uninformed, uncandid, and less cultivated portion of society. Some distinction may be made between *new theories* of *morals*, *policy* and *legislation*, which essentially and immediately affect the happiness and tranquillity of mankind, and those theories, however extravagant, new, or speculative, in *physics*, which are in general harmless, or injurious to the interest of the individuals only, by whom they are adopted and pursued.

We do not very well know how any great improvement has been, or ever can be made in any art or science, without *theory*, and a spirit of discovery and *innovation*.—There appears little danger that men will suddenly abandon their habits of life, to adopt the schemes of any projector, however plausible.—The history of science evinces the tardiness and languor of human belief concerning things which contradict pre-conceived opinions, or surpass vulgar apprehension. Much time, patience, and perseverance, were necessary to convince mankind of the truth of many things in the science and economy of nature, which are now so familiar, that we wonder at the stupidity and folly of our ancestors in withholding their assent to such discoveries, or persecuting their authors. "It is believed that Socrates, and Plato, and Seneca; Bacon, Newton and Locke,

who lived and died before the commencement of the French revolution," were very audacious *theorists* and *innovators*. But can it be admitted, if such men existed at this day, and should embrace systems of policy different from our own, or those we regard as honest and sound, that, therefore, their science and philosophy were vain pretensions, and fatal delusions.

From his own country Mr. D. directs his views to France, the dangerous and fatal tendency of whose political principles, he depicts with much warmth and animation; and whose conduct towards America, and other nations, he describes in the strong language of just abhorrence, and honest indignation.

To some of the apologists of that nation, he thus addresses himself:

"But 'tis said, these mighty events, which now astonish the world, are in exact conformity to the will of heaven. What do the asserters of this proposition mean? That 'tis, in itself, right, and therefore, agreeable to the will of heaven, for one nation to destroy the government of another, be that government ever so bad?—If they mean this, I answer directly, the proposition is false. All writers, on the laws of nations, without an exception, teach a directly opposite doctrine. Nay, this principle would place France above reproach. It would give her the ground she has assumed, viz. That power is the only rule of action. This is her creed. This her friends, (I have, once and again heard them) declare to be her standard. And what is this but a principle which has ever been the single rule of conduct in hell!"

"But 'tis said, these events tend directly, to fulfil a great plan, for the good of the universe. Do these apologists, for Frenchmen, mean that the Directory, and their subordinates, are commissioned by God, to destroy all the governments on earth? If they mean this, I beg them to shew, first, that they are the privy counsellors of Heaven; and, secondly, that such commissions have actually issued. But do they mean that these horrid acts of plunder, treachery and

murder, are under the divine controul, and, therefore, we must acquiesce and rejoice? If they mean this, I congratulate them on their resignation, and wish that it may increase till it produces a spirit of reconciliation to our own government. But is it a just principle, that we are to be thankful, for all events, because they are under the divine controul? I think the friends of this new theory should praise God for all the evil and misery which men commit, and suffer, and they will be entitled, then, to the credit of being consistent.

"But is it meant that these events will produce good, and therefore are the subject of rejoicing? Thunder and lightning, volcanoes and earthquakes, pestilence and famine, which *affrighten*, *astonish* and *destroy*, may produce good! The fire and plague of 1665 and 1666, which desolated the first city in the world, probably, have been followed with salutary consequences! But what assembly ever yet seriously engaged in mutual congratulation, that the pestilence was slaying its thousands, or that millions of old and young, innocent and guilty, were consumed by a conflagration, or swallowed up by an earthquake?

"Nay, there was a murder, once committed, on Mount Calvary, which has produced all the good in the universe. Who has yet been found, to applaud these murderers?—Mark the difference, in the conduct of heaven, at the birth and death of the Saviour. At the one, "all the sons of God shouted for joy." At the other, in direct disapprobation thereof, the Heavens were veiled in darkness, and the earth shook to its centre!"

The conduct of their ancestors, and its effects, are thus presented to the view of his audience:

"I have made these observations, my fellow-citizens, that we may, on this anniversary of our national *existence*; a day which I hope may be kept sacred to that solemn employment, contemplate the labours, the exertions, and the characters of those venerable men who founded, and have, hitherto, protected this nation. I wish them to be seen, and compared with the speculating theorists, and mushroom politicians of this age of reason.

"It is now less than two hundred years since the first settlement of white people was effected in these United States; less than one hundred and eighty since the first settlement was made in New-Eng-

land, and less than one hundred and seventy since the first settlement was made in Connecticut. The place where we are now assembled was then a wild waste.—Instead of cultivated fields, *dens and caves*.—Instead of a flourishing city, *buts and wigwags*.—Instead of polite, benevolent, and learned citizens, *a horde of savages*.—Instead of a seat of science, full of young men, qualifying [*themselves*] to adorn and bless their country, here was only taught the art of tormenting ingeniously; and here were only heard the groans of the dying.

“What is here said of New-Haven, may, with little variation, be said of all New-England, and of many other parts of the United States.

“We have now upwards of four millions of inhabitants, cultivating a fertile country, and engaged in a commerce, with 876,000 tons of shipping, and second only to that of Great Britain.

“How has this mighty change been effected?—Was it by magic? by supernatural aid? or was it by ingenious theories in morals, economics and government? My fellow-citizens, it was accomplished by the industry, the labour, the perseverance, the sufferings, and virtues of those men from whom we glory in being descended.*

“These venerable men spent no time in extracting fun-beams from cucumbers—in writing letters to Mazzei, or perplexing the world with the jargon of the perfectability of human nature.”

“They and their illustrious descendants pursued directly, and by those means which always will succeed, for they always have succeeded, those which common sense dictate, the erection and support of good government and good morals. To effect these great objects, they stood like monuments, with their wives, their children, and their lives in their hands.—They fought—they bled—they died.—At this expense of ease, happiness and life, they made establishments for posterity—they protected them against savages—they cemented them with their blood—they delivered them to us as a sacred deposit, and if we suffer them to be destroyed by the tinsel refinements of this age, we shall deserve the reproaches, with which, impartial justice will cover such a pusillanimous race.”

The style of this oration is, in

general, clear, animated and flowing. In some parts, the strain may be regarded as unsuitable to the gravity of the occasion, and the importance of the subject; but those who are pre-disposed to laughter, will not nicely investigate its propriety.

This oration having passed through a second edition, we presume that it has secured so much of the public approbation, as will shield it from the attacks of minuter criticism.—We are not in the number of those, who expect “to make pincushions out of marble,” nor shall we attempt “to cut blocks with a razor.”

ART. XXII.

An ADDRESS, delivered before the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, at their annual Meeting in Boston, May 31, 1799. By John Davis, Esq. Boston. J. Russell. pp. 24. 8vo.

THIS is a very light, superficial and incorrect performance.—It is destitute of that unity and method which are essential to every composition, however brief and unimportant; and the language is, for the most part, crude, affected and obscure.

Though we regard with equal abhorrence as Mr. D. the abuses of human reason which have assumed the name of philosophy, and feel equal indignation, at the unjust, selfish, and pernicious conduct of the rulers in France, yet we do not see the propriety of introducing topics of this kind, on the present occasion; and particularly to occupy so considerable a portion of a brief performance, with matter, which the speaker himself considers as a digression from the *proper* subject of his discourse.

* See Trumbull's History of Connecticut—a book which ought to be in every family.

The remainder of this short speech, contains some scanty information of the means devised, and employed in some parts of Europe, for the prevention of *accidental fires*, and which must be familiar to our readers.

ART. XXIII.

An ORATION, pronounced July 4th, 1799, at the request of the Inhabitants of the Town of Boston, in Commemoration of the Anniversary of American Independence. By John Lowell, Junior. Boston. Manning and Loring. pp. 27. 8vo.

BY an institution of the town of Boston, the orator of the 4th July is required to consider "the feelings, manners, and principles," which led to the declaration and establishment of our national Independence.—That the transaction or event, which a person is selected to elucidate and embellish by his eloquence, should be the main subject of his performance, seems an obvious and essential requisite in its composition. Each successive orator, necessarily finds the ground, in some degree, pre-occupied, and the prescribed path, more and more beaten by those who have preceded. He is compelled to take a wider range in search of novelty, by which to interest the feelings, and enchain the attention of his audience; or, adhering to the more appropriate, but already exhausted topics of argument and illustration, be contented to merit or incur the imputation of indolence or dulness, by trite argumentation and stale remark, by repeated congratulation, and the reiterations of self-applause.

But the difficulty of invention, and the labour of investigation, as well as the hazard of repetition and indifference, have been, of late, di-

minished, and the orator is in danger of being dazzled by the splendour and magnificence, or overpowered by the sublimity and horror of the scene before him.

The French revolution and its causes, relations and consequences, its real and probable influence on the happiness of mankind, and particularly on our own people and government, have furnished very ample and various materials for argument, conjecture and declamation, on which all the powers of eloquence and imagination may be exercised, all the figures and graces of rhetoric employed, without fear of weariness, or danger of satiety.

The original connection between America and France, in the struggle of the former for independence, their subsequent intercourse and occasional dissensions, are topics for popular instruction and entertainment, which appear related to the principal subject of a discourse on the anniversary of our national sovereignty, and naturally lead to more distant and extended views of the French revolution.

To vindicate our revolution from the misrepresentations and calumnies of those who have endeavoured, by its example, to justify that of France, the author of the performance now under consideration, has, with much warmth of colouring and fervor of imagination, exhibited a comparison between the spirit and character of both. The two pictures present a perfect contrast. In that of America, we behold a people distinguished for "unsullied virtue, uncorrupted simplicity, and a pure and undefiled religion," impelled by an "ardent love of liberty, an unconquerable spirit of independence, a hatred of foreign dominion, and detestation of domestic oppression," calmly and dispassionately resolve "to resist the earliest incroachments of arbitrary power;" and, pursuing with moderation and

firmness, that one legitimate object, preserving inviolate moral and religious institutions, the principles of justice, the order of civil society, and the rights of persons; and when their lofty purpose was accomplished, return to the enjoyment of innocence and repose.

In the picture of France, every thing is the reverse of the former; and the diffuse and elaborate description of Mr. L. may be comprised in the sublime and forcible language of the poet, in depicting that doleful region,

"Where" *virtue* "dies," *vice* "lives and
nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious
things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear
conceived,
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire."

Mr. L. regards the spirit of faction as a base but inseparable ingredient in every free constitution. It is a noxious plant which thrives and propagates most in the genial and luxuriant soil of a popular government. Ambition and cupidity, which find so many objects of pursuit in republics and democracies, generate and maintain the turbulent and discontented race of factious beings, who, while that liberty which cherishes their existence endures, will propagate and live. But their attacks would be impotent, and their efforts fruitless, were they not "supported by foreign gold, and encouraged by external assistance." The "Gallic faction," in our own country, by a community of opinions, and a sympathy of views, have leagued with the irreligious, immoral, and disorganizing sectaries of French philosophy, to destroy the foundations of civil society, subvert our virtuous and venerable institutions, and overwhelm all religion, law, and liberty.

That sentiment of gratitude, so

natural and so powerful, after the termination of our revolution, towards our then ally, has been artfully wrought upon, to lead the people to regard with equal sensibility and approbation, the conduct of the successive ruling parties in France. The absurdity of this claim of gratitude, and its abuse, are, indeed, palpable; but the charm is now dissolved, and we are no longer to apprehend being the dupes of such dangerous hallucinations.

After expatiating on the measures of our "domestic faction," and the dangers which threaten our internal repose, the orator proceeds to point out the more imminent and striking hazards, to which we are momentarily exposed from the open attacks, and secret machinations of the rulers of France, boundless in their ambition, and insatiable in their avarice, "whose support is plunder, whose nutriment is carnage, and whose pastime is human wretchedness." He depicts the conduct of that republic, towards surrounding nations, and demands if from so ferocious a monster "we have reason to expect forbearance, to hope for its friendship, to trust to its moderation, or to confide in its justice." Those who still cherish the love of peace, and preserve their faith in the professions of France, he reproaches for their supineness and credulity, reminds them of the opinion of our chief magistrate, that there can be no peace without degradation and submission, and no security in negotiation and convention. He recalls to their view the "magnanimous and unconquerable spirit of their forefathers;" exhorts them to discard the delusive and dangerous idea of peace, and to be prepared to repel attack, or to treat at the point of the bayonet, and to proclaim our rights from the mouths of our cannon.

The conclusion, though not remarkable for its elegance or felicity,

accords with the taste and feeling of the day.

We have thus given the leading features of this oration; on which we have bestowed more attention than many of our readers may think due to its magnitude or importance. But productions of this nature, form so considerable a portion of the literary harvest of our country, that we may be excused for conferring on them a degree of attention insuitable to their intrinsic worth, and which, amidst a frequency of more valuable and lasting works, would be wholly disproportionate and misplaced.

When beings of a larger growth and more durable existence do not present themselves, the curious and deliberate inquirer may be allowed to regard, with more protracted observation, the qualities of the fleeting insects of a day.

ART. XXIV.

An ORATION, written at the request of the young Men of Boston, and delivered July 17, 1799, in Commemoration of the Dissolution of the Treaties and Consular Convention between France and the United States of America. By Thomas Paine. Boston. J. Russell. 1799. 8vo. pp. 30.*

THE origin and nature, the causes and consequences of the political connection between France and America, as well as the circumstances which led to its formal dissolution, merit the deliberate attention of all who, disregarding selfish and temporary considerations, extend their concern to the future and permanent security and felici-

ty of their country. The subject and occasion of the ORATION, here introduced to the attention of our readers, are very remarkable, and will constitute an important ingredient in the history of the two nations. From the due consideration of them are we to deduce the true principles of policy, which should guide us in our intercourse with foreign nations, and enable us to ascertain the nature and extent of those external relations, which may consist with the genuine interest, the peace, and independence of our country. How far that union, which had its origin with our first existence as a nation, has contributed to introduce a system of political action, that may influence or controul the future destiny of America, we dare not conjecture, much less to decide. In speculations of this kind Mr. P. has not indulged. He has taken no retrospective, or historical survey of his subject, nor drawn any practical conclusion from the facts before him. He has adopted a more facile and popular course; and contented himself with commenting on the character and conduct of the ruling powers in France, which may be supposed to have been the immediate causes of that event, which it was the purpose of the young men of Boston to celebrate, and the province of Mr. P. to illustrate and adorn, by his rhetorical skill.

His topics are those of daily and familiar discussion, and frequent declamation; and his sentiments and comments are not materially different from those, we have had occasion to notice in our remarks on the preceding article of this review.

Mr. P. is an ardent and zealous

* * The Law of the United States, dissolving the Treaties and Consular Convention with France, was approved by the President on the 7th July, 1798. From the vicinity of this day to our national anniversary and other causes, this event was celebrated on the 17th. This *anachronism* is not only venial in itself, but is also sanctioned by undeniable precedent."

friend to the government and institution of his own country, and he honestly avows his undissembled abhorrence of those of France.

His eloquence is of that florid and ambitious kind, most consonant to the feelings and temperament of youth. Such qualities Quintilian was pleased to observe in his pupils, because redundancy is better than deficiency, extravagance than penury of language; and it is easier to repress exuberance than to give increase to sterility, to restrain the impetuous than to stimulate the inert. But vigor and durableness cannot be attained, and preserved, without seasonable and judicious cultivation.

The style of Mr. P. abounds with metaphors; some of which are more specious than correct; with allusions more strained than new; and with expressions more studiously introduced than elegant or happy. In the selection of words he is often capricious, and too licentious in their use. Of his numerous epithets some are feeble, and a few unmeaning; and the texture of a sentence is more than once impaired, by an unapt and needless quotation. Some words of *recent* and *Gallic* origin occur, which a writer, studious of adhering to the purest and best models, would hesitate to employ. In the use or display of literary opulence, the extent of our excursions may be discovered, but the exhibition may also be motley, and mark a vulgar curiosity, rather than a refined taste and judicious selection.

These remarks may be regarded, by some, as proceeding from too nice an examination, and a too rigorous scrupulosity. Though they have been principally suggested by the perusal of Mr. P.'s performance, yet they may, in general, be applied to the preceding articles, which relate to subjects of the same nature.

Account of American Editions of Foreign Publications.

ART. XIII.

Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical. By Benjamin Count Rumford. The first American, from the third London Edition.

(Continued from page 305.)

THE fourth essay in this work is designed to investigate the causes of defects in the present mode of constructing chimnies, and to point out the remedy. The chief of these defects is the insufficient or obstructed conveyance of the smoke; in consequence of which, that which should pass up the chimney escapes into the room, and greatly diminishes the comforts and benefits of fire. For this, the obvious remedy consists in removing those hindrances to the ascent of smoke, whose natural tendency is upward, and which requires nothing but a passage.

These hindrances are various; but, in most cases, the evil is completely removed merely by diminishing the fire-place and throat of the chimney. For this end, a few bricks, and some mortar, will suffice, and the benefit derived will be, not only the freeing our apartments from smoke, so injurious to our eyes and constitution, and to furniture, and walls, and hangings, and pictures, but the saving of fuel, and the promotion of health. One half, or one third of the fuel formerly consumed, will diffuse the same degree of warmth: this warmth will be *equally* diffused, and ventilation may be easily effected by opening, for one or two minutes, a door or window.

The throats of chimnies are made too large, chiefly, to afford a passage to the chimney-sweeper; but there is a mode to be afterwards explained, by which this end may be ac-

complished, consistently with the reduction of the chimney to just dimensions.

Not only the dimensions, but the place and distance from the fuel, of the *throat* or canal of the chimney, ought to be considered. Its place ought to be perpendicularly *over the fire*, and as *near* the fire as the situation of the mantle, or arch of the fire-place, will admit. It may be sometimes necessary to lower this arch, which is cheaply and easily effected by a board or tin plate stretched across, or a row of bricks, sustained by an iron bar.

A knowledge of the modes and operations of heat, may be gained, in some sort, theoretically; and this, alone, would point out the due management of brick, mortar, and fuel, so as to produce the utmost quantity of heat. The knowledge, however, flowing from experiment, is more satisfactory, and the facts contained in this essay, though conformable to, and necessarily flowing from the known laws of heat, are, likewise, the direct results of numerous experiments.

The greatest heat is drawn into the room by bringing the fire as far forward as possible. At present the backs of fire-places are commonly *as wide* as the opening in front, whereas they ought to be *narrower* by one third. The sides are commonly perpendicular to the back, and parallel to each other, whereas they ought to be considerably inclined to it (in an angle of about one hundred and thirty-five degrees) and to present an oblique front towards the opening of the chimney, in consequence of which, the heat, instead of being reflected from one side to the other, is indirectly reflected into the room.

The heat from a fire, being chiefly produced by reflection from the back and sides, and this reflection depending not only on the position and dimensions of these,

but on the materials of which they consist, it is of great moment to discover by what materials the greatest quantity of heat is reflected. That which is not reflected is absorbed. That substance which, by exposure to the fire, becomes soonest and most hot, may be deemed to absorb most, and, consequently, to be least suitable to fire-places.

Iron, and metals in general, as they grow soonest and in the greatest degree hot, by exposure to burning fuel; that is, as they absorb most and reflect least of the heat imparted by the fuel, are the *worst* materials for a fire-place. Common brick, faced with mortar, is found to absorb least and reflect most, and, consequently, is the *best* material. Since white surfaces reflect more than surfaces of any other colour, it is useful to *white-wash* the sides and back as frequently as possible.

The degree in which it is proper to narrow the throat and back of a chimney, and to bring forward the fire, is settled by numerous experiments. In fire-places of the common size, four inches is the proper width. In no case ought it to exceed five. The back should be brought, as nearly as circumstances will admit, to one third of the breadth of the opening in front. The fuel should be perpendicularly under the opening for the smoke; and, for that end, the back should be upright. In the structure of new, and the amendment of old fire-places, let the following dimensions be observed:

Thickness of the chimney wall, in front, . . . 9 inches.
Width of the canal or throat, 4
Depth of the fire-place, 13
Width of the back, . . 13
Obliquity of the sides, 135 degrees.

Passage for the chimney-sweeper may be provided by placing a movable stone in the new back of the

chimney, fitted accurately to the cavity, and capable of being removed and replaced at pleasure.

To confer accuracy upon his statements respecting the causes and cure of smoking chimnies, the author explains, in a diffuse and popular manner, the cause of the ascent of smoke. For this end, he explains the influence of heat, in expanding, making specifically lighter, and, by consequence, raising higher, fluids of all kinds. Some beautiful experiments are described, in which oil is made to rise above water, and *hot* coloured water above colourless and *cold* water.

"Various mechanical contrivances have been imagined for preventing the wind from blowing down chimnies, and many of them have been found to be useful;—there are, however, many of these inventions, which, though they prevent the wind from blowing down the chimney, are so ill-contrived on other accounts as to obstruct the ascent of the smoke, and do more harm than good.

"Of this kind are all those chimney-pots with flat horizontal plates or roofs placed upon supporters just above the opening of the pot;—and most of the caps which turn with the wind are not much better. —One of the most simple contrivances that can be made use of, and which, in most cases, will be found to answer the purpose intended as well or better than more complicated machinery, is to cover the top of the chimney with a hollow truncated pyramid or cone, the diameter of which above, or opening for the passage of the smoke, is not above 10 or 11 inches. This pyramid, or cone, (for either will answer) should be of earthen ware, or of cast iron;—its perpendicular height may be equal to the diameter of its opening above, and the diameter of its opening below equal to three times its height. It should

be placed upon the top of the chimney, and it may be contrived so as to make a handsome finish to the brick-work. Where several flews come out near each other, or in the same stack of chimnies, the form of a pyramid will be better than that of a cone for these covers.

"The intention of this contrivance is, that the winds and eddies which strike against the oblique surface of these covers may be reflected upwards instead of blowing down the chimney. The invention is by no means new, but it has not hitherto been often put in practice. As often as I have seen it tried it has been found to be of use; I cannot say, however, that I was ever obliged to have recourse to it, or to any similar contrivance; and if I forbear to enlarge upon the subject of these inventions, it is because I am persuaded, that when chimnies are properly constructed in the *neighbourhood of the fire-place*, little more will be necessary to be done at the top of the chimney than to leave it open."

Count Rumford's mode of composition is not less singular and peculiar to himself than the subjects he has chosen. His style is remarkably diffuse, and his sentences intricate and prolix, yet there is no want of perspicuity, and nothing is languid or monotonous. The same fact is stated in company with all its circumstances, and is stated several times. His conclusions are enforced by the most familiar, long drawn, and varied illustrations. In this he thinks himself justified by that useful purpose at which he aims, the instruction of those whose ignorance makes them slow to apprehend, and their prejudice reluctant to admit, new and uncommon truths. Those accustomed to reason and investigate, would be satisfied with greater brevity, but will not be displeased with that copious display and ample elu-

cidation of the subject, which, to minds less active and enlightened, will prove absolutely necessary.

Several plates accompany this essay, in which, the author's improvements, so successfully unfolded in words, are likewise exhibited to the eye. Of these, it is only requisite to say, that they fully answer the end designed by them.

This essay concludes with some curious remarks upon the management of coal fires. As coal is likely to grow, daily, into more extensive use among us, as these remarks are less diffuse than the preceding observations, and will afford a favourable specimen of the composition of the work, we shall give them, with little variation, in his own words.

"I cannot conclude this essay without again recommending, in the strongest manner, a careful attention to the management of fires in open chimnies; for not only the quantity of heat produced in the combustion of fuel depends much on the manner in which the fire is managed, but even of the heat actually generated a very small part only will be saved, or usefully employed, when the fire is made in a careless and slovenly manner.

"In lighting a coal fire more wood should be employed than is commonly used, and fewer coals; and as soon as the fire burns bright, and the coals are well lighted, and *not before*, more coals should be added to increase the fire to its proper size.

"*Kindling balls* composed of equal parts of coal—charcoal—and clay; the two former reduced to a fine powder, well mixed and kneaded together with the clay, moistened with water, and then formed into balls of the size of hens' eggs, and thoroughly dried, might be used with great advantage instead of wood for kindling fires. These *kindling balls* may be made so inflammable as to take fire in an instant and with

the smallest spark, by dipping them in a strong solution of nitre and then drying them again, and they would neither be expensive nor liable to be spoiled by long keeping. Perhaps a quantity of pure charcoal, reduced to a very fine powder, and mixed with the solution of nitre in which they are dipped, would render them still more inflammable.

"I have often wondered that no attempts have been made to improve the fires which are made in the open chimnies of elegant apartments, by preparing the fuel; for nothing surely was ever more dirty and disgusting than a common coal fire.

"*Fire balls* of the size of goose eggs, composed of coal and charcoal in powder, mixed up with a due proportion of wet clay, and well dried, would make a much more cleanly, and, in all respects, a pleasanter fire than can be made with crude coals; and, I believe, would not be more expensive fuel. In Flanders, and in several parts of Germany, and particularly in the Dutchies of Juliers and Berg, where coals are used as fuel, the coals are always prepared before they are used, by pounding them to a powder, and mixing them up with an equal weight of clay, and a sufficient quantity of water to form the whole into a mass, which is kneaded together, and formed into cakes; which cakes are afterwards well dried, and kept in a dry place for use. And it has been found by long experience, that the expense attending this preparation is amply repaid by the improvement of the fuel. The coals, thus mixed with clay, not only burn longer, but give much more heat than when they are burnt in their crude state.

"It will doubtless appear extraordinary to those who have not considered the subject with some attention, that the quantity of heat

produced in the combustion of any given quantity of coals should be increased by mixing the coals with clay, which is certainly an incombustible body;—but the phenomenon may, I think, be explained in a satisfactory manner.

“The heat generated in the combustion of any small particle of coal existing under two distinct forms, namely, in that which is *combined* with the flame and smoke which rise from the fire, and which, if means are not found to stop it, goes off immediately by the chimney, and is lost,—and the *radiant heat* which is sent off from the fire, in all directions, in right lines;—I think it reasonable to conclude, that the particles of clay which are surrounded on all sides by the flame, arrest a part, at least, of the combined heat, and prevent its escape; and this combined heat so arrested, heating the clay red hot, is retained in it, and being changed by this operation to radiant heat, is afterwards emitted, and may be directed and employed to useful purposes.

“In composing *fire balls*, I think it probable that a certain proportion of chaff—of straw cut very fine, or even of saw-dust, might be employed with great advantage. I wish those who have leisure would turn their thoughts to this subject, for I am persuaded that very important improvements would result from a thorough investigation of it.

“The enormous waste of fuel in London may be estimated by the vast dark cloud which continually hangs over that great metropolis, and frequently overshadows the whole country, far and wide; for this dense cloud is certainly composed almost entirely of *unconsumed coal*, which, having stolen wings from the innumerable fires below, has escaped by the chimnies,

and continues to sail about in the air, till, having lost the heat which gave it volatility, it falls in a dry shower of extremely fine black dust to the ground, obscuring the atmosphere in its descent, and frequently changing the brightest day into more than Egyptian darkness.

“I never view from a distance, as I come into town, this black cloud which hangs over London, without wishing to be able to compute the immense number of chaldrons of coals of which it is composed; for could this be ascertained, I am persuaded so striking a fact would awaken the curiosity, and excite the astonishment of all ranks of the inhabitants; and *perhaps* turn their minds to an object of economy to which they have hitherto paid little attention.”

The *fifth essay* is somewhat miscellaneous. Its topics are curious in themselves, but not of such relative importance as to demand an accurate abridgment. Some account is given of the Military Academy at Munich, of the means employed to improve the breed of horses in Bavaria, but which, by reason of the jealousy and obstinacy of the peasants, failed of success; and of a scheme for improving the breed of horned cattle, the issue of which has been eminently favourable. A plan is then explained for destroying a species of usury prevalent at Munich; and, lastly, a project for employing the soldiery, in time of peace, in making and repairing the highways. All these schemes testify the benevolence and genius of the writer, and show us the extensive reformation which the minister of a despotic prince is capable of effecting.

Subjoined, are several tables exhibiting the management and expenses of the institutions for the poor, at Munich and Dublin.

SELECTIONS.

Condition of the Female Sex at Constantinople.

[From Dallaway's Description of Constantinople.]

THE inhabitants of the seraglio exceed six thousand, of which about five hundred are women. Many who are employed there during the day, have their houses and families in the city.

When the sultan comes to the throne, the grandees present him with virgin slaves, who, they hope, may become their patronesses.—From these, principally, six are then chosen, who are styled Kadinns; but the late sultan Abdulhamid added a seventh. The first of them who gives an heir to the empire, becomes the favourite, and has the title of Hasseky-sultan. There are many others in the harem, but they seldom are suffered to infringe the exclusive privilege of producing heirs to the empire, which the kadinns claim; for, with the others, the most infamous means of prevention are forcibly adopted. If the child of the first hasseky-sultan should die, her precedence is lost. The old story of the ladies standing in a row, and the sultan's throwing his handkerchief to his choice, is not true: His preference is always officially communicated by the kishlar-aga.

So dependant is opinion upon education and the early habits of life, that the state of female society in the seraglio, is to themselves that

of the most perfect happiness. It was ordained by Mahommed that women should not be treated as intellectual beings, lest they should aspire to equality with men. This system he found already prevalent in the east, and received by his converts, and therefore cannot be charged with having curtailed their liberty and social intercourse.—Throughout Turkey, in every rank of life, the women are literally children of larger growth, as trifling in their amusements, as unbounded in their desires, and as absolutely at the disposal of others, being considered by the men merely as created for the purposes of nature, or sexual luxury. None of our mistakes concerning the opinions of the Turks, is more unjust than that which respects the notion attributed to them, that women have no souls; on the other hand, they are promised, in the Koran, to be restored with all the charms of eternal youth and unblemished virginity, and what, in many instances, may heighten the idea of perfect paradise to themselves, not again to be united with their former earthly husbands, but to be allotted to other true muslimans by the benevolence of the prophet.

The females of the seraglio are chiefly Georgian and Circassian slaves, selected from all that are either privately bought, or exposed to sale in the Avret Bazar,* and, for many reasons, are admitted at an

* The Avret Bazar (woman market) consists of an inclosed court, with a cloister and small apartments surrounding it. It is supplied by female slaves brought from Egypt, Abyssinia, Georgia, and Circassia, who are exposed to public sale every Friday morning. Those from the first mentioned countries are generally purchased for domestic services, which, in a menial capacity, no Turkish woman will condescend to perform; their persons or countenances are rarely beautiful, and their price seldom exceeds forty pounds English. The exquisite beauty of the others is enhanced by every art of dress and oriental accomplishments, and they are usually sold for several thousand piasters. Many are reserved for the seraglio, where, though they

early age. We may readily conclude, that an assemblage of native beauty so exquisite, does not exist in any other place.

The education of these girls is very scrupulously attended to; they are taught to dance with more luxuriance than grace, to sing and to play on the *tambourin*, a species of guitar; and some of them excel in embroidery. This arrangement is conducted solely by the elder women, though from the taste for European fashions, which sultan Selim openly avows, some Greek women have been lately introduced to teach them the harp and piano-forte, which they had learned for that purpose. Amongst the five hundred already mentioned, the *kislâr-aghâ* precisely settles all precedence. Some are disqualified by age from the notice of the sultan, and of those who are considered as wives, there are four; he is restricted to seven, but, as to concubines, there is no legal limitation; and their number depends on the inclination of their sublime master. The superiors spend their time in a series of sedentary amusements. Dress, the most sumptuous that can be imagined, changed frequently in the course of the day; the most magnificent apartments and furniture, visits of ceremony with each other, and the incessant homage of their subordinate companions, fill their minds with a sort of supine happiness, which, indeed, is all that most Turkish women aspire to, or are qualified to experience.

Sometimes, as an indulgence, they are permitted to go to the kiosques near the sea, of which cir-

cumstance the officers of police are informed, that no vessel should approach too near the *seraglio* point. Every summer the sultan visits his palaces in rotation, for a short time, with his *harêm*; when every pass and avenue, within three or five miles distance, is guarded by fierce *Bostandjîs*,* lest the approach of any male being should contaminate them.

They depend entirely upon their female slaves for amusements which have any thing like gaiety for their object, and recline on their sofas for hours, whilst dancing, comedy, and buffoonery, as indelicate as our vulgar puppet show, are exhibited before them. Greek and Frank ladies occasionally visit them, whose husbands are connected with the *Porte* as merchants or interpreters, under pretence of shewing them curiosities from Europe.—From such opportunities all the accurate information concerning the interior palace must be collected, and to such I am, at present, indebted.

The articles of female habiliment are infinite, both as to cost and number; but change of fashion is adopted only for the head attire, which happens with scarcely less frequency than in the courts of Europe. They are imitated by the Greek ladies, whose dress differs little from theirs; but the original Greek dress, rather than of the Turkish *harêm*, is that described by lady M. Wortley Montague. Both the style of beauty, and the idea of improving its effect by ornament, amongst the Ottoman women, have much singularity. Of the few I have seen with an open veil, or

are considered as most fortunate, they are most frequently sacrificed. Intrigues are concealed by the application of poisonous drugs, which often occasion death, and upon detection of pregnancy they are instantly drowned. One shudders to relate how many of these victims are taken out into the sea at the dead of the night, and committed to the deep. Formerly, the *Avrêt Bazar* was open to Franks, who were supposed to purchase slaves in order to redeem them, but they are now excluded, by order of the present sultan's father.

* The sultan's body guards.

without one, the faces were remarkable for their symmetry and brilliant complexion, with the nose straight and small, the eyes vivacious, either black or dark blue, having the eye-brows partly from nature, and as much from art, very full and joining over the nose. They have a custom too of drawing a black line with a mixture of powder of antimony and oil, called *Surmeh*, above and under the eyelashes, in order to give the eye more fire. Of the shape and air little can be said from our idea of loveliness. All the Levantine women, from their mode of sitting on their sofa, stoop extremely, and walk very awkwardly. Warm baths, used without moderation, and unrelieved idleness, spoil, in most instances, by a complete relaxation of the solids, forms that nature intended should rival the elegance of their countenances. The nails, both of the fingers and feet, are always stained of a rose colour. Such is the taste of Asiatics. The discriminative trait of beauty between the Circassian and Greek women, is the more majestic air and stature of the former, while the latter excel upon a smaller scale, no less in brilliancy of complexion, than in symmetry and delicacy of form. The statues of Juno, Minerva, or the Amazons, are contrasted by that of the Medicean Venus. Both very generally answer to Homer's description of 'the full eyed,' and 'the deep bosomed.'

In the streets of Constantinople no female appears without her *feredje* and *mahramah*; the former resembles a loose riding coat with a large square cape, covered with quilted silk, and hanging down low behind, made universally amongst the Turks of green cloth, and amongst the Greeks and Armenians of brown, or some grave colour. The *mahramah* is formed by two pieces of muslin, one of which is tied under

the chin, enveloping the head, and the other across the mouth and half the nose, admitting space enough for sight. Yellow boots are drawn over the feet; and thus equipped a woman may meet the public eye without scandal. This dress is of very ancient invention, calculated for concealment of the person, nor can there be a more complete disguise.

In every civilized country, the middle ranks in society enjoy the truest comfort. Whilst the ladies of the harems of great or opulent Turks are consoling themselves with fastidious indulgence, in luxury unknown to the vulgar, the wives and concubines of sober citizens are allowed almost a free intercourse with each other. The men, merchants or mechanics, are engaged in their various occupations, leaving the whole day at the disposal of the women, who walk the streets and bazars in groupes of muffled figures, or go to the cemeteries, where, upon stated days, under pretence of saying prayers at the graves of deceased friends, they enjoy the shade of cypresses, whilst loitering away many hours; and show unrestrained happiness, by the most vehement loquacity. Several times a year they are drawn in arabahs, or painted waggons with a covering of red cloth, by buffaloes gaudily harnessed, to some favourite retreat in the country, but never attended by the men of their family.

That love of splendid dress which distinguishes the nations of the east, pervades every rank of females. Those connected with the meanest labourer, occasionally wear brocade, rich furs, and embroidery of gold or silver, which are willingly supplied by his daily toil. In large harems, the number of children is proportionably small, where few women produce more than three. Much has been said concerning the infidelity of the Turk-

ish women belonging to harems of quality. Whoever has passed a few years in this country, must know that any scheme of gallantry would be utterly impracticable, however they may have been prompted, by personal vanity, to impose a false opinion on the world. In complete establishments they are guarded by those unfortunate men

'Who youth ne'er loved, and beauty
ne'er enjoyed;'

and in those of less expense, by old women, whose ceaseless vigilance is equally secure.

If such things ever happen, it may be supposed of those who are permitted to gad abroad; but this privilege is conditional, and never without a certain number of relatives or neighbours.

During my residence at Pera I heard of but one circumstance only. A young Venetian served in the shop of an apothecary at Constantinople, whom a Turkish lady, attended only by her slave, came to consult, and was shewn into another room, leaving the apprentice and the fair Circassian alone. It is said that nothing then passed between them. In a few days returning with her mistress, and the same opportunity recurring, she opened her heart, proposed elopement, and promised much treasure. She kept her word, and they disappeared without subsequent detection.— Upon discovery, the punishment of these lovers would have been horrible; he would have been impaled alive, and she drowned in a sack. Such a penal code as that of the Turks has, in no period of corruption, been adopted by any nation of Christians.

Infidelity or licentiousness in women is a subject of the severest crimination amongst the Turks, and their punishment of it borders upon gross barbarity. That branch of police is under the jurisdiction of the Bostandji Bashi, or captain

of the guard, with many inferior officers. When any of these miserable girls are apprehended, for the first time they are put to hard labour, and strictly confined; but for the second they are re-committed, and many at a time tied up in sacks, and taken in a boat to the Seraglio-point, where they are thrown into the tide. The Turks excuse this cruelty by pleading the law, and adding that every woman has it in her power to be attached to one man, by kebinn, or contract for a certain term before the kady, which ceremony would exempt them from the cognizance of the police.

The real state of female slaves in Turkey has been much misrepresented. I do not allude to it previously to their establishment in some harem, when exposed to sale with practices of their owner equally repugnant to humanity and decency: but when they become private property, they are well clothed, and treated with kindness by their mistresses. If the husband presents his wife with a female slave, she becomes her sole property, and he cannot cohabit with her without legal complaint of the wife, excepting with her consent, which prudence generally inclines her to give. No woman of Turkish birth can be an odalik, or domestic slave. Illegitimacy is unknown, for every child, born of the wife or concubine, has nearly equal rights. The superior privilege of the wife consists only in the partition of the husband's property on his decease, and the difficulty of procuring a divorce without her acquiescence. Odaliks are dismissed and resold at pleasure, if they have borne no child. But it frequently happens that they become confidential with their mistresses, are emancipated, and married to husbands whom they provide for them. Few young men have more than one wife, but the elder, if opulent, indulge them-

selves to the extent of the prophet's licence. My fair countrywomen, from so slight a sketch of female economy in this eccentric nation, may form favourable conclusions respecting that of our own. They may rest assured, that in no other country are the moral duties and rational liberty so justly appreciated, or so generally rewarded with happiness.

Sketch of the Manners of Modern Rome.

[From Stolberg's Travels.]

TO-day and yesterday I have been in company with modern Romans. This morning I was presented to the pope. This old man, who exercises his office with so much solemn dignity, is exceedingly pleasant and familiar, in personal intercourse. I found him sitting at his writing desk: he desired me to sit by him, and conversed with me, with animation and intelligence, on different subjects.

Pius the sixth occupies himself in the cabinet, gets up in winter before day-light, and performs the weighty duties of the papal chair, with a knowledge of present circumstances, and with a firm mind.

The disputes between himself and the king of Naples have been adjusted by him with great prudence; he having preserved, instead of renouncing the least of his rights. He has conducted himself in the affairs of France with equal wisdom and dignity; and has escaped all the snares that have been laid for him, openly and in secret, by the national assembly, which might have led him to take steps that would have given an appearance of justice to their rapacious views.

The secretary of state, cardinal Zelada, is, properly, the prime

minister. He is a man of much understanding and uncommon assiduity. He rises, at this season of the year, at four in the morning; and he seldom leaves the walls of the vatican.

Cardinal Borgia is a man of great ardour, intelligence, and knowledge. He loves the learned; and is glad to see them assemble round him at his table.

A translation of the poem of the Argonauts, by Apollonius Rhodius, is now preparing, by cardinal Frangini. His knowledge of the modern Greek, which he speaks with facility, was serviceable to him, by rendering the ancient Greek more familiar.

The senitor, prince Rezonico, and a count of the same family, understand and love German literature. I have made an acquaintance with the Marchese Rangone, formerly the first minister of the duke of Modena. He likewise reads the German authors with delight; and, to a noble character, adds extensive learning and real genius.

You perceive that interesting men are still to be found among the great. I grant indeed they are *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. Most of the *Principi*, *Marchesi*, and titled nobility, here, are ignorant; and have that arrogance which sleeps in barren ignorance, like earth unbroken by the plough. But are there no such men among us?

The education of the daughters of the nobility is wretched; hence, domestic happiness is rare. Domestic happiness is a source of tranquillity, of joy, and a preservative against vice; and I think it probable that this kind of happiness is better understood in Germany than in any other country on earth.

From the bad education of the women, domestic virtues, and with them the domestic happiness of the higher ranks, are injured; and the poison of their vices sheds itself

among their inferiors, whose passions, without this concomitant, are violent to excess. The people of Rome are rather led astray and bewildered than, as some would persuade us, addicted to vice by nature. Where the climate inflames the passions, which are neither restrained by education nor curbed by law, they must rise higher, and burn with greater excess, than in other countries. It is dreadful to hear that in Rome, the population of which is estimated at a hundred and sixty eight thousand persons, there are annually about five hundred people murdered. I do not believe, that in all Germany, fifty men perish by murder, within the same period. But could this have been said of the middle ages? And yet our nation has always maintained the best reputation among nations.

The people of Rome cannot be justly accused of robbery. A stranger is no where safer, but is more frequently plundered in most of the great cities of Europe. The Roman stabs his enemy, but does not rob. Anger is his stimulus; and this anger frequently lingers for months, and sometimes for years, till it finds an opportunity of revenge. This passion, which is inconceivable to those who do not feel it, this most hateful of all the passions, the ancients frequently supposed to be a virtue; and it still rages among many of the nations of the south. The passions of the people of Rome are frequently roused by playing at *mora*; though the law has severely prohibited this game; and, if they are disappointed at the moment, of their revenge, they wait for a future occasion. Jealousy is another frequent cause of murder: it being with them an imaginary duty to revenge the seduction of their wife, their daughter, or their sister, on the seducer. The catholic religion, ill under-

stood, encourages the practice: the people being persuaded that, by the performance of trifling ceremonies, and the inflicting of penance, they can wash away the guilt of blood.

All the assiduity of the present pope is not sufficient to reform the police; the faults of which originate in the constitution of Rome. Many churches afford a sanctuary to the pursued culprit. Foreign ambassadors, likewise, yield protection; which extends not only to their palaces, but to whole quarters of the city; into which, the officers of justice dare not pursue offenders. The ambassadors, it is true, are obliged to maintain a guard; but who is ignorant of the mischief arising from complicated jurisdiction? Many cardinals seek to derive honour by affording protection to pursued criminals. Could we find all these abuses collected in any other great city, many men would be murdered, though not so many as in Rome; but robbery would be dreadfully increased, which here is unknown.

Were I to live in a foreign country, and condemned to spend my life in a great city, it is probable there is no place I should prefer to Rome. In no place is the fashionable world so free from restraint. You may daily be present at the *conversazioni*, and go from one to another. Numerous societies, in spacious apartments, are continually to be found; and the visitor is always received with the most prepossessing politeness. The intercourse of society is no where so free as here: you may neglect your visits for weeks or months, and, undisturbed, indulge your own humour. You may return again, after an absence of weeks or months, without being once questioned concerning the manner in which you have disposed of your time.

Do not, from this, accuse the Roman nobility more than any other

people of fashion, of a want of personal affection: the apathy of the great world is every where the same. The absence or the death of any man, is, in no country, felt in fashionable society: but every where, except in Italy, it arrogates to itself an insupportable tyranny over each of its associates.

In the great cities of Germany, we talk of being social; but what can be more unsocial than a company of men who sit down to a silent card party? The animation of the Italians, obviates the degrading necessity of such parties. In company, they play very little; but they converse with fire: and, notwithstanding their rapidity, many Italians express themselves excellently.

A sense of the ancient grandeur of Rome is not yet quite lost to the people. When the queen of Naples was last here, and at the theatre, she was received with great applause; self-forbearance induced her to make signs to the people to cease their loud clapping, and their shouts of welcome. The people took this very ill; and, the next day, a person of my acquaintance heard one orange woman say to another, "Did you hear how the foreign queen despised our people last night? She must surely have forgotten that many queens before now have been brought in chains to Rome."

A FERMENT for Bread used at Debretzin.

[From Townson's Travels in Hungary.]

LIGHTER, whiter, and better flavoured bread than that made here I never ate; nor did I ever see elsewhere, such large loaves. Were I not afraid of being accused of taking advantage of the privilege of travellers, I should say they were near half a yard cubed. As this

bread is made without yeast, about which such a hue and cry is often raised, and with a substitute which is a dry mass, that may be easily transported and kept half a year or more, I think it may be of use to my country for me to detail the Debretzin art of making bread. The ferment is thus made: two good handfulls of hops are boiled in four quarts of water, this is poured upon as much wheaten bran as can be well moistened by it, to this are added four or five pounds of leaven; when this is only warm, the mass is well worked together to mix the different parts. This mass is then put in a warm place for twenty-four hours, and after that it is divided into small pieces about the size of a hen's egg, or a small orange, which are dried by being placed upon a board and exposed to a dry air, but not to the sun: when dry, they are laid by for use, and may be kept half a year. This is the ferment, and it is to be used in the following manner: for a baking of six large loaves, six good handfulls of those balls are taken and dissolved in seven or eight quarts of warm water. This is poured through a sieve into one end of the bread-trough, and three quarts more of warm water are poured through the sieve after it, and what remains in the sieve is well pressed out: this liquor is mixed up with so much flour as to form a mass of the size of a large loaf, this is strewed over with flower, the sieve with its contents is put upon it, and then the whole is covered up warm, and left till it has risen enough, and its surface has begun to crack: this forms the leaven. Then fifteen quarts of warm water, in which six handfulls of salt have been dissolved, are poured through the sieve upon it, and the necessary quantity of flour is added, and mixed and kneaded with the leaven; this is covered up warm, and left for

about an hour. It is then formed into loaves, which are kept in a warm room half an hour; and after that they are put in the oven, where they remain two or three hours, according to the size. The great advantage of this ferment is, that it may be made in great quantities at a time, and kept for use. Might it not, on this account, be useful on board of ships, and likewise for armies when in the field?

Sketches of distinguished Characters.

Dr. DWIGHT.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT was born in the town of Northampton, State of Massachusetts, on the Connecticut River, in May, 1752. His father was a very respectable citizen of the State, and held several civil and military offices under the crown. The event which separated the United States from Great-Britain rendering him suspected, though without reason, he retired to the territory at the Natches, of which he was one of the original purchasers, and died there some time in the year 1777. Mrs. Dwight, the mother of Dr. Dwight, was daughter of the celebrated President Edwards, the Locke of America, and is still living.

Dr. Dwight received the usual school and academic instruction then afforded to youth in the United States; and, at the age of thirteen or fourteen, was admitted into Yale College, at New-Haven, in Connecticut. The term of residence in this institution, previous to graduation, is four years. Here Mr. Dwight very much distinguished himself, particularly in the two last years of his studentship; so that, soon after his taking the degree of bachelor, and at the early age of seventeen or eighteen, he was elected a tutor. In this situation he continued, with great ap-

plause and with great benefit to the college, nearly seven years. He quitted the office of tutor, on the occasion of his marriage, in the year 1777-8, and at the age of twenty-five.

The administration of Yale College was at no time more respectable than during the tutorship of Mr. Dwight. Most of the tutors, at that period, were men of uncommon merit; and of these the most distinguished was Mr. Trumbull, the author of "*M'Fingal*." In connection with this gentleman, Mr. Dwight wrote several occasional and periodical papers, in verse and prose, with uncommon success at the time, but which have since been forgotten in the attention that has been attracted by their subsequent publications. It was while tutor, and in his 19th year, that Mr. Dwight commenced his poem intitled, "*The Conquest of Canaan*;" which was finished, and a subscription for printing it put in circulation, if I do not mistake, in 1775. But the turbulence of the times, and the difficulties which the unsettled state of the country opposed to the distribution of any work—for the present ready intercommunication did not then exist—induced him, notwithstanding the unexampled patronage of a subscription for 3000 copies, to postpone the publication to a period more favourable to the pursuits of literature.

At leaving the College, Mr. Dwight had destined himself to the bar: but the solicitations of a military friend prevailed on him to suspend his devotion to the necessary studies for a time, and to enter the army as a chaplain to one of the Connecticut brigades. In this situation he remained about three years; and the spirit of the American soldiery is supposed to have been not a little encouraged and supported by the numerous songs and

occasional addresses which were composed and circulated through the army by the joint care of Mr. Dwight, Col. Humphreys, and Mr. Joel Barlow.

On quitting the army, Mr. Dwight resumed the business of instructor, and opened an academy at Northampton; in which he continued with singular reputation, till 1783. In this period, he retouched his "*Conquest of Canaan*," and gave it its present form; and on two occasions discharged the duties of a representative of the town, in the legislative assembly of Massachusetts. In the legislature he was very conspicuous; and was strongly solicited to engage in public life, and consent to be elected one of the delegates to the Congress, under the confederation. But a disgust which he had taken to the profession of law, and, perhaps, to legal studies—which are usually connected with political pursuits in the United States—determined him to adhere to the pulpit, to which he felt a growing inclination; and he now sedulously devoted himself to theological studies.

Perhaps the United States have produced no man endowed with talents so peculiarly adapted for the pulpit as Mr. Dwight. To the natural advantages of a person and countenance at once engaging and majestic, a voice full, melodious, and discriminating, and an unusual share of manly sensibility, he added the acquired excellencies of learning various and profound, of spacious and minute observation on all the ordinary affairs, and extensive and particular reflection on all the duties of men; and an eloquence acute, rational, soothing, touching, and commanding at will; and that adapted itself, with equal ease, and without the sacrifice of elegance, to the apprehension of the scholar and the ploughman. As soon as it was known that he

designed to engage in the ministry, he received various offers of settlement: he finally accepted of those from the parish of Greenfield, in Connecticut; whither he removed late in 1783, or early in 1784.

Encumbered with a young and increasing family, and with a salary inadequate to the demand made upon it by his hospitable disposition, Mr. Dwight was obliged to have recourse once again to the business of instruction. He opened an academy at Greenfield; and had soon the satisfaction of seeing it patronized by the most respectable men in the country. Young men resorted thither from the remotest, as well as the nearest, parts of the United States; and this infant seminary, under the auspices of its founder, obtained a quick and firm establishment. Amidst the incessant occupations which now harrassed him, Mr. Dwight, nevertheless, found time to plan and accomplish many literary works, some of which have since appeared. His reputation was now rapidly extending. In 1788, the College at Princeton, New-Jersey, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He continued at Greenfield, to preach and superintend his academy till, on the death of the late venerable Dr. Stiles, he was elected President of Yale College, and removed to New-Haven in the autumn of 1795. This is his present situation; and, under his care, the institution over which he presides, daily acquires consideration, and multiplies its means of improvement for students.

Of the merits of Dr. Dwight as an author, and especially as a poet, different opinions have been, and probably will continue to be formed. It is certainly to be regretted, that his powers have been lavished on a subject which no longer possessing general interest, is not likely to attract general attention, or promote the welfare of mankind, in

any remarkable degree. But the lover of poetry, who shall not be prevented by this from the perusal of "*The Conquest of Canaan*," will discover in it many passages highly poetical; he will probably read the eleventh book with pleasure more than once; and will unite with the celebrated author of "*The Botanic Garden*" in an eulogium on the versification, which, for uniform correctness, has seldom been surpassed.

Dr. Dwight has published—

1. *The Conquest of Canaan*, an epic poem in eleven books. Hartford, 1785. Reprinted in London in 1786, I believe by Johnson.

2. *Greenfield Hill*, a poem in seven parts. Published at New-York in 1794. Republished in London in 1797.

3. Numerous smaller poems, published at various periods; but principally collected in "*American Poems, selected and original*," vol. i. Published at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1793.

4. A dissertation on the History, Poetry, and Eloquence of the Bible. It was delivered publicly, on the occasion of the author's taking the degree of A. M. and was printed at the time.

5. A Sermon on the Capture of General Burgoyne. This title is not exact. 1777, or 1778.

6. A Sermon, delivered before the Governor and Legislature of Connecticut, at the General Election in May, 1791.

7. A Discourse on the Genuineness and Authenticity of the New Testament. 1794.

8. *The true Means of establishing Public Happiness*. A Sermon delivered on the occasion of the 4th of July, before the Cincinnati, 1795.

9. *The Nature and Danger of Infidel Philosophy*, exhibited in two Discourses, addressed to the Candidates for the Baccalaureate in Yale College. 1798.

10. Several other pieces, in verse and prose, have been ascribed to Dr. Dwight, which have never been collected, and some of which he has never acknowledged.

May, 1798.

H.

LAZARE, ci-devant ST. MEARD, and his fellow Prisoners in the Ab-baye.

FORTUNE appears sometimes to take delight in sporting with the destiny of certain individuals; and in the fate of such, we always become peculiarly interested. The hair-breadth escapes in battle; the romantic but perilous events attendant on shipwreck; the critical preservation from the devouring element of fire; all naturally astonish and delight us: for, in spite of the gloomy reveries of some pretended philosophers, man is naturally good!

But if we are actuated by surprise, if we are fascinated with pleasure, at the deliverance of our fellow men from difficulties that occur daily, how much more shall we be astonished and rejoiced at the escape of an individual, from a massacre of St. Bartholomew, undertaken under the auspices of a sanguinary king, or a still more recent one, during the existence of a bloody and ferocious anarchy?

Journiac Saint Meard, who, since the establishment of the republic, has exchanged this name for that of "citizen Lazare," appertained to the order of nobles, and resided occasionally at the castle of St. Meard. While the peasants were burning the *chateaus* of the neighbouring lords, his tenants placed a may-pole in his court-yard, and danced around it: this circumstance does him infinite honour. The decree for annihilating feudal privileges, bereaved him of half his fortune, and made him at first discontented with the new order of

things; but he was warmly attached to the cause of liberty, and hated on this account by his own class. Like the greater part of that body, he made the profession of arms his study, and attained the rank of captain-commandant *des chasseurs du régiment d'infanterie du roi*. He was present at the *affair of Nancy*, and experienced a series of dangers during that eventful period which more than once had nearly proved fatal to him. The regiments *du Roi*, *Mestre de Camp*, *Châteauvieux*, and several battalions of national guards, nominated him their general, and forced him, against his inclination, to conduct them to Lunéville, in order to take general Malseigne from the Carabeneers. This was a trying occasion, and he had a narrow escape; but it was nothing to what he was destined to experience a few months afterwards.

Being, like most of the military chiefs of that day, an *avowed royalist*, the capture, imprisonment, and decapitation of the king, could not be indifferent to him. He did not, however, attempt to escape, and become an emigrant; on the contrary, he appears to have employed his talents in literary compositions, in favour of his party, and was a constant correspondent to what were then termed the *counter-revolutionary gazettes*.

At length the reign of terror approached, and a few detestable characters having acquired a preponderance in the capital, conceived the horrid plan of deluging it with blood. The municipality, at that time consisting principally of foreigners, took the lead in this scene of horrors, and caused a general sweep to be made of all whom they presumed to consider as *suspected persons*. St. Meard, among a crowd of other unfortunates, was arrested

on the 22d of August, carried to the *Mairie** at nine o'clock in the morning, and detained there until eleven at night. His subsequent adventures will come with a better grace from himself than any other person, and they shall be related, as near as possible, word for word. In addition to the interest we are naturally inclined to take in the sufferings of an individual, here will be found a variety of particulars relative to this dark and shocking conspiracy; and it may, perhaps, be permitted to add, that it contains the most minute account hitherto published of this disgraceful period in the French history.

"*J'entends encore leurs cris; leurs lamentables cris.*" *Méropé. Volt.*

"After I had been arrested, two persons, without doubt members of the committee, made me enter an apartment; one of them, overcome with fatigue, fell asleep; the other asked me, if I was M. Jourgniac Saint Meard? I replied in the affirmative, on which he desired me to sit down, adding, "we are all equal—be seated." He then told me, that I was suspected of being the editor of *Le Journal de la Cour et de la Ville*, and that Gautier, whose name had been affixed to it, was a *mere man of straw*. I offered to give him my *word of honour*, that he was mistaken; but he replied, that it was ridiculous to talk now about honour.† He then told me I had been accused of going to the frontiers; I replied that I had not been out of Paris for twenty-three months.

"Are you acquainted with M. Durosot, editor of the *Gazette de Paris*?"

"Only by reputation—I never saw him in my life."

"This astonishes me, for a letter from you has been found among

* The residence of the mayor.

† "Eh! Monsieur, il n'est plus question de parole d'honneur."

his papers—it will not, however, prove of any disservice to you—it contains only a copy of the speech you made to the *chasseurs* of your company during the insurrection of Nancy—But are you not a *chevalier de St. Louis*!”—“Yes, Sir—”

“Why do not you wear the cross then?”

“Here it is, I have worn it constantly for the last six years.”

“This is sufficient for to-day—I shall go and tell the committee that you are here.”

“Be kind enough to inform the members, at the same time, that if justice be done me, I shall be set at liberty; for I am neither editor nor recruiting officer for the princes, nor conspirator, nor denunciator.”

A few minutes afterwards three soldiers made their appearance, and gave me a signal; in consequence of which, I followed them. When we had reached the court, they invited me to get into a hackney coach along with them; and this being complied with, they ordered the driver to carry us to the *Hôtel du Faubourg Saint Germain*.

No sooner had we arrived at this *hôtel*, which proved to be the *Abbaye*,* than they presented me, along with a little billet, to the jailer; who, after having hoped, as usual, that my detention would not prove long, caused me to be conducted to a large hall, which served as a chapel to the prisoners under the old government. I counted nineteen unfortunates, extended on coarse beds, made out of hemp; I was accommodated with that of

M. DANGREMONT, whose head had been cut off only two days before! That very afternoon, when we were about to sit down to dinner,

M. CHANTEREINE, colonel of the constitutional troops

of the king's household, stabbed himself three times successively with a knife: after exclaiming,† “we are all destined to be massacred . . . My God, I fly to you!” He died two minutes after.

On the 23d I drew up a memorial, in which I unmasked the turpitude of those who had denounced me; of this I transmitted copies to the minister of justice, to my section, to the committee of inspection, and to all whom I thought likely to feel for the injustice under which I laboured.

At five o'clock in the afternoon,

M. DUROSOI, editor of the *Gazette de Paris*, became one of the companions of our misfortunes. No sooner did he hear my name mentioned than he exclaimed: “Ah! Sir, permit a man whose last hour is approaching, to open his heart to you.” I then embraced him, after which he read a letter which he had just received, and which was to the following purport:

“My friend, prepare for death; you are condemned, and to-morrow - - - - - I should die with grief, were it not that you know what I have promised you. Adieu.”

While this note was reading, I beheld the tears flowing down his cheeks; he then kissed the paper several times, and I could hear him say, in a low tone of voice: “Alas! she will suffer much more than myself!” After this, he lay down on my bed, and we both fell asleep. At break of day he arose, and drew up a memorial, in his justification; it was written with energy, but did not produce any favourable consequence, for his head was cut off the very next day, by the *guillotine*.

On the 25th the commissaries of the jail at length permitted us to

* A famous prison, formerly the palace of the archbishop of Paris.

† Nous sommes tous destinés à être massacrés Mon Dieu, je vais à vous!”

procure a newspaper called *le Journal du Soir*, and a new prisoner, among several others, brought us one, in which I read a very violent paragraph against myself, over-rating my fortune, assigning me an estate appertaining to M. de Segur, and accusing me as editor of an *anti-constitutional gazette*.*

In the sacristy of the chapel, which served us as a prison, was confined a captain of the Swiss guards, called

REDING,

whose arm had been broken by a musket shot, on the 10th of August; besides this, he had received four sabre wounds on the head. Some citizens saved, and carried him to a ready furnished apartment, whence he was removed to the *Abbaye*, where his arm was set a second time.

On the 26th at midnight, a municipal officer inscribed our names in a register, and gave us hopes that were not realized in the sequel. On the 28th and 29th more carriages arrived with prisoners; we could see them enter from a turret, the windows of which overlooked the street *Se. Marguerite*. We afterwards paid dearly for this satisfaction.

A person about eighty years of age, was conducted into our apartment on the 30th, and slept along with us. The day after we learned that it was

THE SIEUR CAZOTTE, author of the poems *d'Olivier, Diable amoureux, &c.* The gaiety of the old man, which bordered on folly, diverted us a little from thinking on our misfortunes. He affected to speak in the oriental manner, and endeavoured seriously to persuade us, from the history of Cain and Abel, that we were infi-

nately more happy than those who enjoyed liberty. He appeared very angry that we did not believe him; he wished absolutely to make us think that our situation was nothing more than an *emanation of the apocalypse, &c. &c.* I touched him to the quick, by saying that, in our present position, it would be far better for us to treat in predestination than in any of his reveries. Two *gendarmes*, who came to conduct him before the criminal tribunal, terminated our discussion.

In the mean time I did not lose a single instant in procuring the attestations necessary to verify the assertions contained in my memorial. I was aided, on this occasion, by a friend—and such a friend as is seldom to be met with, who, while my companions in misfortune were abandoned by theirs, was busied, day and night, in rendering me service.

He forgot that during a moment of fermentation and distrust, he might experience the same risks as myself, and that he would become suspected, by interesting himself in behalf of a suspected prisoner. Nothing abated his zeal, and he has admirably proved to me the truth of the old proverb, “that adversity is the touchstone of friendship.” To his fidelity and attachment I am principally indebted for my life; and I owe it to the public, to myself, and to truth, that I should name this brave man: it is

M. TEYSSIER,

Merchant, *Rue Croix des Petits-Champs*.

Sept. 1st. On this day three of our companions were liberated: they were far less astonished at their deliverance than they had been at their imprisonment; for they were

* “MM. ST. MEARD ET BEAUMARCHAIS, ont été arrêtés: le premier était auteur du journal scandaleux qui paraissait sous le titre de *Journal & de la Cour et de la Ville*. Il a été capitaine au régiment de roi; & ce qu'il y a de remarquable, c'est qu'il est propriétaire de la terre que le fameux MONTAGNE possédait près de Bordeaux. M. ST. MEARD, jouit de plus de 40,000 liv. de rentes.”

the most zealous patriots of their respective sections. Several others were also dismissed from the adjoining apartment: among these was

M. DE JAUCOURT, a member of the legislative assembly, who had given in his resignation, as a deputy, some time before.—My own sufferings now commenced.

On Sunday, September 2d, our jailer served up our dinner sooner than usual: his distracted air and haggard eyes made us presage something sinister. At two o'clock he re-entered the apartment, but was deaf to all the questions put to him; and, contrary to his customary proceeding, he took away all our knives, and made the nurse who waited on Reding retire. Half an hour after, the frightful noise made by the people on the outside of the prison was alarmingly augmented by the drums, which *beat the generale*,* by three signal cannon that were fired, and by the *tocsin*,† that was rung every where. During this period of terror we beheld the carriages, escorted by an innumerable crowd of furious men and women, who cried out, “A la Force! A la Force!”‡ They were conducted to the cloysters of the *Abbaye*, which had been converted into prisons for the priests. A little after, we heard that they had massacred all the bishops, and other ecclesiasticks, who had been *jauned up* in that place.

About four o'clock the piercing cries of a person hacked to pieces, with blows from a sabre, brought us to the window of the turret, and we perceived the body of a man opposite the gate of our prison, extended on the pavement. A short time afterwards another was massacred; and many more in succession. It is totally impossible

to express the horror of that profound and melancholy silence which reigned during these terrible executions. It was only interrupted by the cries of those who were sacrificed, and by the strokes of the sabre they received on the head. The moment one fell a murmur was heard, which was succeeded by the shout of *Vive la Nation!*—a thousand times more frightful to us than the horror of silence. During the interval between the massacres we heard them saying, under our windows,—“Not one must escape—they must be all killed, and especially those in the chapel, where there are none but conspirators.” It was of us they were talking! and it is almost unnecessary to affirm, that we often wished to experience the *good fortune* of those who were shut up in the darkest and most loathsome cells of the *Abbaye*.

About five o'clock several voices uttered the name of

M. CAZOTTE,

and in a moment afterwards we heard a number of persons passing along the grand staircase, the rattling of arms, and the cries of men and women. It was this old man, followed by his daughter, whom they were conducting to death. The moment he had passed the wicket, that courageous young woman precipitated herself on the neck of her father, and the people, affected at the sight of so much filial tenderness, demanded and obtained his pardon.

About seven o'clock we beheld two men enter, whose bloody hands were armed with sabres; they were conducted by a turnkey, with a lighted torch, who pointed out the bed of the unfortunate Reding. *At that dreadful moment I was pressing his hand in mine, and striving to comfort him.* On their approach he ex-

* The call to arms.

† Alarm bell.

‡ We did not then know, but we afterwards learned, that this was the signal for sending the victims to execution.

claimed, "I have suffered enough; I do not fear death; it will be charitable to let me perish here!"—These words rendered one of the strangers immovable; but the other hoisted him on his shoulders, and carried him into the street, where he was killed My eyes are so full of tears that I do not see what I write We now surveyed one another, without uttering a single word; we then clasped each other's hands, and embraced—we fixed our eyes on the pavement of our prison, which the moon enlightened through the intervals of the shade formed by the triple bars that guarded our windows but, in a short time, the cries of new victims recalled our original agitation, and reminded us of the

last words pronounced by M. Chantreine, while plunging the knife into his heart,—“We are all destined to be massacred!”

At midnight ten men, armed with sabres, and preceded by two turnkeys bearing torches, entered our prison, and commanded each of us to stand at the foot of his own bed. After we had been counted over, they observed, that we must answer for one another, and swore that if a single person escaped, we should be all massacred, *without being heard by M. le President.*

These last words afforded us a gleam of hope; for we did not yet know that we should be allowed to utter a word before we were butchered.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Miscellaneous Articles of Literary and Philosophical Intelligence.

DOMESTIC.

PROPOSALS have been lately issued by Mr. W. W. Woodward of Philadelphia, for printing by subscription, the works of the late JOHN WITHERSPOON, D. D. President of the College of New-Jersey, in three volumes 8vo.—This edition will contain not only all the performances of Dr. W. which have been already published, but several important articles never yet submitted to the press.

A Summary History of New-England, from its first settlement at Plymouth to the acceptance of the Federal Constitution, &c. by HANNAH ADAMS, has recently been published in Boston, in one large 8vo. volume.—[Some account of this work will be given in the next number of this Magazine.]

The American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia have published the fourth volume of their *Transactions* in one large 4to volume.—[See Review.]

A number of literary gentlemen in Connecticut, have lately associated for the purpose of encouraging philosophical researches, and, particularly, for developing the natural history of that State.

The association has assumed the title of “*The Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences.*” The general meeting of the Academy, for the election of officers, is to be held, annually, at New-Haven, on the 4th Tuesday of October; and the other meetings are to be on the 4th Tuesdays of December, February, April, June, and August, at New-Haven.

The following are the officers elected for the present year:

Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D.	<i>President.</i>
His Excel. Gov. Trumbull,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Hon. John Treadwell,	
Rev. James Dana, D. D.	
Dr. Eneas Munson,	} <i>Counsellors.</i>
Rev. Bela Hubbard,	
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Recording Corresponding Secretary.

Noah Webster, jun.	} <i>Corresponding Secretaries.</i>
John C. Smith,	
Enoch Perkins,	
Josiah Meigs, <i>Cabinet Keeper & Librarian.</i>	
Isaac Beers, <i>Treasurer.</i>	

At the annual commencement of Columbia College, in the city of New-York, held the 7th day of August, 1799, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was con-

ferred on the several candidates, by whom the following orations were pronounced:—

1. The salutary oration in Latin. By *Philip Myer*, of New-York. *De religione.*
2. On Ambition. By *Abram Varick*, jun. of New-York.
3. On History. By *James Manley*, of New-York.
4. On Biography. By *Samuel Riker*, of Long-Island.
5. On the Fair Sex. By *Thornton Mackness*, of New-York.
6. On the Increase of Knowledge in the United States of America. By *Jacob Livingston*, of Columbia County.
7. On Government. By *Alexander Murray*, of Orange County.
8. On the Passions. By *John V. Varick*, of New-York.
9. On Patriotism. By *Stephen Price*, of New-York.
10. On the Study of Nature, a salutary oration in English. By *Arthur Stanbury* of New-York.
11. On Philanthropy. By *Peter D. Frolight*, of New-Jersey.
12. On Imprisonment for Debt. By *Jacob Schoonmaker*, of New-Jersey.
13. On National Peace. By *John Christie*, of New-Jersey.
14. On Luxury. By *Peter Van Pelt*, of King's County.
15. On Industry. By *David Wright*, of New-York.

16. On Energy of Character. By *Arthur M. Walter*, of Massachusetts.
17. On the Progress of Science, a valedictory oration. By *James Lynch*, of New-York.

Dr. Adam Seybert, of Philadelphia, has discovered, at Chesnut-Hill, nine miles from that city, crystals of ADAMANTINE SPAR. It is bedded in large masses of granite, or rather forms a part of that rock, together with flesh-coloured feldspath, smoky quartz, greenish mien, striated crystals of black shoerl, and sometimes small garnets. Its external appearance is very similar to the Bombay specimens; but differs from them in being free from pyrites, and being in much more regularly figured. Its colour is light green, and its hardness such as to cut glass very readily. Some pieces have the lustre of glass, while others are not so bright. In other respects the character of it agrees with that given in *Kirwan's Mineralogy*, p. 335, var. i. From having found other crystals of adamantine spar among the fragments of granite

thrown out by the labourers in digging a reservoir for water at Philadelphia, the vigilant discoverer is led to believe it may be found in many parts of the United States. We are happy to understand Dr. Seybert intends to favour the public with a set of correct experiments on the composition of this curious production of nature!

The same gentleman has also discovered some elegant basaltes, of a very regular form, in a situation confirming its Neptunian origin. It was found in a bed of gravel with breccia, at the upper end of Flour-Town, thirteen miles from Philadelphia.

Robert R. Livingston, President of the Agricultural Society, and Chancellor of the State of New-York, has discovered a property, in a species of *conserva*, (we believe *conserva rivularis*, Lin.), very plentiful in the water of the Hudson, to afford excellent paper. From samples of paper manufactured from this plant, with an admixture of one ninth of coarse rags, it seems well adapted for wrappings, for hangings, and for book-binders' use. As far as can be judged, the cheapness and plenty of the material will render this discovery very important, by lessening the price of an article so variously employed as paper is. It could, doubtless, be bleached as well as other paper, either by the common process employed for rags, or by aid of the oxygenated muriatic acid gas; and we have seen a specimen in which this has been attempted with considerable success. The liberal and patriotic inventor will, we hope, pursue the subject further.

We understand that Messrs. Vondenvelden and Charland, of the province of Lower Canada, have issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, a map, in three sheets, and a topography, in an octavo volume, of Lower-Canada; including, as well the grants made by the French crown, as the townships surveyed and laid out by the British government. In compiling this work, the publishers, besides their own surveys, have availed themselves of the labours of Messrs. Gale and Duberger, for the materials from the south-western boundary of the province down to the counties of Quebec and Dorchester. It is to be expected, that a work which promises such a valuable addition to the topography and history of America, will meet with due encouragement from the public.

A flourishing young bread-fruit tree

was, in August last, presented to Mr. John Wood, of the city of New-York. It was brought from the Island of Jamaica by Captain Stephen Clay. Though the rigour of our winters may prevent the growth of this and some other plants of the South-Sea Islands in the open air, yet they are justly esteemed a valuable acquisition to the collection of green-house plants.

FOREIGN.

DR. DARWIN has sent to the press a new prose work, entitled, "*Phytologia*; or, the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening;" and, should the life of this ingenious and venerable poet and philosopher be spared, we are authorised to expect a new poetical work from his pen.

Professor Olivarius, of the University of Kiel, in Holstein, is engaged in the publication of a new periodical work, entitled, *Le Nord Littéraire, Physique, Politique et Moral*, i. e. The literary, physical, and moral state of the North of Europe. A number appears every three months; the first was published in July, 1797—eight numbers, which complete the first and second volumes, have come to our hands. They contain many very interesting and valuable articles; in the perusal of which we have found much entertainment and instruction. The author, though a German, writes French with great ease, correctness, and elegance. In the succeeding numbers of this Magazine, the reader will be presented with some extracts from the work, and a more particular account of its contents.

The first volume, 4to. of the *General Biography*, or lives of the most eminent persons, chiefly composed by Dr. Aikin and the late Dr. Enfield, has been lately published in London.

An interesting work, entitled, "*A Missionary Voyage to the Southern Ocean, in the years 1796, 1797, and 1798, in the ship Duff*," containing details never before published of the natural and civil state of Otaheite, in 4to. has been published by the Missionary Society in London.

Mr. Brown's valuable Travels in the interior of Africa, whose discoveries meet those of Mr. Park, are announced to the public.

Mr. Neuman's translation of Kotzebue's play, entitled *Family Disstress*, or

Self-Immolation, has been performed with uncommon applause at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

The Forresters, or a Picture of Rural Manners, has been translated by Miss Plumtree, from the German of Iffland.

Dr. Thornton, of London, is publishing, in numbers, one of which appears every three months, *A new Illustration of the Sexual System of Linnaeus*, to be completed in fourteen numbers.

The Travels of the Duke De la Rochefoucault Liancourt, in the United States and Canada, have been received.

An index to Dumford and Bart's Reports, by T. Tomlins, in 8vo.—*Juridical Arguments*, by Francis Hargrave, Esq. and *A New and Complete System of Pleading*, in ten volumes, by John Wentworth, Esq. have been lately published. [*The last is received by H. Caritat.*]

The Rev. ARTHUR HOMER, D. D. and fellow of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford, has circulated proposals, for printing by subscription a work, entitled, "*Bibliotheca Universalis Americana*;" or an universal American library: containing a general catalogue of publications, relating to America and the West-Indies, from the first discovery thereof by Columbus, in 1492, to the end of the present century. This work is intended to comprise not only all books and pamphlets relating to America and the West-Indies, particularly those in our own language, which were written during the late war, but all others of any note and celebrity, which have been written by American authors, or have proceeded originally from the American press, upon what subjects soever they may treat. The best maps, charts, &c. will likewise generally be added, together with all the voyages and discoveries in the North and South Seas throughout the whole of the western hemisphere.

The divisions, which at present appear most eligible to the Editor, are—

1. The general History and Description of the Countries included in this plan, containing the general accounts of Voyages, Travels, Adventures, Journals, Campaigns, Sieges, Battles, &c.

2. Geographical Books, and Gazetteers, Atlases, Maps, Charts, &c.

3. Books upon Divinity and Moral Subjects; particularly the Disputes and Persecutions of the Quakers in Pennsylvania and New-England, the History of the United Brethren in America, and all other religious Sects.

4. Law Books, State Papers, Trials, and Political Pamphlets.

5. Books relating to Natural History, Medicine, Chirurgery, &c.

6. Ditto to the Arts and Sciences, Antiquities and Literature in general.

7. Ditto to Trade in general, and Plantation, Agriculture, and the American Fisheries.

8. Ditto to the Affairs of the South Sea Company in particular.

9. Ditto of the Scots Colony at Darien.

10. Ditto of the Hudson Bay Company.

11. Ditto of the celebrated Mississippi Scheme.

12. Ditto of the Slave Trade and African Company trading to the West-Indies.

13. Ditto of Poetry, Music, Novels, and Dramatic Compositions.

14. Addenda, or Appendix, of Miscellaneous Articles not included under the above heads, or accidentally before omitted.

Lastly. All books in the Indian languages, to what class soever they may properly belong, will be thrown together into a separate Appendix, as more particularly appropriate to this publication.

The work shall consist of two volumes, in quarto, of about five hundred pages each. The price to subscribers two guineas in boards, to be paid when the whole is completed.

That able and skilful naturalist, Frederick Humbolt, had lately quitted Paris, to pass over to Algiers, in order to commence his scientific travels in Africa.—The object of the great journey which he had proposed to make, was to pass to Algiers, in the Swedish frigate the *Jararinas*, to study Mount Atlas and the desert called Saarah, to pass over the desert with the caravan which goes from Tripoli to Mecca, and at last to join the French naturalists in Egypt.—Circumstances, however, have prevented this design; the frigate has suffered shipwreck in a port of Norway, and the Dey of Tripoli has prohibited the caravan from setting out.—M. Humbolt, however, has not been deterred by these discouragements, from his project of quit-

ting Europe, and transporting himself, with all his instruments, into the Torrid Zone. He has repaired, therefore, to Spain, from whence he will pass to Mexico, to Peru, to Chili, and to the Philippines. He is on the eve of setting out for the Havannah, from whence he will repair to Vera Cruz. The king of Spain wished to have some discourse with him, and has given him all possible facilities for his voyage, which promises useful and important discoveries for the sciences.

The following letter relative to the late passage of Mercury over the sun, has been addressed by Lalande, the astronomer, to the Editor of one of the Paris Journals. "I waited impatiently to mark the passage of Mercury over the Sun, in his descending node; he had never been observed completely in that position, and it will be thirty-three years from hence ere it can be done again. I had the pleasure to see Mercury enter on the Sun like a small, black, round spot, on the 18th of Floreal, in the morning, at the very minute indicated in my new tables; the ground-work of which I gave in the first memoir, read at the first assembly of the first class of the Institute, on the very day of its establishment. This is so much the more satisfactory, as for the passage of the 4th of May, 1786, there were forty minutes of error in the best tables of Mercury."

Mich. Szekeley de Biborcyfalva, inspector of the mines to Count Schœnborn, at St. Niklas, near Munkacs, in Hungary, has fabricated of the *Asclepias Vincetoxicum*,* a sort of cloth, mixed with silk. He has presented a pattern, of six ells and three quarters in length, to the government established at Buda. This cloth, the first fabrication of which cost nine francs, but which, according to the calculations of the inventor, will not amount in the sequel to above four francs, is two ells in width, and pretty fine. It appears, however, that this is not the first essay that has been made to convert the down of the *asclepias* to æconomical purposes; but hitherto the experiments have been only of simple curiosity, and not practised on a large scale.

* A species of the SWALLOW WORT.

P O E T R Y.

ORIGINAL.

SONG,

*From the SEMIRAMIDE of Metastasio.**By R. ALSOP.*

THE swallow deprived of her love,
 Uncertainly wandering, in vain,
 Now flies from the mead to the grove,
 And now from the grove to the plain;
 And round her widowed nest, in notes of
 woe,

Laments the fowler's hand, and wails
 the cruel blow.

No more the chrystal rill invites,
 No more the sunny bank delights;
 But fled from day, 'mid glooms enshrin'd,
 Alone she pours her plaintive strains;
 And while declining life remains,
 Still keeps her early love in mind.

From the same—by the same.

Il pastor, se torna Aprile, &c.

FORGETFUL of the winter's cold,
 The swain, when April smiles serene,
 His snowy flocks conducts from fold,
 'To wonted shades and pastures green!
 And his forsaken reed again,
 Makes vocal with the jocund strain.
 The sailor, when the storm is o'er,
 Nor pales with dread, nor trembles more;
 But on the prow reclin'd at ease,
 Sings, as he smoothly sails the seas.

From the ZENOBIÆ of the same—by the same.

—E ache servite,
 O doni di fortuna?

OF what avail are wealth and state—
 And why for them is toil endur'd?
 If, when prevail the storms of Fate,
 So ill, who hold them, are secur'd.

With various jewels, rich and rare,
 The Indian Ocean's bed is strew'd;
 Yet, neither smiles, its sky more fair,
 Nor smoother flows its billowy flood.

If, from the faithless waves secure,
 There shelter'd lies a safer shore,
 'Tis in some bay, confin'd and poor,
 Where ne'er the tempest deigns to roar.

EPITAPH

On a DYER'S WIFE.

MY Wife has died, and gone to dust,
 A useful Wife to me,
 For not a Soul alive, I trust,
 Has dyed so much as she.

To dye, indeed, was all her pride,
 For threescore years and four;
 She dyed each day—she liv'd, and died
 When she could live no more.

Her name was up for dying well,
 And well known was her stall;
 The hose she dyed was sure to sell,
 When hose were sold at all.

But she grew old, I know not why,
 Her dying days were past;
 So e'en for want of hose to dye,
 She died, herself, at last.

EPITAPH.

Written by a Passenger, on a Blank Tomb-Stone.

HERE lies a thing that once had life,
 His name was this, or that, or
 t'other;
 He took a woman for his wife,
 And had a female for his mother.

His legs were longer than his toes,
 And when they mov'd about, he walk'd—
 He had a tongue, the story goes,
 And when he talk'd at all, he talk'd.

Betwixt the poles, on good dry ground,
 He liv'd, this side the moon, no doubt;
 He died, but whether hang'd or drown'd,
 'Twould cost too much to find it out.

His nose was 'twixt his eyes, and fast;
 His eyes were two, and side by side,
 He died, just when he breath'd his last,
 And liv'd just till the day he died.

To tell his many deeds, or few,
 I thank my stars, is not my task;
 Perhaps another knows, or knew,
 And he who wants to know, may ask.

SELECTED.

LODGINGS for SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

[From *Colman's Night-Gown and Slippers*,
or *Tales in Verse*.]

WHO has e'er been in London, that
overgrown place,
Has seen "*Lodgings to let*" stare him full
in the face,
Some are good and let dearly; while
some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best
let alone.

Derry down.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studi-
ous, and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single Gentl-
men, only;
But Will was so fat he appear'd like a
ton;—
Or like two single Gentlemen roll'd into
one.

He entered his rooms; and to bed he re-
treated,
But, all the night long, he felt fever'd
and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score
of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to
sleep.

Next night 'twas the same;—and the
next;—and the next;
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous,
and vex'd;
Week passed after week; till, by week-
ly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expres-
sion.

In six months his acquaintance began
much to doubt him;
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown,"
hung about him;
He sent for a Doctor; and cried, like a
ninny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me
well—there's a guinea."

The Doctor look'd wife:—"a slow fe-
ver," he said:
Prescribed fudorifics,—and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will,
"are humbugs;
"I've enough of them there, without
paying for drugs."

WILL kick'd out the Doctor:—but
when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the Doctor don't *always*
succeed;
So, calling his host,—he said,—"Sir, do
you know,
"I'm the fat single Gentleman, six
months ago?"

"Look'e, landlord, I think," argued
Will, with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first
took me in;
"But from the first night—and to say it
I'm bold—
"I have been so damn'd hot, that I'm
sure I caught cold."

Quoth the landlord—"Till now, I ne'er
had a dispute;
"I've let lodgings ten years;—I'm a Ba-
ker to boot;
"In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is
no sloven,
"And your bed is immediately—over
my oven."

"The oven" !!! says Will—says the
host, "why this passion?
"In that excellent bed died three peo-
ple of fashion.
"Why so crusty, good sir?" "Zounds!"
cries Will, in a taking,
"Who wouldn't be crusty, with half a
year's baking?"

WILL paid for his rooms; cried the host,
with a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been *going away*
half a year,"
"Friend, we can't well agree"—"yet
no quarrel"—Will said;
"For one man may die where another
makes bread."

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
AND
AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. I.]

Sept. Oct. Nov. & Dec. 1799.*

[No. 6.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Description of Calcutta.

By an AMERICAN.

IT is just an hundred and three years (1793) since the English merchants fixed themselves at this spot. Its convenience for commerce was, probably, the chief circumstance consulted in the choice. Health seems to have wholly escaped the attention of the European colonists, in their choice of settlements, both in the eastern and western hemispheres. If their situation were favourable to navigation, and trade, and defence, it answered their end. Whether it were such as to allow them to pursue their schemes and enjoy their gains, by permitting them to live, was never thought of; and subsequent experience never induced them to correct their original error. Few or no persons come to India but with a view of leaving it. They regard it as a

place of temporary sojourn, and they hope to elude the fatal effects of the climate by the shortness of their stay.

Batavia and Calcutta, by being placed in the midst of marshes and pools, were extremely unwholesome. Happily for the Portuguese adventurers, Goa and Machao were Islands which could be rendered insalubrious only by their own negligence.

The English owe their residence at Calcutta to the caprice of Job Channock, the company's agent. They tell us that he was influenced in his choice by a grove of trees that grew here. Shade was no doubt delightful in this climate; but to be governed in the choice of an emporium, by the vicinity of a grove, is to be swayed by a strange motive. The easy and extensive navigation of this river; and the wealth of the adjacent provinces, might have fur-

* The unavoidable delay which has attended the publication of the last number, occasioned by the necessary removal of the Publishers from the city during the late epidemic, has induced them, to avoid *anacronisms*, and the appearance of successive delays, to conclude the present year with the publication of the first volume. The first number of the second volume will commence in January, 1800, and will be continued, it is hoped, without any interruption.—As there is, at present, nothing in the nature of the work that demands a strict observance of particular divisions of time, we trust our readers will approve of the form which the present number has assumed.

VOL. I. No. 6.

A

nished him with much stronger reasons.

Job Channock was, probably, little aware of the consequences of his choice. He found here a mean straggling village, called Govind-pour, consisting of two or three hundred cottages. These were dwellings built of clay, (of which the tenacity was augmented by a mixture of straw) and covered from the weather by rows of bamboos. These dwellings consisted of one room, without flooring, window, or chimney, and sheltered families of eight or ten squaled, emaciated, and stupid creatures, wasted by disease, and disgusting by their filthiness.

This herd has been insensibly increased by the increase of the English power and dominions. Their present number has never been accurately computed. It is vaguely, and probably erroneously, assigned to be half a million. If so, it is inferior, with regard to population, only to Paris and London, among European cities.

Among this number, a vast majority are as stupid, indigent, and squaled in their persons and dwellings, as the villagers of Govend-pour. Streets, crooked, dirty, and seldom more than eight feet wide, closely crowded on each side by huts of one story, ten or twelve feet high; walls of mud, tolerably smooth, of a light brown colour, and hardened into a kind of half brick by the rays of a tropical sun; roofs of matting or bamboo, steep and conical, are the objects that generally present themselves. The scene, however, is far from being absolutely uniform. Even in the quarter of the Gentoos, the superior wealth of individuals is sometimes shewn by substituting small brick instead of rude and ill-tempered clay, and by raising the building to two stories. The vulgar are their own servants, and, of conse-

quence, every menial and domestic office is transacted in one room. Every out-of-door engagement is performed by themselves, and on foot.

The fortunate few, and especially the English, on the contrary, divide their habitations into different stories and apartments. The lower story is abandoned to cooks, and coolies, and palanquin-bearers, while the second floor is appropriated to parlour, dining-room, and chamber. Among these, whatever function can be performed by another, devolves upon servants. Their food is purchased, cooked, and set before them, without any exertion of their own. Their clothes are managed in the same manner. Their very pipes are filled and *held* by a menial. If they go out on business or pleasure, they are borne upon men's shoulders: and every man invited to a feast, is relieved from every toil but that of eating and talking, by his own *body-servant*, who is posted at his elbow.

The English quarter presents a spectacle very different from that of the natives. Here the streets are wide, regular, and clean. The houses are of good materials, lofty and spacious. Terraces, broad and secure, and of brick, compose the roofs. Every object acquires new dignity and value by contrast with the penury and meanness of the neighbouring quarters. Every object reminds us that we are in a land divided between people opposite in manners, customs, and privileges; between a race of foreign conquerors and a brood of indigenous slaves.

The city owes its insalubrity, partly to natural and irremediable causes, partly to the filthy habits and superstition of the natives, and partly to the intemperance and temerity of strangers.

A space, at a short distance from the city, is annually inundated.

The flood, in retiring, leaves behind it a moist and slimy surface, covered with gasping fish, and putrescent vegetables. Hence a powerful sun draws up an incessant steam of noisome and pestilential vapours.

Formerly the city was every where interspersed by pools and gul-lies, whose exhalations were equally pestiferous. Since the firm establishment of their power, the English have done much towards draining the bogs and filling up the pools, and thus rendering their metropolis less noxious and ugly.

Every fragment of dead and refuse matter is thrown, by the natives, where accident or momentary convenience may decide. *That* which some other nations have provided pits to hide, or *cloaca* to wash away, or men to transport to a distance, is here strewn upon the surface. Necessity has delved no holes, reared no structures, and laid no hollow trunks. Her impulse is obeyed, without embarrassment or ceremony, *when and where* it is felt, whether in the middle of a street or the corner of a kitchen. Wherever such matters are dropped, they are sure to remain till crumbled to dust by the sun, or washed away by a flood.

In like manner, whatever is useless to the cook, legs, feathers, and entrails, or whatever is neglected by the eater, is cast into the courtyard or the street. To-day adds something to the heap of yesterday; and, as nature destroys with a speed by no means proportioned to the expedition of the cook and the number of consumers, the streets would, in time, become impassable were it not for the torrents which, at certain seasons, impetu-

ously descend and threaten to carry away, not only the fragments of the kitchen and the superfluities of nature, but even habitations and men.

Another circumstance of noxious and unwholesome tendency, is not to be forgotten. The poor, whose number is great, have no cemetery to receive their remains. From the bed on which they die, they are dragged away and thrown into the river. The waters of the Ganges are holy; and this is, by no means, regarded as contemptuous or inhuman treatment. These bodies float upon the surface, or are stranded on the shore. Putrefaction makes rapid progress, and the jackalls and vultures cannot make such quick dispatch with their prey, as to prevent the air from being continually replenished with deadly and loathsome effluvia. A stranger is particularly shocked by the spectacle of diseased, putrid, or half-devoured carcases which are constantly to be met with near the river.

In spite of these accumulated causes of disease, the natives enjoy better health than the foreigners, who bring to this sultry shore, their cloth garments, their meats, condiments, and wines, and find here nothing but incentives to pride, sloth, and voluptuousness. The natives are armed by the force of habit, by the constitution received from their parents, by their vegetable diet and aqueous potations, by their muslin robes, and their active occupations. None of these privileges are enjoyed by adventurers from Europe, to whom simplicity in food, and dress, and manual industry, are badges of servitude, and deemed ignominious and degrading.* S.

* An authentic and amusing picture of the manners of the English in Bengal, is contained in a novel, published ten or fifteen years since, and called "Hartley House, Calcutta." E.

Thoughts on PUNNING.

SOME people have much exclaimed against punning, as a spurious and deceitful kind of wit. Some have even denied it that name, and supported their opinion by definitions and principles peculiar to themselves.

It is hard to settle the first principles of judging with relation to this subject, or to determine what degree of depravity of taste is evinced by him who derives pleasure from a pun. I am apt to think there is more of pedantry and affectation than just reasoning, in the reproach and contempt under which this kind of jesting lies.

Wit may, in general, be said to be the talent of discerning resemblances between objects apparently unlike; resemblances latent, subtle, and such as escape a superficial and hasty observation. These objects are of different kinds, and hence originate different kinds of wit. These kinds, compared with each other, are different in value; but though to one kind the highest respect is due, we are not warranted in consigning all other kinds to neglect and contempt.

Punning is the tracing and displaying of resemblances in *sound*. It is a talent of the same class with that of rhyming and alliteration in poetry. Rhyme used to be in great disrepute with fastidious and servile critics, but this prejudice seems to be wearing away. It is now generally thought allowable to derive pleasure from rhyme, which is a resemblance limited to the *sounds* of certain emphatic words, occurring at equal intervals in regular or alternate succession. Perhaps the same licence may be admitted, at some time, with regard to punning. Indeed, this kind of sport obtains the practical approbation of all. Those who do not admit it into their writing, are often found to

introduce it, without scruple, into their conversation. I believe it is impossible for any one not to be delighted with a pun which is excellent in its kind.

It is remarkable that punning has received the sanction of the highest authority which can be urged in literary matters, since it has been honoured with the speculative approbation of Aristotle, and been countenanced by the practice of Cicero.

Punning was extremely popular among the writers of the middle ages. The ecclesiastics and lawyers seldom omitted any opportunity of punning on the greatest or most solemn occasions. The dullness of these writers, and their unsuccessful attempts at wit, have, perhaps, somewhat contributed to the odium to which punning has, in latter times, been subject.

I am tempted to quote an instance of punning, in a German lawyer, whose fame was such that he acquired the surname of Papinean the second. Having occasion to censure the dilatory proceedings of the court, called "The Imperial Chamber," whose session was held at *Spires*, he tells us, that "*Lites Spiraë, spirant quidem sed nunquam expirant.*"

I have heard of an ingenious person, who employed his leisure and the convenience of a large library, in collecting a great number of flowers of this kind from the jurists, and the controversial writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He digested his collection under different heads, and produced one hundred and sixty-four puns, raised upon the sacred name *Maria*. These were founded, chiefly, on the resemblance between this sound and that of *mare*, and the inflections of *mas* and *amo*. No doubt bulky volumes could be filled with gleanings of this kind.

The dull, absurd, or mechanical

performances of punsters, ought not to prejudice our minds against the artists of real ingenuity. Puns may be tiresome, insipid, and obscure, and, indeed, so frequently are so, that the very meaning of the word has become insensibly modified, and signifies, in general, not every noting of resemblance in the *sounds* of words different or opposite in *meaning*, but every trite or unsuccessful attempt at noting this resemblance. Puns may likewise be new, striking, and happy, and, as such, not unworthy the approbation of Aristotle, and the practice of Cicero.

M.

The Honest Man: A Portrait.

AVARICE, carried to an unusual excess, is sometimes ranked among diseases. It is certainly a kind of insanity, the most consistent, uniform, and harmless, of any that appears on the list. It produces less visible and direct injury to others, and is, with regard to the subject of it, more nearly allied to true wisdom than any other frailty or disease of the mind.

This passion seems divisible into two branches. It is a propensity to accumulate, either by active exertions, by efforts of ingenuity and labour, or merely by the sparing use and the safe keeping of that revenue which is regular and fixed. In order to increase our store, it is not always necessary to augment our profits, by striking out new paths of gain, or exercising new artifices of extortion. If our ancient industry, or that of our ancestors, has given us an annual revenue, either as interest or rent, our hoards will be increased merely by receiving and retaining what is legally and periodically due to us. It is not requisite that we should add to our stock, that we should violate the

letter or spirit of the law, or be guilty of any indisputable infraction of equity. It is merely requisite, in order to boundless accumulation, that I should keep what the law and what equity bestows on me.

These remarks are suggested by the character of one of my friends, with regard to whom I have often been uncertain whether he may justly claim the appellation of a miser. I shall conceal, for obvious reasons, his real name, and present him to your readers under that of Caruthers.

Caruthers was the only son of a merchant who died in the midst of successful business, and in the possession of considerable real property. The father had diligently trained his son to his own profession, and entertained no ambition but that of leaving, at his death, his station occupied by a being exactly of the same habits and pursuits with himself. The young man was docile and obsequious; he performed, tranquilly and faithfully, whatever duty was assigned to him, and shewed a species of capacity which, if it did not exceed, by no means fell short of the rank and profession in which he was placed.

His modes were regular and frugal, and differed not essentially from those of his father. His expenses, like his tasks, appeared to be the fruits of habit and obedience; and his frugality seemed to flow not from a lust of gain, but from the absence of desire.

At the age of twenty-four, he lost his father. It was an event which caused a few tears and sighs; but he quickly retrieved his wonted tranquillity. His first business was to wind up his mercantile transactions, to receive his dues, and discharge his debts, and this was done without quarrelling or noise. Some of his debtors were unable to answer his claims. He molested them not with menaces and importunities.

He called upon them often enough to shew them that they were not forgotten, but he made no complaints, dropped no intimations of poverty, and never talked of resorting to the law. Their excuses were received without anger or impatience, and the fiftieth application was made, and the fiftieth refusal endured with as much equanimity as the first.

He turned his stock and his dues, as fast as he received them, into houses and lands. He dismissed his father's servants, let the house, and placed himself in a private family as a boarder, at a moderate expense. His expenses, with regard to cloathing, were regulated by the plainest standard. He never was mean or ragged, consulted neatness in the choice of his apparel, and cleanliness and decency in the change and renewal of it. He avoided all kinds of expensive amusements, avoided all society but that of the family in which he lived, and that of those whom he casually met with in his diurnal walks.

Being very accurate and regular in the preservation and arrangement of his apparel, and being a stranger to violent movements of any kind, his cloathes preserved their texture and their gloss, longer than is customary, and he dressed with less cost than those who were less neat and elegant in their garb than himself.

By these arrangements, he continues to live upon one tenth of his original revenue. In what manner, it may be asked, does he consume the remainder? He has no family and no near kindred whose poverty requires his assistance. Spontaneous charity is utterly unknown to him. He never carries money in his pockets, and, consequently, finds it easy to resist the importunity of casual beggars. When applied to in a direct manner, in favour of public institutions, he urges

without seeming embarrassment, the want of money; or if that plea cannot be truly urged, he states some common place objection to the scheme. To this objection, in spite of argument and opposition, he calmly and steadfastly adheres.

He sedulously avoids loans. He never borrows from others, and never lends. His money is disposed of with so much expedition, that a borrower seldom finds him in possession of the sum that is wanted. When this excuse is wanting, he makes no scruple to refuse the loan, mildly but explicitly. Being in no habits of intimate and cordial intercourse with any human being, he is less exposed to importunities of this kind, and suffers less embarrassment in refusing compliance.

The surplus of his annual expenses is speedily and invariably invested in houses and lots. Building is a province that requires personal attention and much intercourse with others. These are inconveniences which he chuses to avoid. He contents himself, therefore, with purchasing what others have erected.

His purchases are generally judicious. He has no employment which calls away his attention from this object. Long application has made him perfectly skilled in the changes of value incident to this species of property. It is vain, therefore, for any one to hope to take advantage of his precipitation, or his ignorance. All his contracts are made with caution and deliberation, and his mode of life makes him perfectly master of all the considerations requisite to a prudent bargain.

In consequence of this knowledge, he shuns every occasion for bickering or dissention. He takes care to proceed, in the choice of objects of purchase, with circumspection; to have the terms of every

contract legal and explicit; avoids litigation, by shunning the mazes of mortgages and installments, contingent conditions and future limitations, and scrupulously adheres to every promise and engagement, even where the law would countenance delay or non compliance.

In this way have passed the last forty-five years of his life. By an adherence to this system, he has made himself one of the most opulent proprietors in the city where he dwells. Last year his income did not fall short of thirty thousand dollars.

Is the passion which actuates Caruthers avarice? All his actions have but one tendency, all his thoughts are employed on one object, the increase of his property. Not a farthing is bestowed through the impulse of benevolence. No expensive amusement is ever pursued, no toy or luxury is ever purchased. All intellectual gratifications are unknown to him. These seem to manifest the influence of avarice.

Some of the most noted ingredients of avarice are not, however, to be found in his character. The lust of gain does not prompt him to uncommon or intense exertions of mind or body. Neither does it impose upon him any remarkable or sordid expedients of abstinence or self-denial. It does not impel him to the use of artifice and cunning, nor to the rigorous exercise of all his legal rights. He disburses money when necessary, and performs his contracts without apparent reluctance, and without delay, and without cavilling. He betrays no solicitude about the safety of his property, the solvency of his debtors, and the punctuality of his tenants. It is not from his words so much as from his actions, that you perceive in what degree the pursuit of riches occupies his thoughts. He inquires and converses about no-

thing but sales and purchases; but this appears to flow merely from the inaptitude of his mind, in consequence of native or acquired incapacity to all other subjects of speculation.

Is he an *honest* man? He does what he will with his own, but injures nobody. No one is the worse by his means. He never resorted to the law to effectuate his claims on others, and was never himself even menaced with a prosecution. He does not always exact what is due to him, and renders to others; with unexceptionable good faith, whatever is legally their due.

Let us then consider; yes, Caruthers is not munificent or liberal; he is not a public or a private benefactor; he does not employ the means which he possesses for the benefit of those around him; he never, by direct means, soothed the pangs or augmented the comforts of a human being; and yet, surely, Caruthers is an *honest* man.

H. L.

Walstein's School of History. From the German of Krantz of Gotha.

[Concluded from p. 338.]

ENGEL, the eldest of Walstein's pupils, thought, like his master, that the narration of public events, with a certain licence of invention, was the most efficacious of moral instruments. Abstract systems, and theoretical reasonings, were not without their use, but they claimed more attention than many were willing to bestow. Their influence, therefore, was limited to a narrow sphere. A mode by which truth could be conveyed to a great number, was much to be preferred.

Systems, by being imperfectly attended to, are liable to beget error and depravity. Truth flows

from the union and relation of many parts. These parts, fallaciously connected and viewed separately, constitute error. Prejudice, stupidity, and indolence, will seldom afford us a candid audience, are prone to stop short in their researches, to remit, or transfer to other objects their attention, and hence to derive new motives to injustice, and new confirmations in folly from that which, if impartially and accurately examined, would convey nothing but benefit.

Mere reasoning is cold and unattractive. Injury rather than benefit proceeds from convictions that are transient and faint; their tendency is not to reform and enlighten, but merely to produce disquiet and remorse. They are not strong enough to resist temptation and to change the conduct, but merely to pester the offender with dissatisfaction and regret.

The detail of actions is productive of different effects. The affections are engaged, the reason is won by incessant attacks; the benefits which our system has evinced to be possible, are invested with a seeming existence; and the evils which error was proved to generate, exchange the fleeting, misty, and dubious form of inference, for a sensible and present existence.

To exhibit, in an eloquent narration, a model of right conduct, is the highest province of benevolence. Our patterns, however, may be useful in different degrees. Duties are the growth of situations. The general and the statesman have arduous duties to perform; and, to teach them their duty, is of use: but the forms of human society allow few individuals to gain the station of generals and statesmen. The lesson, therefore, is reducible to practice by a small number; and, of these, the temptations to abuse their power are so numerous and powerful, that a very small part,

and these, in a very small degree, can be expected to comprehend, admire, and copy the pattern that is set before them.

But though few may be expected to be monarchs and ministers, every man occupies a station in society in which he is necessarily active to evil or to good. There is a sphere of some dimensions, in which the influence of his actions and opinions is felt. The causes that fashion men into instruments of happiness or misery, are numerous, complex, and operate upon a wide surface. Virtuous activity may, in a thousand ways, be thwarted and diverted by foreign and superior influence. It may seem best to purify the fountain, rather than to filter the stream; but the latter is, to a certain degree, within our power, whereas, the former is impracticable. Governments and general education, cannot be rectified, but individuals may be somewhat fortified against their influence. Right intentions may be instilled into them, and some good may be done by each within his social and domestic province.

The relations in which men, unendowed with political authority, stand to each other, are numerous. An extensive source of these relations, is property. No topic can engage the attention of man more momentous than this. Opinions, relative to property, are the immediate source of nearly all the happiness and misery that exist among mankind. If men were guided by justice in the acquisition and disbursement, the brood of private and public evils would be extinguished.

To ascertain the precepts of justice, and exhibit these precepts reduced to practice, was, therefore, the favourite task of Engel. This, however, did not constitute his whole scheme. Every man is encompassed by numerous claims,

and is the subject of intricate relations. Many of these may be comprised in a copious narrative, without infractions of simplicity or detriment to unity.

Next to property, the most extensive source of our relations is sex. On the circumstances which produce, and the principles which regulate the union between the sexes, happiness greatly depends. The conduct to be pursued by a virtuous man in those situations which arise from sex, it was thought useful to display.

Fictitious history has, hitherto, chiefly related to the topics of love and marriage. A monotony and sentimental softness have hence arisen that have frequently excited contempt and ridicule. The ridicule, in general, is merited; not because these topics are intrinsically worthless or vulgar, but because the historian was deficient in knowledge and skill.

Marriage is incident to all; its influence on our happiness and dignity, is more entire and lasting than any other incident can possess. None, therefore, is more entitled to discussion. To enable men to evade the evils and secure the benefits of this state, is to consult, in an eminent degree, their happiness.

A man, whose activity is neither aided by political authority nor by the *press*, may yet exercise considerable influence on the condition of his neighbours, by the exercise of intellectual powers. His courage may be useful to the timid or the feeble, and his knowledge to the ignorant, as well as his property to those who want. His benevolence and justice may not only protect his kindred and his wife, but rescue the victims of prejudice and passion from the yoke of those domestic tyrants, and shield the powerless from the oppression of power, the poor from the injustice of the

rich, and the simple from the stratagems of cunning.

Almost all men are busy in acquiring subsistence or wealth by a fixed application of their time and attention. Manual or mental skill is obtained and exerted for this end. This application, within certain limits, is our duty. We are bound to chuse that species of industry which combines most profit to ourselves with the least injury to others; to select that instrument which, by most speedily supplying our necessities, leaves us at most leisure to act from the impulse of benevolence.

A profession, successfully pursued, confers power not merely by conferring property and leisure. The skill which is gained, and which, partly or for a time, may be exerted to procure subsistence, may, when this end is accomplished, continue to be exerted for the common good. The pursuits of law and medicine, enhance our power over the liberty, property, and health of mankind. They not only qualify us for imparting benefit, by supplying us with property and leisure, but by enabling us to obviate, by intellectual exertions, many of the evils that infest the world.

Engel endeavoured to apply these principles to the choice of a profession, and to point out the mode in which professional skill, after it has supplied us with the means of subsistence, may be best exerted in the cause of general happiness.

Human affairs are infinitely complicated. The condition of no two beings is alike. No model can be conceived, to which our situation enables us exactly to conform. No situation can be imagined perfectly similar to that of an actual being. This exact similitude is not required to render an imaginary portrait useful to those who survey it. The

usefulness, undoubtedly, consists in suggesting a mode of reasoning and acting somewhat similar to that which is ascribed to a feigned person; and, for this end, some similitude is requisite between the real and imaginary situation; but that similitude is not hard to produce. Among the incidents which invention will set before us, those are to be culled out which afford most scope to wisdom and virtue, which are most analogous to facts, which most forcibly suggest to the reader the parallel between his state and that described, and most strongly excite his desire to act as the feigned personages act. These incidents must be so arranged as to inspire, at once, curiosity, and belief, to fasten the attention, and thrill the heart. This scheme was executed in the life of "Olivo Ronsica."

Engel's principles inevitably led him to select, as the scene and period of his narrative, that in which those who should read it, should exist. Every day removed the reader farther from the period, but its immediate readers would perpetually recognize the objects, and persons, and events, with which they were familiar.

Olivo is a rustic youth, whom domestic equality, personal independence, agricultural occupations, and studious habits, had endowed with a strong mind, pure taste, and unaffected integrity. Domestic revolutions oblige him to leave his father's house in search of subsistence. He is destitute of property, of friends, and of knowledge of the world. These are to be acquired by his own exertions, and virtue and sagacity are to guide him in the choice and the use of suitable means.

Ignorance subjects us to temptation, and poverty shackles our beneficence. Olivo's conduct shews us how temptation may be baffled, in spite of ignorance, and benefits be conferred in spite of poverty.

He bends his way to Weimar. He is involved, by the artifices of others, and, in consequence of his ignorance of mankind, in many perils and perplexities. He forms a connection with a man of a great and mixed, but, on the whole, a vicious character. Semilis is introduced to furnish a contrast to the simplicity and rectitude of Olivo, to exemplify the misery of sensuality and fraud, and the influence which, in the present system of society, vice possesses over the reputation and external fortune of the good.

Men hold external goods, the pleasures of the senses, of health, liberty, reputation, competence, friendship, and life, partly by virtue of their own wisdom and activity. This, however, is not the only source of their possession. It is likewise dependant on physical accidents, which human foresight cannot anticipate, or human power prevent. It is also influenced by the conduct and opinions of others.

There is no external good, of which the errors and wickedness of others may not deprive us. So far as happiness depends upon the retention of these goods, it is held at the option of another. The perfection of our character is evinced by the transient or slight influence which privations and evils have upon our happiness, on the skillfulness of those exertions which we make to avoid or repair disasters, on the diligence and success with which we improve those instruments of pleasure to ourselves and to others which fortune has left in our possession.

Richardson has exhibited in Clarissa, a being of uncommon virtue, bereaved of many external benefits by the vices of others. Her parents and lover conspire to destroy her fortune, liberty, reputation, and personal sanctity.

More talents and address cannot be easily conceived, than those which are displayed by her to preserve and to regain these goods. Her efforts are vain. The cunning and malignity with which she had to contend, triumphed in the contest.

Those evils and privations she was unable to endure. The loss of fame took away all activity and happiness, and she died a victim to errors, scarcely less opprobrious and pernicious, than those of her tyrants and oppressors. She misapprehended the value of parental approbation and a fair fame. She depreciated the means of usefulness and pleasure of which fortune was unable to deprive her.

Olivo is a different personage. His talents are exerted to reform the vices of others, to defeat their malice when exerted to his injury, to endure, without diminution of his usefulness or happiness, the injuries which he cannot shun.

Semlits is led, by successive accidents, to unfold his story to Ronsica, after which, they separate. Semlits is supposed to destroy himself, and Ronsica returns into the country.

A pestilential disease, prevalent throughout the north of Europe, at that time (1630), appears in the city. To ascertain the fate of one connected, by the ties of kindred and love, with the family in which Olivo resides, and whose life is endangered by residence in the city, he repairs thither, encounters the utmost perils, is seized with the reigning malady, meets, in extraordinary circumstances, with Semlits, and is finally received into the house of a physician, by whose skill he is restored to health, and to whom he relates his previous adventures.

He resolves to become a physician, but is prompted by benevolence to return, for a time, to the

farm which he had lately left. The series of ensuing events, are long, intricate, and congruous, and exhibit the hero of the tale in circumstances that task his fortitude, his courage, and his disinterestedness.

Engel has certainly succeeded in producing a tale, in which are powerful displays of fortitude and magnanimity; a work whose influence must be endlessly varied by varieties of character and situation of the reader, but, from which, it is not possible for any one to rise without some degree of moral benefit, and much of that pleasure which always attends the emotions of curiosity and sympathy.

Remarks on certain Customary Phrases.

I. WOOL-GATHERING.

IT is not uncommon in some parts of America to say, in relation to one whose behaviour betokens his attention to be absorbed by objects foreign to, and disconnected with, the scene or company around him, that his head is *wool-gathering*.

I was lately in company with a foreigner, and chanced to use this phrase. It excited much surprise in my companion, who eagerly inquired if that were the name of some profession among us. He asked how it happened that the person, in relation to whom I had used the phrase, was employed, at the time spoken of, in *gathering wool*; and what was meant by saying that *his head* was thus employed.

These inquiries set the singularity of this phrase in a new light. The obvious explanation was scarcely sufficient. It still remained to be inquired what analogy there was between a fit of abstract meditation,

and the trade or occupation of *gathering wool*.

This business is not very popular or common among us. To shear sheep or collect wool, engages the thoughts or hands of but very few, and those whom it does employ, do not find it necessary to bestow intense or frequent meditation on the subject. Fear and hope tend to transport the mind into futurity, to make it reckless of the present, and inattentive to passing incidents. Whatever is generally the object of these passions, may be properly conjectured to engage the attention of one, when proofs are given that it is not busied on the objects before him; but, perhaps, in ten thousand instances in which this phrase is used, not more than one instance occurs in which the assertion is *literally* true, and in which the musing person is actually employed in revolving the means of *collecting wool*.

It occurred to me, at length, that proverbial sayings are generally of ancient and remote origin. Custom sanctions and continues the use after the circumstance or occasion has past in which they originated. There are various practices, of a social and domestic kind, still adhered to, which can only be thus accounted for, and which are derived from our British or German ancestors. The occasions which gave them birth, no longer exist, but custom and example have given them an inviolable sanction. In some cases, this original, though obsolete, occasion or conjuncture can be traced; though, in many instances, no doubt it is placed beyond our reach. If this be true with regard to practices, it is still more evident with respect to words.

Our language is derived from Britain, and every phrase of long standing, probably originated in some event, or some concurrence

of circumstances of an ancient date in the English annals.

The English have not always been a trading or manufacturing nation. As late as the reign of Elizabeth, their wants were supplied, and their luxury gratified, by the ingenuity of the Flemings and Italians. In exchange, however, for the production of foreign artists, they were obliged to procure, from their own soil, some commodity which the strangers held in request, and this commodity was *wool*.

The great source of wealth to individuals, and of opulence to the public, was, consequently, *wool*: and every mind that was not filled with immediate objects or incidents, was probably employed in devising means of gaining possession of this commodity, which was always in demand, and which was a ready instrument of luxury, repute, and power. For a long period, money and wool were significant of the same ideas. The tribute of subjects to their king, and of tenants to their lords, was commonly assessed in sacks of wool. The desire of riches came thus to be inextricably blended with the desire of *wool*; and every *head, running* upon distant objects, was naturally suspected to be *wool-gathering*.

Circumstances have since greatly changed. In the English nation, the only means of arriving at wealth, have long since ceased to be the *gathering of wool*. In our own country, the primary or ultimate source of riches is, at present, in like manner the production of our own soil; but this production is not *wool*, but *wheat*. This phrase, however, like many others of similar origin, will, probably, continue for many years in vulgar use among us.

2. OLD HARRY.

No personage is more frequently introduced into conversation,

and his name and office alluded to, than the great enemy of all good. I shall not attempt to extenuate the absurdity, indecency, or impiety of this practice. Perhaps your readers may think me guilty of the very act which I condemn; but the purpose for which I now call him up, if it be not very momentous, is, at least, an harmless one. It is merely for the sake of inquiring into the origin of the *names* by which he is usually distinguished.

Diabolus, or devil, or *dæmon*, seems to be a specific term. All the individuals included under this species, are indefinite in number, and have no precise names, at least, among mortals. A few of them, and especially the *chief*, have received names.

The *arch-dæmon* has been honoured with several appellations. On grave and theological occasions, we call him Satan, after the example of the Hebrews. When spoken of with more familiarity and levity, he is distinguished by several *English* (I will not say *christian*) names. Perhaps it is no unallowable or unamusing speculation to consider how these names came to be conferred upon him.

It is remarkable that the vulgar are always prone to regard this personage as possessed of *great* age. His existence is, indeed, coeval with the race of mankind; and since he has, at least, outlived, according to the computation of bishop Usher, one hundred and seventy-five generations of perishable men, it seems pretty clear that he is, by this time, quite an *old fellow*.

The term *old*, however, is sometimes used in the same sense with *ancient*; thus we say, *old Greece*, and *old Rome*, and *old Homer*. In this sense, probably, the term is used by those who, in allusion to the character in which he first appeared upon this sublunary stage, give to this being the title of an

"*old serpent*." This title, however ludicrous when familiarly used, has been adopted on the most solemn occasions by Milton.

The term *old*, seems to have the common meaning when prefixed to the *proper names* of this being. It is thus, when we talk of old Nick and old Harry. Why among all other proper names, Henry and Nicholas have been selected for this use, seems a problem not easily solved.

With respect to *old Nick*, there is the greatest obscurity. It had, perhaps, a very humble and plebeian origin, though some may be disposed to trace it to an higher source. It might have originated, for example, with Nicolas, the author of the first heresy among christians, whom, his orthodox antagonists might justly class with the devil, by whose councils and suggestions he was, no doubt, influenced; but leaving this matter to the discussion of pro-founder and more patient antiquarians, I shall proceed to the other name, of which, perhaps, an easier explanation may be found.

It is well known that the bloody contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, for the English throne, was terminated by the accession of Henry VII. of the race of Tudor. Henry, at the beginning of his reign, was the favourite of the nation; but he was soon led, by his natural disposition, and by the circumstances in which he was unfortunately placed, into the commission of many acts of tyranny. His oppressions were peculiarly odious, since they indiscriminately affected the nobles and the people, and were not palliated by the usual and specious pretences of war and conquest. They were designed merely to gratify his avarice, by filling his own coffers with the spoils of his subjects. The names of Empson and Dudley, the principal tools of his tyranny, have become proverbially infamous.

No prince was, perhaps, more deeply and universally hated. His reign and his life were long, and every day added to his oppressions and to the odium under which he laboured. Every one stigmatized *old Harry* as the author of his misery; and, in the secret of his heart, and in the society of his confidants and fellow sufferers, bestowed his deepest curses upon *old Harry*. The antipathy which was felt to the author of all evil, was transferred to the king, and was, in like manner, mingled with a sentiment of fear, which the mischievous power, as well as *purpose* of both, was adapted to produce. Thus, *old Harry* and the *devil*, became promiscuous terms; and a union that is once established, from whatever cause, it is the property of custom and habit to render perpetual.

This, perhaps, is the only instance in which the hatred of mankind has shewn itself in this way. A more explicit and inveterate kind of infamy can scarcely be conceived; and *old Harry* would, with more propriety than Oliver Cromwell, have been selected by the poet, as an instance of one who was
 "Damned to everlasting fame."

3. BY THE LORD HARRY.

As Henry VII. gave birth to a new name for the devil, it is probable that we are indebted, for the familiar oath, "by the lord Harry," to the conduct of his son, Henry VIII.

Before the reformation, the bishop of Rome was the ecclesiastical, and, in many respects, the *civil* sovereign of the western nations of Europe. He was the umpire in all the contests of princes, and the authority by whom all questions of morality or duty, among the people, were decided. He dictated their opinions, he prescribed their social and do-

mestic conduct, and levied indirect, but enormous taxes on their property. The christian princes were a sort of military lieutenants, whose privileges, with regard to the papacy, strongly resembled those of the feudal nobles in Germany and Poland, in relation to their monarchs.

No prince, however, vied with the Roman bishop, in the local extent or the despotic efficacy of his power. The pope was the substitute of God, and the organ of his decrees upon earth. The multitude regarded his person as sacred, and it was even common to swear by his name. "By the pope," was the oath uttered by all classes, upon almost every occasion. This is still the case among the Irish catholics, whose invention, however, sometimes diversifies the phrase. Not always contented with "*the Pope*," whom they style "holy Peter," they sometimes swear by "*his crook*," "*red bonnet*," and "*bald pate*."

This custom continued in England till the reign of Henry VIII. who thought proper to rebell from the Roman see, and invest himself with all the divine and infallible attributes which had formerly pertained to the pope. His subjects, generally, acquiesced in this revolution; and the few who openly dissented, paid the penalty of their contumacy at the stake or on the gibbet. That veneration which had once belonged to the pontiff, was now usurped by the king. Devotion and respect were turned, with regard to the pope, into hatred and obloquy. The royal person and name were exalted to a new degree of sanctity; and, thenceforth, the vulgar, instead of swearing by the pope, according to the ancient custom, swore, with no less devotion, "*by the lord Harry*."

X. Y.

On the Number of Printed Books.

SIR,

I WAS in company, the other evening, where the benefits and evils of *much reading* were discussed. The various remarks on this subject, at length, led to an inquiry what was the actual number of books existing in the world, and whether it were possible for any man to read the whole of them. Several modes of ascertaining this number were suggested, but none of them were free from objection. Every computer was guilty of some mistake, and either wholly omitted some classes of writers, or mistated the number of that class which was included in his calculation.

At length, one of the company, who had been previously silent, was called upon for his opinion. In answer to this call, he observed, that the multitude of books might be powerfully inferred from the mistakes which had been committed, and from the uncertainty which appeared to cleave to the question. Books are so numerous, their topics are so infinitely diversified, and human capacity is so generally limited to one or two topics of inquiry, that few men have qualified themselves even to estimate the number of publications.

There is one class of books in the world, continued he, most calculated to throw light upon this question, and that is the class of catalogues. Every permanent and extensive collection of books, in Europe, has a catalogue of its treasures, from which, the number of works and volumes in these collections, at least, may be known. Many persons have likewise amused their leisure, in compiling lists of books, either such as relate to a particular branch of knowledge, or such as have been written within a given period, or by the authors of a particular nation. I remember

to have once seen a book that called itself "*Catalogus Catalogorum*," a catalogue of catalogues. It was a compact volume, and could scarcely contain less than two hundred and fifty pages. Each article was accompanied with a brief explanation of how, when, and by whom it was compiled; which, however, did not occupy more than half a page: if so, the number of articles did not, probably, fall short of five hundred. The deliberate perusal of this work alone would require a day, and if the catalogues enumerated were equally copious, it follows, that the perusal of catalogues alone would demand daily and incessant application of nearly *a year and an half*.

If you will allow this instance to support a conclusion, we may calculate that all these lists added together, would amount to two hundred and fifty thousand names of books. Each book consisted of one or more volumes, and every work differed from its neighbour in bulk. Some, like the homilies of Chrysostom, the philosophical history of Brucker, or the anatomical library of Haller, might occupy an half score of quartos. It is, therefore, a moderate estimate, to suppose that each work, on an average, would demand, in its cursory perusal, four days. At this rate, and excluding Sabbath days from our reckoning, the whole number would consume *three thousand years*; or, supposing thirty years of a life to be constantly devoted to books, and the task of reading to be performed with all possible celerity, a long-lived and indefatigable student, might expect to read an *hundredth part* of the books that have been written.

The largest collection of printed books known in the world, is that of the kings of France. Many years ago it consisted of ninety-four thousand works. From the mode in which it is conducted, it

must experience continual augmentations. The present number, not improbably, exceeds an hundred thousand; so that one collection merely, contains two fifths of what I have assigned to be the whole number. This library alone would, therefore, afford a reader constant employment for *twelve hundred years*. A conclusion, at first sight, incredible; and yet, sustained by the most plausible evidence.

One may venture to affirm, that no man, however stupendous and diversified his reading, has read over the name of every book that has been printed, even in his native language. Each student has a path of his own, from which he deviates rarely and with reluctance. None but those whose passion is concentrated merely in the names of books, like the compilers of catalogues, are likely to come near the truth; and even of the man who composed a catalogue of catalogues, it cannot be imagined either that he read every article in the catalogue which he enumerates, or that he did not omit, in his collection, the title of some catalogue which, though once in print, had since disappeared, or which, though extant in his time, was placed beyond his reach.

This supposition may be made still more narrow. It is likely that the most ardent student, and most diligent collector, has not seen the names of all the works that have been printed in his favourite science, within the last fifty years, in his native tongue; much less likely is it that he has seen the names of publications during a longer period, or printed in any foreign language; and how precipitate and ignorant must be *he* who pretends or imagines that he has read the *books themselves*!

Twenty years ago a catalogue of English law books was published;

the number, exclusive of various editions, amounts to fifteen hundred. Few of these are comprised in a single volume of moderate bulk. Most of them are quartos, and extend to four and five volumes. One of them occupies no less than twenty-four folios.* What appetite has been so voracious as to devour the contents? What eye has been so active as to glance over the title-pages of, at least, three thousand ponderous volumes of law? No man could read this number, though his reading were rapid, and interrupted only by sleep and meals, in less than *thirty years*!

English theology has funds of reading at least as copious as English law. Sermon and system writers in theology are as numerous as the reporters and abridgers of law cases. It is difficult to ascertain this number; but we may form some judgment of the written, if not of the printed compositions of this kind, by comparing a few facts.

The number of parishes in South-Britain, has never been fixed at less than ten thousand. In each of these, one sermon, at least, is delivered weekly; and may be presumed to be always written. If each sermon can be read in fifteen minutes, to read all that are composed in one year, would consume forty years; every day, and ten hours of each day, being supposed to be devoted to it.

If English theology and law be thus abundant, what must we think of those of the continental nations of Europe? The Roman jurisprudence is the *lex communis* of Italy, Portugal, Spain, France, Germany, and the north. The laborious and voluminous genius of the Civilians, have become proverbial; and their heavy compositions as far surpass those of English

* Viner's Abridgement.

jurists in number, as the population of the continent exceeds that of the island.

Historical works, since the revival of arts in Europe, must compose a stupendous catalogue. The narratives of original actors and observers, from the reign of Charlemagne to the French revolution, now actually in print, cannot be stated with any degree of precision; but is it extravagant to say, that during the last three hundred years there have been an hundred publications of this kind yearly, including, in this estimate, all the western nations of Europe, and including every work in which the actions of human beings are recorded? Many will think that the estimate is not exorbitant, if limited to England alone.

Men who record their own actions, are not merely those who are engaged in war and politics. That importance which every man's affairs possess in his own eyes, has produced innumerable works. Voyagers, artists, philosophers, and especially religious men, have been as prone to publish their history as statesmen and generals.

The biography of religious persons is seldom of any value, and is rarely known to exist to any but their own followers, or the adherents of their own sect. An example of this may be found in the society of quakers. George Fox, the founder of this sect, lived somewhat more than an hundred and fifty years ago. Six generations have since elapsed, and the society has gradually increased; but, the whole number of quakers now alive, in Europe and America, probably does not exceed fifty thousand persons. This sect is chiefly known to the rest of mankind, by two works, George Fox's Journal, and Barclay's Apology. The most inquisitive who derive their knowledge from public libraries and popular catalogues, will be

surprised to hear, that the biographical publications merely of this sect, amount to more than five hundred. The number of controversial pieces, great and small, is immense. The same thing occurs in the history of all the christian sects which have arisen since the origin of printing.

If, however, we chuse a statement unquestionably moderate, and suppose that the annual publications of the biographical and historical kind, have been equal to an hundred, yearly, during three centuries, throughout all Europe, the whole number will be thirty thousand. He that would undertake to read all these, supposing all to be accessible, must first discover the secret of protracting his existence an hundred degrees beyond the usual term.

Should we extend the same computations to the tribe of tales, novels, and romances, to poetry, and the various departments of physical and moral science, we should find ample confirmations of my original assertion, that to read all the books that have been *printed*, would require not less a period than three thousand years.

For the Monthly Magazine.

New Periodical Work of Professor
OLIVARIUS.

Mr. Editor,

ONE of the objects of your publication, appears to be the diffusion of literary and scientific intelligence. A great number of your readers, who are eager in the pursuit of knowledge, will, doubtless, be pleased to learn the state and progress of literature and science in every part of the world: Unfortunately for such, our intercourse with most of the nations of Europe is almost exclusively commercial. Ignorance, too, of lan-

guages in which their books are written, forms an almost insuperable impediment to any intimate acquaintance with them. The French is almost the only foreign language studied by Americans. But the greatest number of literary productions of any one nation, at the present day, is German.

The knowledge we may be able to acquire of such publications, without the necessity of learning a new language, where translations cannot be procured, although partial and imperfect, may be of some use. Valuable hints may be given, and those who are desirous of pushing their researches further, may find in them a guide to the sources of that information they wish to obtain.

To gratify the curiosity of this class of your readers, I am induced to offer you some account of a new foreign literary journal; and, if this first sketch should meet your approbation, I may be induced to continue my communications.

Professor Olivarius, of the University of Kiel, in the Dutchy of Holstein,* has published a periodical work, entitled *Le Nord Littéraire, Physique, Politique, et Moral*, or an Account of the Literary, Physical, Political, and Moral State of the North.

As the learned professor has chosen to write in the French rather than his native tongue, he has, to justify, in some degree, this preference, introduced his work with an essay on the French language, which he believes has been tending, and will continue to tend, more than any other, to a state of *universalization*. From its general use among all the higher orders and classes of society throughout every part of civilized Europe, and believing

that it has become, and will continue to be, more and more extended by the present revolution in France, through all the inferior grades of society, he concludes that a language which is now so general, will necessarily, from that very cause, progress rapidly towards *universalization*.

This essay is well written, and it is no small merit in the author, that he is able to write, in a foreign language, with so much purity and correctness. Although the reasoning of professor O. be ingenious and plausible, may we not be allowed to pause, for a moment, before we admit the soundness of his conclusion? Especially when we survey the vast extent of our country, in which, at present, pure English is spoken by five millions of people, who are inevitably destined to occupy and extend their language over the whole of North-America. Such doubts in an anglo-American, who regards the future condition of his country, will be still greater in the natives of Britain, who view the boundless extent of their commerce, and their vast and growing possessions in the east and the west, in all which the language of England will finally prevail. This opinion might be strengthened by various arguments, drawn from the present situation of the two countries; but as a subject of speculation merely, I cannot but think that there is equal, if not greater probability, that English will become the universal language. In perusing this essay, and from other remarks scattered throughout the work, I was led to suppose it principally calculated for the meridian of Paris.

The first article in the first number of this publication (July,

* The Dutchy of Holstein is a part of the circle of Lower Saxony, and belongs, partly to the king of Denmark, and partly to the dukes of Holstein Gottorp, and Ploen. Kiel, the capital of Danish Holstein, is situated at the bottom of the bay of *Killerwick*, in the Baltic sea, about sixty miles north-east of Hamburg. T.

1797), which we shall notice, is the account of a work written by Dr. Hufeland, professor of medicine at Jena,* in 1797, "*On the art of prolonging life.*" As a translation, I am informed, has since been published in England, in two volumes 8vo. I shall be less particular in the account of the original work. The ideas which it contains are not so remarkable for their novelty or originality, as the clear, simple, and popular manner in which they are conveyed. It is very honourable to the professors of medicine of the present age, that the most enlightened among them are anxiously endeavouring to destroy all mystery and quackery in that science, and to render its principles intelligible and practicable to every class of society.

"This," says professor Olivarius, "is one of the most interesting productions which has ever appeared. The author is no *mountebank*, who, under an ostentatious and imposing title, conceals his own ignorance. He is one of the most able physicians, one of the most accurate observers, and possesses one of the soundest minds in Germany. He devoted eight years to the study of the subject, and his principles are adapted to the comprehension of persons of every capacity."

The length of life, in general, depends on the following points:

1. The mass of the principle of life, or vital spirits.
2. The consistence of the organization of the body.
3. The greater or less rapid consumption of life.
4. The greater or less perfection of the powers of restoration.

Man may arrive at old age in any climate: in general, however, he arrives at greater age in the frigid

than in the torrid zone, because the expenditure of life is greater in the last. Experience proves that islanders live longer than the inhabitants of the continent.

The countries in which persons have arrived at the greatest age, are England, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and, we may add, Russia.

The more man conforms to nature and her precepts, the longer will he live. All those who have reached the greatest age, have been married, generally more than once, and very often in old age. The most striking example is that of a Frenchman, of the name of *Longueville*, who lived one hundred and ten years, had ten wives, the last of which he married in his ninety-ninth year, and who, two years after, brought him a son.

There are more women than men who reach old age; but those who have reached the highest point of age have been men only.

To live long, the first period of existence should be active, or even laborious; afterwards, life should be tranquil and uniform. The idle have never been placed among the list of old persons.

Those who have lived longest, have, from their youth, subsisted less on meat than vegetables; most of them have not eaten any meat.

It may be affirmed, with the greatest probability, that the organization of man, and his vital principle, render it possible to prolong his existence and activity to two hundred years, for human nature is absolutely capable of such an extension of life. The existence of Thomas Parr, who died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two, and the dissection of whom shewed that, even at that age, all the *viscera* were in a sound state and perfect

* A considerable town, situated on the river Sala, in Thuringia, in the circle of Upper Saxony.

preservation, well nigh proves the truth of this supposition.*

From the tables of calculations on the probabilities of life, it appears, that of one hundred persons

50	die before the 10th year,
20	between 10 and 20
10 20 .. 30
6 30 .. 40
5 40 .. 50
3 50 .. 60

consequently, only six live beyond sixty years.

The principal requisites for long life, are, a good stomach and easy digestion, sound and good teeth, well organized breast and lungs, a heart not too irritable, a nature easily disposed to restoration and cure, the vital principle sufficient and well distributed, a good temperament, the structure of the body harmonious, without defect, and of a middling texture, no part considerably weak, and the genital organs perfect.

Experience proves that all old men have had good appetites; for which reason, as the teeth contribute so much to digestion, too much care cannot be taken of them. The temperament most conducive to old age is the sanguine, or a little phlegmatic; and, according to Dr. Rush, to be born of parents who have become old, or, at least, have not died of any acute disease, is a favourable circumstance.

To prolong life, the vital spirits must be increased, the organs strengthened by exercise and labour, the consumption retarded, and the restorative powers facilitated and perfected; the happy union of which means, in general, leads to longevity: but in the use of these means, care must be taken to guard against that abuse which will counteract the end.

Activity and hope, for example, increase the vital spirits; labour strengthens the organs; sleep retards the waste of life; baths and nutritious food are restoratives; but excess in the use of any of these is injurious and destructive.

Half the consumptions are owing to neglected catarrhs, and, for that reason, they ought not to be disregarded when they have continued fifteen days: and, in general, to effect a perfect cure, we should avoid every thing which may produce great heat or cold.

Fear is an obstacle to long life: the man who is enslaved by the fear of death, will never become old.

Ennui is another great obstacle to old age. A flimsy author of a long treatise on suicide, met a person with a very melancholy air, and accosted him with, "Where are you going?"—"I am going to drown myself in the Thames." "Before you do that," said the author, "I would take it as a great favour, if you would return for a moment, and peruse my book upon suicide."—"Heaven preserve me from that," said the hypocondriac; "it is that cursed tedious work which has so overcome me that I have resolved to go and drown myself."

An *exalted* imagination is not less injurious to life. A man believed himself dead, and would have been so for want of food, as he would not touch any aliment, had not one of his friends, luckily, declared that he also was dead, and persuaded him that, in the other world, as well as in this, it was necessary to eat to satisfy hunger.

One of the first principles of nature, and which lays a solid foundation for a long life, exempt from infirmities, is, that children, during the whole of the first year, should

* The instances of longevity might be multiplied. I will here add that of Louisa Truxo, a Negress, who was living at Tucomea, in South America, in October 1780, at the age of 175; and mention has been made of a person who lately died in Norway, upwards of 160.

be fed with their mother's milk, or that of a healthy nurse.

The place where we sleep, should be obscure. To sleep with a lamp or lighted candle in the room, is very hurtful. The room in which we keep the greatest part of the day, should have *pure air*. The temperature of the room we dwell in, should not exceed fifteen, Reaumur, or sixty-five, Farenheit.

We ought to bathe at least once a week, in lukewarm water, with two or three ounces of soap.

To preserve the teeth, we should eat a due quantity of vegetables or bread, with our meat; and it is well to chew a crust of bread after every meal. We ought to avoid all extremes of heat and cold; and, especially, a rapid transition from one sensation to its opposite. We should not drink cold water after eating soup, or any other hot aliment. Sugar and sugar'd *pastry*, are hurtful. Whenever you perceive a carious tooth, do not hesitate to have it extracted. Rinse the mouth every morning and after each repast.*

Spring water is the most salutary drink. Wine ought not to be drank every day. Soup is not so injurious as some have imagined; it should not be eaten to excess, nor too weak, or too hot.

Frankness of character contributes greatly to longevity. The wretch who is destitute of it, lives in continual restraint. Of all the emotions, *laughter* is the most conducive to health.

Such are the leading principles of Dr.H.'s work, which appears to have been the basis of the "Lectures on diet and regimen, &c." by Dr. Willich, lately published in London, and which merit to be studied by every one who is desirous to preserve or acquire that most invaluable blessing, health. A *sound body*, as

well as a *sound mind*, has ever been the desire of the wise.

"Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano."
[Juv.]

That human life may be prolonged to double the extent of what is supposed to be its present limits, without losing its activity and usefulness, is a pleasing subject of speculation; as such, I should recommend it to one of your correspondents who has amused your readers with conjectures on the stature of man. The greater or less magnitude of the human frame, seems to be of less importance in a moral point of view, than its perfect organization, and powers of preservation. T.

On the Letters of JUNIUS.

Mr. Editor,

IT is the fashion, in our age, for the young men to admire, study, and imitate the writings of JUNIUS. This book is reputed to be a model of elegance in style, and cogency in reasoning; and the most juvenile and adventurous ambition, is satisfied if it can reach that point in the scale of eloquence which Junius is supposed to have attained.

To dissent from the general verdict in this writer's favour, will only draw upon me the imputation of arrogance and folly. I shall be told that, in questions of this kind, there is no standard of decision but the general voice; that the general voice has, long ago, been unanimous on this subject, and to dissent from this decision, merely flows from the love of paradox, the rage of disappointment, or the malignity of envy.

The fear of this answer might well deter me from delivering my opinion, and I question whether, in different circumstances, my courage would support me in the under-

* These directions, though minute and familiar, are yet important, with a view to the preservation of health, and should be universally known and practised. T.

taking; but, under the convenient and impenetrable mask which a publication like yours affords, the most diffident or timorous may safely venture to speak what they think.

To differ from the rest of mankind, in questions of taste, is always hazardous. We cannot give up our opinion at the command of others, but we may reasonably derive doubt and distrust from observing that we are single and alone in our opinions. Perhaps some cases may occur in which a man has all the world against him, and in which, therefore, he may hesitate and waver in his belief; but, luckily for me, the present is by no means one of these cases. Junius is not regarded with equal and excessive veneration by all, and there is somewhat in the character and education of his worshippers, which will justify us in denying that their zeal flows from a divine and infallible source.

Sentiments and words are closely interwoven, but it is possible for the mind to sever them and examine them apart. The sentiments of Junius entitle him to no praise. They spring from motives most destructive to human society, and most debasing to him whom they actuate. They are opposite to all that is just, benignant, and useful in the intercourse of men. They have no alliance with humanity or candour. They are a series of indiscriminate and outrageous invectives. They breathe abhorrence and contempt, unchastized by the most palpable considerations of impartiality and equity.

Nothing is more fulsome, more indicative of feeble intellects and crude conceptions, than lavish and boundless applause; but still, this weakness is compatible with innocent and kind attentions. The injudicious encomiast may be pitied and loved; but far different is the state of him who deals only in up-

braiding and obloquy. The soundness of his intellects, which so grossly confounds the dictates of justice, and miscalculates the means of reformation and correction, is scarcely less questionable; while our highest disapprobation must attend his motives, whose supreme delight consists in exhibiting, and blazoning, and exaggerating the vices of his fellow creatures.

The topics on which Junius exercises his rhetoric are now nearly antiquated. The quarrels of the English ministry, a riot in Westminster, and a contest about the representation of a borough, the lapse of thirty years has nearly consigned to oblivion. We are seldom at leisure to attend to different narratives, and the arguments of each side of the debate, even on contemporary subjects. Some lucky incidents have brought together in a volume, and put within our reach, the rhetoric of a popular declaimer respecting events of a distant period. The innumerable answers which were made, the witnesses who noted, and the records which preserve the genuine circumstances of the case, and which would enable us to form a right decision, have either perished, or they exist at such a distance that their testimony cannot be procured. Now who is there whose candour will allow him to decide upon the truth of questions discussed by *such* a declaimer, even when the declamation is thoroughly consistent and unexceptionably plausible?

This, indeed, is more than can be said for Junius. The terms of his own invective are themselves sufficient to expose it to derision.

It requires no abstruse researches into parliamentary journals, and contemporary pamphlets and gazettes, to perceive, in general, the malignity and injustice of this satirist. A common knowledge of historical facts, and the manners of

the age, and the principles of human nature, will shew us, in their true light, the characters of the king, and of the duke of Grafton, and of lord Mansfield, and the merits of the Middlesex election. This knowledge will enable us to strip these philippics of their meretricious ornaments and their ridiculous exaggerations.

It is easy to account for the extravagance of dealers in invective, who deny to the objects of their rage, every human property, and reduce them to the rank of mere organs of malice and vehicles of unadulterated evils. These persons gradually loose sight of the motives that originally prompted them to slander; their attention comes, in time, to be fixed merely on the instrument of their resentment. Distinctions, pertaining to words, and the relations between abstract ideas, call away their thoughts from testimony and experience. Censure became a kind of art, in which every faculty is bent to excel, and which is supposed to require, that the artist should form a sort of compound of pure evil, from which every alleviating ingredient, every thing suspected of a tendency to palliation and apology, must be carefully excluded. This mixture, seasoned with the pruriences of eloquence, and garnished with the flowers of a cultivated and prolific fancy, is, at length, presented to the world as the product of a laudable aversion to guilt, and a generous devotion to the cause of human happiness.

This description is remarkably exemplified in Junius. Rhetorical allusions, choice phrases, and musical cadences, were indefatigably sought for; each was weighed with the utmost scrupulousness, and inserted with the dexterity of a setter of mosaic, in its proper place in the tablet. Brilliant contrasts, subtle distinctions, the graces and lux-

uriances of language, occupied the chief place in his thoughts. The crimes of kings, and the nation's wrongs, present despair, and future ruin, were themes on which this rhetorician chose to lavish all the stores of his skill. Ministerial vices, and national calamities, were *occasions*, and newspaper and anonymous declamations were the *means* selected and employed for the attainment of renown, which was the *end* proposed by him. Faction and rebellion were, in his sight, trivial evils, and a price at which the praise of eloquence was cheaply purchased.

Hence, every where, throughout these compositions, is discoverable the hand of the *artist*; of one who, in stabbing his neighbour, is chiefly attentive to the graces of his attitude, and the dexterity of his thrust. Every part is elaborately smoothed and polished. All teems with the fruits of patient labour and unweary application. His censure is unlimited, unequalled, inflated by audacious metaphor, or smoothly flowing in melodious periods. The king, the duke, or the judge, are successively displayed to our view, carefully bedecked with all the emblems of tyranny and meanness, with all the titles which dæmons might urge to our hatred and fear. The jargon of a faction is exalted into the clamours of a nation, and endless and universal consequences gravely predicted from the expulsion of a deputy from the national council, the dismission of a culprit on bail, and the pardon of a soldier who shot a child in a riot.

Unluckily for Junius, this collection contains a few papers written in a strain totally different from the rest. These are the letters of John Horne, of which, the simplicity of style, the conscious integrity, the honest reproof, and the spirit of openness, afford a strong contrast to the pompous and insult-

able embellishments, the visible anxiety about expression, the affected gravity, and vague, yet malignant accusations of his adversary. The superiority of Horne, and total defeat of Junius in *this* contest, make it strange that the letters of the former were admitted into this volume. Some have even founded on these circumstances, a conjecture, that Horne and Junius were the same person, and that this digressional controversy was introduced in order to cast a thicker veil over the person of the real author. This supposition, though for other reasons chimerical, derives plausibility from the dissimilitude between the style and spirit of the two performances. Nothing can be conceived more unlike. The charms of simplicity and truth, of indignant and virtuous eloquence, are possessed by one, and are totally wanting in the other.

From these remarks it follows, that the sentiments and motives of this writer are by no means recommended by the ornaments of his style. Splendid images and musical periods, however valuable in themselves and acceptable when exhibited on suitable occasions, may, at other times, be productive of nothing but indignation or disgust. When they betoken a disproportionate solicitude respecting words, and inattention, or indifference, to justice and truth, they are odious and culpable—when they are lavishly or unseasonably introduced, they constitute inexpressible blemishes. Poor and contemptible is his ambition who labours to acquire the fame of a *fine writer*, by means incompatible with his reputation as an *honest man*.

But is Junius, though specious and splendid, though abundant in brilliant allusions and acute distinctions, worthy to be studied as a model of real elegance and purity of language? To determine this point

it would be requisite to select a few passages from his works, and subject them to an accurate and candid examination. This, if the present essay should prove worthy of your notice, I shall undertake to perform in your next number.

CRITO.

MEMOIRS OF STEPHEN CALVERT.

[Continued from p. 359.]

ON how slender threads does the destiny of human beings frequently depend! The caprice of a moment, an inexplicable and transitory impulse, in consequence of which our steps move one inch forward or on one side, will sometimes ascertain the tenour of our whole life, will influence the happiness and govern the activity of one man, and through him, controul the destiny of nations and the world.

Throughout this day, my mind was but ill suited to any social occupation. I was too deeply absorbed in weighing the consequences of the impending interview, to spare much reflexion to the claims and interests of others; but this theme became, by degrees, painful. My impatience was heightened into agony, and before noon had arrived, I resolved to hasten the meeting with my cousin, and set out immediately upon my visit.

While equipping myself and my horse for this purpose, some untoward chance called to my remembrance a person who lived near my ancient abode at Burlington, and with whom I had maintained a cordial intercourse from an early age. He had lately assigned me a commission which my abode in the city made it easy to perform, and which it was of some importance to him to have speedily and faithfully performed. It was merely to call on a kinsman who resided in the city, and inform him, in three

words, that a certain person had returned to Burlington, who had formerly absconded, in consequence of debt. This person was in debt to my friend's kinsman, and as he had resumed his place in society, with a seeming confidence and fearlessness, it was to be hoped that he might be compelled, by legal means, to fulfil his former engagements.

This affair might be dispatched in ten minutes, and to have neglected it would have been wholly inexcusable. I set out without delay, for this end. I had walked about three squares, when turning a corner suddenly, my attention was slightly attracted by a sound, issuing, as it seemed, from the upper windows of an house, near at hand. It was a faint shriek, uttered, apparently, by female organs. It was a feeble effort of the voice, and followed by deep silence. It was too indistinct to inform me whence it came. I could merely guess that it came from above, and from within some dwelling hard by, but from which of the houses in sight, and whether it denoted grief, or pain, or surprise, or affright, I was wholly unable to determine. I checked my steps an instant, and looked upward and around, but saw nothing to confirm or assist my conjectures, and therefore quietly resumed my way, and re-entered on the meditations which had been suspended by this incident. The circumstance could not be perceived to possess any relation to me. Its true nature was not likely to be discovered by any inquiries which were possible to one in my condition, and possessed no claim upon my curiosity.

Such is the indifference and heedlessness of one who spies the flash of a musket in the thicket, but is unapprised of the existence of an enemy. He imagines it a glow-worm or a meteor, and rests in supine security. Instead of headlong

flight, he loiters till the lurking foe has refurnished the *pan*, and a second attempt urges the fatal bullet to his heart.

I found the person of whom I was in search, and imparted the tidings which I brought. He expressed much gratitude for this service, and inquired if I had any purpose of writing to his kinsman. I answered, that there was, at present, no urgent demand for a letter; that my engagements would lead me a different way in a few hours, and I had not designed to write to him during several weeks, or perhaps months.

He apologized for making this inquiry, by saying that an unlucky wound in his right hand had, during some time, disabled him from writing; that no one was at hand to perform for him the office of an amanuensis; that the present affair was of a very urgent and momentous nature; that his future welfare and subsistence depended on the recovery of the sum which was owing by this fugitive; and that the slightest delay might preclude him from this recovery. If I had designed to write to my friend, it would have been an extraordinary favour to him to perform that office immediately, and to insert in my letter some directions with regard to the measures to be taken on this exigence.

To comply with this request, made diffidently, but with great earnestness, would, in a very slight degree, incroach upon my plans. It would fill an hour, and enable me, with more patience, to wait the coming of the period which I had originally fixed upon as most proper for a meeting with my cousin; I therefore consented to write immediately; and having received such information as he chose to give, returned home to compose my letter.

The letter being written, it was

necessary to put it on board a vessel going to Burlington. I went in quest of the vessel, and, having deposited the script in suitable hands, returned home, designing to set out forthwith on my projected visit. It was a fortune equally untoward that made me re-enter my lodgings, instead of mounting my horse, which stood ready for my use at some distance. Knowing that my absence might last for ever, I felt reluctance to depart, without leaving affectionate adieus with the good lady at whose house I lived.

Having entered the house, I was informed that a messenger had been in search of me, and had waited for my return some time; but being weary, at length, or in haste, had gone, leaving, however, a billet, which was put into my hand. This billet, containing compliments to Felix Calvert, and a request that he would call at the corner of Front and — streets, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

On inquiry I was told that the bearer of this billet was a young female, of a foreign countenance and garb, and with an air and demeanour that seemed to prove her a waiting-maid or upper servant. She had expressed much impatience and anxiety to see me, and had left the most earnest request that they would not fail to deliver me the billet. This impatience was visibly increased by the information that I was preparing to set out upon a journey, from which the period of my return was wholly uncertain. She repeated that the receipt of this billet, and compliance with the request contained in it, were of the highest importance, and that no consideration must induce them to neglect delivering it.

The surprise which this circumstance was adapted to produce, was heightened by observing that the corner of Front and — streets was the very spot at which the

shriek just mentioned had excited my attention. A vague suspicion was suggested that some connection subsisted between the invitation just received and that mysterious voice. My acquaintance in the city lay in quarters distant from this, and there was no circumstance within my memory, or observation, enabling me to guess at the character or situation of the tenants of this house. It was spacious and magnificent, was probably inhabited by persons of the better class, and the messenger belonged to a female, since none but a female was likely to charge a waiting-maid with a commission of this kind.

This new incident exercised a strange dominion over my thoughts. My attention, burning as it was with eagerness and impatience respecting my cousin's deportment, was diverted into a new channel. I did not hesitate in resolving to comply with this summons. An hour had been mentioned sufficiently early to permit the performance of my previous engagement. Between three o'clock and dusk, the interval was long enough for many an interview, and the dusk of evening was the period most suitable for my visit to Louisa.

My anxiety to gain some basis for conjecture as to the character and views of my inviter, led me to reflect upon the possibility of making some inquiries on that head previous to my visit. I now remembered that, some weeks before this, I had stopped at a shop nearly opposite to this mansion, to purchase some trifles, for which I had just received a commission from my mother. The seller, by name Mrs. Rivers, was a little, talkative, courteous woman, who was likely to have dealt as much in the history of her neighbours, as in the prices of laces and ribbons. The money I expended with her gave me a title to respect, and much lively dis-

course had passed between us, not strictly connected with the quality and cost of her wares. She was quick, communicative, affable, and made any laborious advances to acquaintance superfluous. Her I resolved to visit, and, by duly managing the conversation, endeavour to extract from her all the knowledge of her neighbour she possessed.

I went forthwith to the shop. Salutations were exchanged. The price of this and that was required and given. Gloves and hose were spread upon the compter. One article was *pretty* and another cheap. She had sold *this* for two-pence more than she now asked, and *that* being the last pair remaining, she would let go for a shilling under her customary price. While her tongue was thus employed, I was meditating on the best means of leading the discourse to the desirable object.

Meanwhile, there entered the shop, a young woman, who asked for something, for which she paid, and immediately withdrew, yet not till Mrs. Rivers had uttered a score of interrogatories, such as "How de do, Jenny? How is Miss Neville this morning? Does she never go out now-a-days? Why don't she call? When does she leave town? Don't she leave town this summer? How can she bear to stay? Has she *got shet* of her cold? Was the *cruel* of the right colour? Does she want any more of it?" and so forth. These inquiries were made without intermission, and apparently with no view to be answered. The girl, however, stammered out yes or no, and shewed a sort of consciousness and trepidation that attracted my notice.

While viewing her, I noticed her garb, aspect, and general demeanour to be nearly such as had been described as belonging to the

bearer of the billet. A suspicion arose that this was the same person. This suspicion was changed into certainty when I saw her trip across the street, and enter a gate belonging to the corner house.

"Pray," said I to my companion, pointing to the house in question, "who lives *there*?"

"Don't you know? You look as if you knew. I'll warrant you, you know, but ask ——"

"Why? why should I ask if I knew already?"

"I can't tell, but if you really don't know, I'll tell you."

"'Tis a young lady who came not long ago from England. Her aunt or mother, (I am not sure which, I confess, for my part, I doubt, but they commonly think her aunt), came first. Mrs. Keith, a good lady, give her her due, and an excellent customer to me. Many a penny has she put into my pocket. Poor lady! I was quite inconsolable at her death. She began to droop just after the young lady's arrival, and died eight months ago."

"Was Mrs. Keith a foreigner?"

"Yes; no. She was partly one and partly 'tother. She was born in Jersey, and married, early, in this town. Mr. Keith was of an ancient and rich family, and a lawyer. He made a great deal of money by the law, and went home* to enjoy it. Poor man! he died just after he got ashore. This is several years ago, but Mrs. Keith returned, to lay her bones, as she said, in her native country; and, poor woman, she did, in a short time, the very thing which she came to do. She died, and left that house, and a very handsome property, to her neice, Clelia; Clelia Neville."

"Is this lady married, or likely to be so?"

* Before the revolution, Europe, and especially Britain, was universally called, by the American colonists, *home*.

"Not that I know of. She is quite young and handsome, but goes out but little, and sees scarcely any company. The death of her aunt was a severe stroke. She has been melancholy ever since. Jenny tells me, that from one month's end to another, she never goes out of her chamber and her garden, and sees not a living soul besides her own family. She dresses and lives very genteel. She is quite the lady. A mighty reader, Jenny says, writes much, paints landscapes, and plays very tastily upon the—something—it is an hard, outlandish name. This is all she does. She never does an hand's-turn at any kind of work. Not for want of knowing how to do it neither, but because she thinks it vulgar, or because she likes reading and playing better.

"She lives a very strange life. To tell you the truth, I am half a mind to think, that there's something like a sweet-heart at bottom; some disappointment of that sort, in England, that made her come out here. Her aunt did not know of her coming. It was very unexpected, and not at all liked by the old lady. The first time they met, Mrs. Keith was quite ill, and the young lady did not behave like one who had found a welcome reception. There was abundance of tears and of sad looks between them, then, and a good while after. Something, for certain, more than the death of her aunt, who was quite old and might look to die soon, is the matter with her now, but what it is, I can only guess.

"Jenny knows; I am sure she knows, but she is prim and close-mouthed about it. I could never get a hint of any thing from her. This is quite a topping dame. She reads and paints as well as her mistress, and won't stoop to be familiar with servants or any body. She often comes here to buy any thing, in my way, that the family wants;

and talks about her mistress but very cautiously. She is no tattler, that's the truth, and I know little but what I pick up myself (our houses, you see, are opposite), and from the neighbours, but still——."

Mrs. Rivers's loquacity was here diverted by the entrance of a new customer. Three o'clock had nearly arrived, and I imagined that my informant had nearly exhausted her stories of knowledge. I wanted an opportunity of reflecting on what I had already heard, and, therefore, putting my purchases in my pocket, I took my leave. I made a circuit of half a mile before I reached Miss Neville's door.

I was young, romantic, and without experience. There was somewhat in this adventure, wonderfully fitted to excite my curiosity and rouse my hopes. The slight portrait that had been drawn by Mrs. Rivers, exhibited a captivating person, elegant accomplishments, dignity of birth, and opulence, and, in a sufficient degree, an unblemished reputation. What motive could induce such an one to demand a visit from me, was a theme of perplexing, but no undelightful inquiry.

These inquiries were, at length, terminated by my arrival at her door. I had been summoned hither, but the summons was anonymous, and the cause was unexplained. I was somewhat at a loss, therefore, in what manner to demean myself, for whom to inquire, or what motive to alledge for my visit. This perplexity hindered me not from knocking. The signal was speedily obeyed. The girl I had seen at Mrs. Rivers's, appeared at the door, and, before I had time to open my lips, desired me to walk in, and ushered me into a drawing room, on the second story.

Here I walked to and fro, for some minutes, alone. All the misgivings of youth, the timidities of

inexperience, and the indefinable hopes and fears congenial with my visionary and enthusiastic temper, took possession of me. I looked at one door, and at the other, and listened. I mistook a casual sound for that of approaching footsteps. These fallacious omens were, after some time, succeeded by unquestionable ones. The door from an inner chamber, opened, and there entered, in a sort of hurry, and with various tokens of embarrassment, a lovely female, arrayed in mourning.

I made my obeisance with an ill grace, and, on being requested, in a tremulous and soft voice, to sit down, with difficulty found a seat. She seated herself near me, and, after a short pause, said,

"I am not so fortunate, Sir, as to be known to you, and scarcely know how to apologise for the liberty which I have taken in requesting this visit. I am conscious that it may bear a strange and disadvantageous appearance, but my heart acquits me of any impropriety. My motive has been gratitude, for the greatest service which it is possible for one person to perform for another. You have saved my life, at the imminent hazard of your own, and I could not forbear seeking this opportunity of presenting you my thanks. The obligation can, indeed, be never discharged; but your benevolence and intrepidity entitle you, at least, to know that she whom you have rescued from the worst of deaths, is not ungrateful for the benefit."

At this address, I lifted my eyes and fixed them on the speaker. The blood thrilled at my heart in recognizing, in this person, the form and features of her whom I had borne in my arms from an house in flames, and whom I had seen as for a moment, and whose image, impressed in such vivid hues upon my fancy, I had sup-

posed to have been indebted for its charms to the illusion of my senses. Every line of that portrait was now visible. My surprise was equal to my delight; and these strong emotions overpowered, for a while, my timidity and awkwardness. I started, involuntarily, on my feet, and expressed my pleasaue at this meeting, with an eloquence and fervour that were new to me.

She listened with emotions which I was unable, at that time, to interpret. Her eyes were downcast, her cheeks glowed, sorrow appeared to contend in her features, with joy, and confidence with doubt. Her tongue faltered in expressing her sentiments, and every gesture betokened a confusion of feelings, inexplicable but bewitching.

This perplexity and reserve gradually lessened, and our conversation reverted to the events that brought about this interview. I mentioned the mistake in which I had been hitherto involved, as to the person I had saved, inquired into the situation of the ladies whose roof it was, and by what means she became exposed to the danger.

"I was merely a visitant of these ladies," she replied. "I spent the day with them, and they prevailed upon me to remain during the night. One of them was indisposed, and there was some reason to dread the increase of her indisposition. Hence I was more willing to stay."

"On fully recovering my senses, I found myself in the arms of an hospitable lady of the neighbourhood. I was not hurt, and the terror was quickly removed. I procured myself to be removed hither to my own house, as expeditiously as possible. I did not distinctly see my deliverer, and some time elapsed before the newspapers acquainted me with his name. My servant procured, by some means, information of the place of your abode; and my eagerness to render you the

thanks that are so justly due, has made me overlook forms."

"Let me thank you," said I, "in my turn, for this negligence of forms. The mistake into which I was led, at the beginning, respecting your person, made me remiss in profiting by so favourable an opportunity of knowing you. I hope you will allow me to repair my error and authorise me to see you frequently."

She admitted my request with looks of the utmost benignity and satisfaction. The discourse passed to topics of a general and speculative kind. The transition was not effected by me. She led the way, almost imperceptibly, into new tracts, and glided from one theme to another, with dexterity and gracefulness inimitable.

Very far was my companion from forward and loquacious. She was merely earnest and full of thought. She spoke much, and with mellifluous volubility; but this arose from organs, flexible beyond any that I had ever known, and from a mind incessantly versatile and active, drawing with a facility, almost sportive, from inexhaustible stores of sentiment and language.

Our topics tended but little to throw light upon the real incidents of her condition. There was the fullest display of her opinions. There were details of her intellectual education and the progress of her understanding. Transactions were related or alluded to, in which she had been a *witness*, and some in which she had been an *actor*; but these exhibited her modes of judging on abstract subjects, and threw very faint and reflected light upon her principles of conduct.

Books came, at length, to be mentioned. She appeared to be no unimpassioned votary of reading. She had, at almost an infantile age, imbibed an invincible attachment

to books. She had read, for a long time, with indiscriminating appetite. Amusing and frivolous productions occupied her attention for a while, but her taste gradually acquired refinement. She distinguished between faults and beauties, between substance and shew. Her facility of approbation, and her eagerness for novelty, abated. While some performances lost all or much of her esteem, others acquired stronger claims to admiration. The habit of inquiring into the reasons of her choice, of pausing and sending forth her mind upon discovery, of calling up and expatiating among the ideas linked with the suggestions of the writer, became vigorous and permanent. From seeing and feeling, she had long since proceeded to investigate, select, and arrange.

To me this spectacle was wholly new. I had met with persons of extensive knowledge, but their minds were not pliant and elastic. Their discourse was jejune, disjointed, and obscure. Their mind gave out its stores, if I may so express myself, with difficulty and reluctance. Their expressions were meagre and coarse, inadequate and vague. Their tone was an insipid sing-song, or a monotonous uniformity. Their utterance was stammering through precipitation, or drawling through sluggishness. Their stock of words was too small to allow them to select suitable expressions with the requisite speed. They erred through perverse habits, or a vitiated taste.

The picture now before me was a dazzling reverse of these imperfections. Nature, accident, or education, had given her so large a store, and such absolute command of language, that she had nothing to do but to adjust her pause, her accent, and her emphasis. The stream was spontaneously and ever flowing. All her care consisted in

leading it through proper channels, and giving melody and meaning to its cadencies.

My conceptions of the dignity and beauty of eloquence, of that power of utterance which bestows the utmost grace and force upon our own conceptions, or on those of others, were, probably, carried beyond the due bound. My education, in this respect, had made me a mere Roman. From much converse with ancient orators and *rhetoricians*, I had been taught to regard speech as the faculty of greatest value and power. Excellence in this was most worthy of generous ambition, and to this the power of retaining and arranging ideas was subordinate and secondary.

Our modes are very different from those of the Latins. We have not lived long enough in a warm sun to acquire the vivacities of utterance and gesture which distinguish the Italians. Our northern extraction makes us sober and dispassionate, and our government raises a wholesome mound against popular tides and billows. The perfections of speech have scope only on private occasions. There is no scene of deliberation where thousands are convened, where every auditor is qualified, by education, to comprehend and relish the refinements of speech. Eloquence, in the *Roman* sense of that term, is driven from among men. It expired when the forum, from a theatre of government, sunk into a market-place, and advocates and statesmen were supplanted by butchers and herb-women.

But there is another sense in which its value and its efficacy are as great as ever. Persuasion and instruction are employments of as frequent recurrence, and as great moment now, as at any former period. The instrument is no less powerful to charm the eyes and ears, to sway the reason and affections of

one or a few. Hence the rhetoric of conversation awakened, in the highest degree, my juvenile enthusiasm. I prized myself more highly on account of my attainments in this art, than for any other accomplishment; and no excellence in others, gained more fervent veneration, than their skill in conversation, their power to adapt their theme to all persons and occasions, without sinking into levity or indecorum, of guiding and bending attention at pleasure, of joining sagacity to promptitude, and correctness to fluency. Hence, in listening to my new acquaintance, I derived pleasure beyond what I had ever experienced from the exhibition of intellectual excellence.

In the midst of our discourse, the evening overtook us. Four hours had passed away with imperceptible speed. I looked up and recalled my previous engagement to remembrance, but it appeared with the dubiousness and faintness of a dream. It threw me into a temporary perplexity, and being aware that my visit had been longer than decorum usually prescribed, I took my leave.

I should in vain attempt to describe the state of my mind after this interview. A deep and thorough revolution had been wrought in it; of the full extent of which, however, I was not yet aware. The image of Miss Neville, clothed with nymphlike and fascinating graces, hovered in my view; a tumult of delicious feelings was awakened, which I cherished with diligence, and, during some time, avoided every act or meditation tending to divert my thoughts into a different and customary channel.

Gradually this tumult subsided, and allowed me calmly to survey my real situation, and to figure to myself the consequences which this incident must produce. Irresolution and despondency took place of

my rapture. I thought of all that had passed between Louisa Calvert and myself, of the earnestness with which I had sought her hand, of the obstacles which had occurred to my hopes, of the toil which I had undergone to overcome these obstacles, and of the measures which my recent despair had dictated.

The first sentiment which now rose in my heart, was that of self-upbraiding. I had acted with the blind impetuosity of a lunatic. The dupe of deceitful rumour. I had stifled that emotion which the image of the rescued lady had excited. I had laboriously shunned the smooth and forthright path, and bent all my infatuated zeal to accomplish my destruction and that of my cousin; but my error was now not to be retrieved. I had gone too far to return, to stop, or even to linger.

What! had I then ceased to love Louisa Calvert? Was a short interview with this stranger, in which nothing but the specious surfaces were visible, sufficient to change into indifference or aversion, that headlong zeal; which, an hour before, had burnt in my heart, had urged me to the brink of despair, had made me determine to abandon my mother, my friends, and my country! How fully had I justified the censures and precautions of Sydney! What a monument of mutability and caprice should I make myself, should I now relinquish my pursuit, and devote to another those wishes and affections which had so lately belonged to my cousin! This would be ignominious and disgraceful beyond any guilt which my nature could incur.

And yet, had not Louisa rejected me? Had she not determined to postpone our union to a remote and indefinite period? Was not our betrothment utterly dissolved? Were not my happiness, my safety, my life, voluntarily offered as a sacrifice to the prejudices of another? I

had persisted in contesting with her determination, long after the prospect of success had vanished. I meditated flight and exile, the sorrow of my mother, the neglect of my patrimony, the desertion of my friends; why? because this woman had chosen to reject my vows, to preserve, unimpaired, her haughty independence, had refused to place trust in my rectitude and constancy, had loaded me with scorn.

Of this folly it was surely time to repent. It was time to discontinue my base and servile supplications, to leave her to consult the wisdom of Sydney, and to cultivate her own means of dignity and happiness. Let me claim to myself the same privilege. Let me seek happiness from one more able and more willing to confer it; who is governed by sentiments and principles harmonious and congenial with mine; who is not the slave of the ambiguous and cold-blooded scruples of another. Why should I decline my intended visit? Why not seek my cousin, and afford her the satisfaction of my acquiescence in her schemes?

She was right. Sydney's knowledge of my character was more accurate than my own. I have been too precipitate. There are points of difference between Louisa and myself, incompatible with conjugal felicity, and which no time would probably annihilate. Parting will be best. Let me hasten to her presence; let me assure her of my full conviction of the propriety of her schemes. It will afford her the purest and most rapturous joy. Her sympathetic heart has long been agonized at the sight of my sufferings, and her ear been wounded by the murmurings of my injustice. It is time to dissipate her griefs, and restore her to complacency and cheerfulness.

Such were my reflections; in consequence of which I pursued

my way to my cousin's habitation. These sentiments were not inequitable. They diffused a serenity and calmness through my bosom, to which I had long been a stranger. It did not occur to me to note the abruptness of this change, and to mark how little I had been indebted for it to the force of reason. Before my interview with Clelia Neville, these considerations were overlooked. The voice of equity was then too low to be heard, but now I had suddenly started up into a dispassionate and rational being. I could perceive and acknowledge the justice of her conduct, and acquitted her of all malignity and folly. Such is the imposture which men practise on themselves. Such are the folds under which selfishness and passion hide themselves, and so easily are their boastful and arrogant pretensions to disinterestedness and magnanimity admitted by their fond slave.

These reflections were succeeded by others relative to my new friend. I pursued, with intensesness, the comparison between the virtues and accomplishments of these women. I dwelt with delight upon the personal attractions, the polished understanding, the affluent and musical eloquence, the studious and seclusive habits of Miss Neville. I dwelt upon the propitious omens that attended the beginnings of our intercourse, the fervency of that gratitude which so eminent a service as that of saving her life, at the almost inevitable hazard of my own, was suited to produce, and which the extraordinary mode adopted by her, to convey her thanks, sufficiently testified. I was her only visitant. She had given, even in so brief an interview, undubitable proofs of being highly pleased with my demeanour. She had accepted, with eagerness, my offers of continuing and advancing our acquaintance. She was a stranger in a fo-

reign land, unfettered by obligations, springing from kindred, or marriage, or poverty; unamused by varieties of company, and the shifting scenes of dissipation; fond of loneliness, and books, and musing. Was it possible for invention to assemble more charms in one form, and more auspicious incidents together? Was she not the unknown type after which my fancy, in the solitude of Burlington, had delighted to fashion the images of friend, mistress, wife?

But what was my cousin? No music in her utterance, no vigour or grace in her elocution, no symmetry, no lustre, no bewitching hues, no radiance in her glances. She is an object of esteem. Her virtues are divine: but they, alone, cannot give birth to that ineffable passion which blends two beings into one. And yet, is virtue nothing in the balance of him who meditates wedlock? Is it nothing that Louisa loves with tenderness and constancy, that her character is fully known, and is void of blemish? Are integrity, and moral sensibility, and rare genius, so easily outweighed by mere external qualities, whose intoxications are sure to disappear in nuptial familiarity, and to sink to the level of their opposites? What know I of this stranger that is inconsistent with innumerable foibles and frailties? She is plausible and smooth; but may she not conceal, under this delusive mask, a thousand weaknesses or prejudices?

It is true that she may be no less excellent in mind than in person. There is nothing destructive of each other in the perfections of form and of mind. This alliance, however, is yet to be proved. It remains to be discovered whether there do not secretly exist insuperable impediments to the wishes that I have formed. What are the means of this discovery? How does it be-

come me to demean myself? not, surely, in such a manner as will terminate every hope with regard to my cousin. Does she merit to be made unhappy by a still disclosure of my feelings? What if further and more intimate acquaintance with Miss Neville should prove my first impressions to be false?

Should I then declare to my cousin not only my change of opinions with regard to her, but my new-born preference of another? What will that be but to give her torment, which the failure of my expectations, and my wishes, with regard to Clelia Neville, may prove to be wantonly and needlessly inflicted? What will that be but to rob myself of the power of reverting to my ancient path, and losing totally my hold of my cousin's affections? Far am I yet from loving this stranger: farther still may our future intercourse place me from loving her. This new occurrence has only shewn me the possibility of happiness without my cousin.

What then is incumbent on me? Let me hasten the intended interview. Let me yield to her remonstrances and projects; consent to

consider our betrothment as dissolved, maintain with her henceforth, the intercourse of friendship, and meanwhile cultivate the society of the stranger. Study her character, endeavour to comprehend her situation. If in those there be no impediments to a more intimate and sacred union, endeavour to effect that union. If there be such obstacles, then may I adopt some new scheme of happiness, and either revive my claim to Louisa Calvert, or bid an eternal adieu to these shores.

These principles appeared to me just. They argued, perhaps, a kind of sensibility, less ardent or less permanent than is commonly found in upright and ingenuous youth; but the speculative maxims that countenanced and sanctioned my deportment were not immoral. It is easily seen, however, what perils and temptations I was going to multiply around me. How hard I should find it to avoid, in adhering to this plan, falsehood and duplicity. The sequel will show how little qualified I was to resist these temptations.

(To be continued.)

American Review.

ART. XXV.

The FORESTERS, an American Tale; being a Sequel to the History of John Bull the Clothier. In a Series of Letters to a Friend. The Second Edition, revised and considerably enlarged. pp. 240. 12mo. Boston. Thomas and Andrews. 1796.

THE name of the author is not prefixed to this performance, but we have good authority for saying that it is the production of the

late Dr. BELKNAP. That very respectable writer, laying aside the solemn and dignified manner of the historian, has condescended, for the amusement and instruction of his countrymen, to unfold an humble tale; in which the principal incidents in the history of this country, from its first settlement to the present time, are related in the pleasing and popular form of an allegory.

That the design of this narration is not original, may be collected from the title-page, which expresses

it to be the *Sequel* of "the History of John Bull the Clothier." As the tale of the FORESTERS is not, in fact, a continuation of the well-known history of that worthy tradesman, it might, with more propriety, have been denominated an episode, or digression from that very pleasant and renowned history.

Though the nature of the work does not very well admit of extracts, we cannot refuse our readers the satisfaction of observing the manner in which Dr. B. has conducted his tale, and, for that purpose, shall select, as a specimen, the account of the religious quarrels of the colonists of Massachusetts, at the same time recommending the whole of this little volume to their perusal.

"After Ploughshare's* departure, John Codline,† with his family, kept on their fishing and planting, and sometimes went a hunting, so that they made out to get a tolerable subsistence. John's family grew, and he settled his sons as fast as they became of age, to live by themselves; and when any of his old acquaintance came to see him, he bade them welcome, and was their very good friend, *as long as they continued to be of his mind*, and no longer; for he was a very pragmatistical sort of a fellow, and loved to have his own way in every thing. This was the cause of a quarrel between him and Roger Carrier;‡ for it happened that Roger had taken a fancy to dip his head into the water,§ as the most effectual way of washing his face, and thought it could not be made so clean in any other way. John, who used the common way of taking water in his hand to wash his face, was displeased with Roger's innovation, and remonstrated against it. The remonstrance had no other effect than to fix Roger's

opinion more firmly; and, as a farther improvement on his new plan, he pretended that no person ought to have his face washed till he was capable of doing it himself, without any assistance from his parents. John was out of patience with this addition, and plumply told him, that if he did not reform his principles and practice, he would fine him, or flog him, or kick him out of doors. These threats put Roger on inventing other odd and whimsical opinions. He took offence at the letter X, and would have had it expunged from the alphabet, because it was the shape of a cross, and had a tendency to introduce Popery.|| He would not do his duty at a military muster, because there was an X in the colours. After a while he began to scruple the lawfulness of bearing arms, and killing wild beasts. But, poor fellow! the worst of all was, that being seized with a shaking palsy,¶ which affected every limb and joint of him, his speech was so altered, that he was unable to pronounce certain letters and syllables as he had been used to do. These oddities and defects rendered him more and more disagreeable to his old friend, who, however, kept his temper as well as he could, till one day, as John was saying a long grace over his meat, Roger kept his hat on the whole time. As soon as the ceremony was over, John took up a case-knife from the table, and gave Roger a blow on the ear with the broad side of it, then with a rising stroke turned off his hat. Roger said nothing, but taking up his hat put it on again; at which John broke out into such a passionate speech as this—"You impudent scoundrel! is it come to this? Have I not borne with your whims and fidgets

* Connecticut.

† Massachusetts.

‡ Rhode-Island and Providence.

§ Anabaptists.

|| Roger Williams's zeal against the sign of the cross.

¶ Quakers.

these many years, and yet they grow upon you? Have I not talked with you time after time, and proved to you as plain as the nose in your face that your notions are wrong? Have I not ordered you to leave them off, and warned you of the consequence, and yet you have gone on from bad to worse? You began with dipping your head into water, and would have all the family do the same, pretending there was no other way of washing the face. You would have had the children go dirty all their days, under pretence that they were not able to wash their own faces, and so they must have been as filthy as the pigs till they were grown up. Then you would talk your own balderdash lingo, *thee and thou, and nan forsooth*—and now you must keep your hat on when I am at my devotions, and I suppose would be glad to have the whole family do the same! There is no bearing with you any longer—so now, hear me, I give you fair warning, if you don't mend your manners, and retract your errors, and promise reformation, I'll kick you out of the house. I'll have no such refractory fellows here. I came into this forest for *reformation*, and reformation I *will* have."

"Friend John (said Roger) dost not thou remember when thou and I lived together in friend Bull's family, how hard thou didst think it to be compelled to look on thy book all the time that the hooded chaplain was reading the prayers, and how many knocks and thumps thou and I had for offering to use our liberty, which we thought we had a right to? Didst thou not come hitherunto for the sake of enjoying thy liberty, and did not I come to enjoy mine? Wherefore, then, dost thou assume to deprive me of the right which thou claimest for thyself?"

"Don't tell me (answered John) of right, and of liberty—you have

as much liberty as any man ought to have. You have liberty to do right, and no man ought to have liberty to do wrong."

"Who is to be judge (replied Roger) of what is right or what is wrong? Ought not I to judge for myself? or, thinkest thou it is thy place to judge for me?"

"Who is to be judge! (said John) why *the book* is to be judge; and I have proved by the book, over and over again, that you are wrong, and therefore you are wrong, and you have no liberty to do any thing but what is right."

"But, friend John (said Roger), who is to judge whether thou hast proved my opinions or conduct to be wrong—thou or I?"

"Come, come (said John), not so close neither; none of your idle distinctions: I *say* you are in the wrong; I have proved it, and *you know* it; you have sinned against *your own conscience*; and, therefore, you deserve to be cut off as an incorrigible heretic."

"How dost thou know (said Roger) that I have sinned against my own conscience? Canst thou search the heart?"

"At this John was so enraged that he gave him a smart kick on the posteriors, and bade him be gone out of his house, and off his lands, and called after him to tell him, that if ever he should catch him there again he would knock his brains out. Roger, having experienced the logic of the foot applied to the seat of honour, walked off with as much *meekness* as human nature is capable of on such occasions; and, having travelled as far as he supposed to be out of the limits of John's lease, laid himself down by the side of a clear rivulet, which flowed down a hill: here he composed himself to sleep, and, on his awaking, found several bears about him, but none offered him any insult. Upon which he said,

and minuted it down in his pocket-book, 'Surely the beasts of the wilderness are in friendship with me, and this is designed by *Providence** as my resting place; here, therefore, will I pitch my tabernacle, and here shall I dwell more in peace, though surrounded by bears and wolves, than when in the midst of those whom I counted my brethren.'

"On this spot he built an hut, and, having taken possession, made a visit to his old master Bull,† who gave him a lease of the place, with an island or two in an adjoining cove of the great lake, and recommended to him a wife, by whom he had a few children; but his plantation was chiefly increased by the flocking of strangers to him; for he was a very hospitable man, and made it a rule in his family not to refuse any who should come, whether lame or blind, short or tall; whether they had two eyes or one; whether they squinted, or stammered, or limped, or had any other natural defect or impediment: it was another rule, that all should bear with the infirmities of their neighbours, and help them as they were able. Once, as I was passing through Roger's plantation, I saw one man carrying another on his shoulders, which, at first, I thought a very odd sight: upon coming up to them, I perceived that the lower one was blind, and the upper one was lame, so as they had but one pair of eyes and one pair of legs between them: the lame man availed himself of the blind man's legs, and he of the other's eyes, and both went along very well together. I remember also, that as I passed along, the fences were, in some places, made of very crooked, knotty rails; but the crooks and

knots were made to fay into each other so cleverly, that the fences were as tight as if they had been made of stuff sawed ever so even; a circumstance which convinced me that very crooked things might be put together to advantage, if proper pains were taken.

"When John Codline had settled the controversy with Roger, by kicking him out of doors, he began to look about him, to see what his neighbours were doing. Having found a young fellow on his north-eastern limits, who had come thither without his knowledge or permission, he took it into his head to survey the extent of his grounds. The words of his lease were rather ambiguous, and, by virtue thereof, he thought it convenient to extend his claims over the lands on which *Robert Lumber*‡ (for that was the name of the young fellow) had settled. It seems that Bob had been sent by some of John Bull's family to erect a fishing stage on the borders of the lake, and the lawyer who had the care of the forest not being acquainted so much as he ought to have been with the situation of the lands, or having no knowledge of the art of surveying, had made out a lease which lapped over Codline's; so that each of them had a claim upon the same land. In some circumstances this might have been deemed unfortunate, but as it happened it proved lucky for poor Bob. His employers had left him in the lurch, and he would have starved to death if John had not taken him under his wing, and sent him provisions to keep him alive. He also lent him a hand to clear up the bushes, and furnished him with materials to build a saw-mill. This set Bob on his own legs, and he proved a

* The town of Providence was built by emigrants from Massachusetts, of whom Roger Williams was head.

† Kingdom of England.

‡ New-Hampshire.

sturdy faithful fellow. He was of great service to John in killing bears and wolves that infested his plantation; and when he himself was in danger, John lent him powder, shot, and flints, and sent hands to help him; and in so doing he served himself as well as his neighbour, which was no breach of morality. Thus they lived pretty peaceably together, till, after a while, Bob's old owners found the land was grown good for something, and then (without paying John for his assistance in making it so) appealed to Mr. Bull, and got it away, and took a large slice of John's land into the bargain.* This was a matter which stuck in John's throat a great while, and, if I am rightly informed, he has hardly swallowed it yet. He did not think himself fairly dealt by, though he had all Peregrine Pickle's† land put into a new lease which Bull gave him. To be short, John Codline and John Bull never heartily loved one another; they were, in their temper and disposition, too much alike; each was eternally jealous of the other; and this jealousy was kept alive by a variety of incidents, which it would be too tedious to enumerate. One of them, however, was of so singular a nature, that I think it deserves to be remembered. It was this: Lewis‡ had erected a fishing stage and warehouse§ on the north-east, which interfered with Codline's favourite employment. Without consulting his old master Bull, or waiting for his advice or orders, Jack sent a bailiff, with a writ of intrusion, to the fishermen, and began a suit in law.|| Mr. Bull hearing of it, was glad to take advantage of the

circumstance, and fee council in the cause, which finally went in his favour. But though the issue of the cause was of so much advantage to him, yet he ever after looked upon Codline as a forward, meddling fellow, for running on that errand before he was sent; and there was not wanting persons who were continually buzzing in his ear, to keep a good look-out on that impudent jackanapes, or he would soon begin to think himself as good a man as his master."

If, in the conduct of his story, Dr. B. has not displayed as much humour, nor delineated with equal fidelity, the manners of common life; if there is not, in this "SEQUEL," the same just observance of allegorical propriety, nor the same colloquial spirit and animation, as may be found in the *original* tale; yet the writer of the former has avoided the low vulgarity and occasional obscenity; faults which, we think, deform the pages of the latter.

In the selection of the names of his allegorical personages, Dr. B. has not been uniformly judicious or fortunate. Several are wholly destitute of any allegorical allusion to the attributes of the objects which they are intended to represent. Most of them, however, are descriptive, and happily chosen.

Without being too scrupulously nice, Dr. B. has maintained a style free and familiar, yet chaste and correct, throughout his narrative, with which readers of almost every description will be pleased, while even those of the most refined delicacy of taste cannot be offended.

* The settling the line between Massachusetts and New-Hampshire.

† The old Colony of Plymouth.

‡ Kingdom of France.

§ Louisburg.

|| A war.

ART. XXVI.

ESSAYS and NOTES on HUSBANDRY and RURAL AFFAIRS. By J. B. Bordley. pp. 591. 8vo. Philadelphia. 1799. Thomas Dobson.

THE present age has been emphatically called the age of improvement. In nothing has the spirit of amelioration been more strikingly manifested, or more usefully exerted, than in the increase and extension of agricultural knowledge.—By the unwearied industry and laborious researches of Mr. Arthur Young, Mr. Marshall, Sir John Sinclair, and other eminent agriculturists in Great-Britain, a prodigious collection of useful facts and important local information, has been made; and agriculture, which, before the present age, was debased by prejudice, and enchained by ignorance, is now elevated into a rank among the sciences, and receives the liberal aid of her sisters in philosophy.

The United States, as well from their colonial origin and progress, as their maritime situation, seem unavoidably destined to be a great commercial nation. But the state of their interior, and the immense extent of rich and cultivable soil which it comprehends, at the same time, indicate that the great majority of the people must be powerfully impelled to become cultivators of the earth. We might here indulge in much pleasing speculation on the future condition of America, but we must restrain our imagination, and forbear the expression of our wishes or anticipations, and attend to the subject immediately before us.

The rude state of American agriculture has been often remarked by ingenious European travellers in our country. That our farmers persevere in many agricultural practices, which have been exploded,

and neglect to adopt better and more profitable modes, which have received the test of experience, in France, Italy, and Great-Britain, cannot be denied. Yet the husbandry of the United States, though faulty when compared with that of Europe, may be easily accounted for, and, in many instances, justified from peculiar local circumstances. And whoever impartially and candidly considers the situation of this extensive region, over which the inhabitants are so sparsely scattered, will not think the American husbandmen deserving of all the censure which has been bestowed upon them by some of their European visitants. There is a great difference between a *new* and an *old* country: and allowance must be made for diversities of climate, soil, situation, population, and numerous other local circumstances. But, although we are disposed to vindicate our farmers from the precipitate judgments of superficial and hasty observers, yet we are far from supposing that they are in no need of improvement.

They have *much* yet to learn; and the progressive settlement and population of the country demands a correspondent change and amelioration of their systems of husbandry. For this purpose they ought to be acquainted not only with what has been done in Europe, but with the experiments which have been made by intelligent men in their own country.

The number of these experiments should be multiplied, and the different series of operations should be recorded, collected, and made public. The basis of the science of agriculture must be *facts*, and the more extensive the collection the more solid will be the superstructure.

Such motives, and similar views, led to the publication of the volume now before us; the respectable and

intelligent author of which informs us, that he was first led to the study of agriculture by the perusal of the writings of Mr. TULL and Mr. ARTHUR YOUNG: that, having retired from public employments, he sat down, at the turn of middle age, on a farm in Maryland, and became fond, to enthusiasm, of husbandry. Without learning the principles of the science, he was informed, from the neighbouring farmers, of their modes of practice. While, led from experience to imitate their practices, he gradually made experiments, and, at length, was encouraged to deviate from some of the established modes, and became convinced that great improvements might be made by professed farmers, if they could be once induced to abandon erroneous habits.

The present work comprizes the scattered essays which Mr. B. has occasionally written, and dispersed among his friends—and various manuscript notes on husbandry and rural affairs. It is of so miscellaneous a nature, and its arrangement so loose and immethodical, that we shall not attempt to give any complete or copious analysis of its contents; and our limits do not permit us to make such lengthy extracts as would be necessary to do justice to the author's mode of treating his subjects. We shall content ourselves with exhibiting a very summary view of the work, which may enable our readers to form some idea of the objects on which Mr. B. has bestowed his attention. To all farmers, and to those who are desirous of more extensive information concerning American husbandry, we recommend the entire work.

The principles and experiments of Mr. B. may be familiar to those who are acquainted with the numerous European publications on agriculture; but to the majority of American farmers they will appear

new; and, accompanied, as they are, with ample notices of the latest and most approved modes practised by English farmers, and occasional extracts from foreign writers, cannot fail of being highly useful and interesting.

The different subjects to be found in this volume are distributed under the following heads:

1. *Systems and rotations in farming business.* Much irregularity, and loss of time and profits, are experienced by farmers for want of a *system* in their business, and a proper choice of crops.

A distinction is to be made between a *course* of crops, and a *recurring rotation* of crops. "The latter consists in the completion of as many years crops of the same kind, in regular changes from field to field, as there are fields cultivated; and which form a *cycle*, or round of crops, that will recur in the same order forever."—Experience has fully proved the great advantage of *rotations*, over random courses of crops.

2. *Grass rotations.* This division contains directions for managing a *grass* farm, and for manuring, which should be made gradually and orderly, according to the succession of crops—with tables for the rotations of the grasses, and the manner and season of sowing them.

3. *Grain rotations.* The author has here exhibited the old and new courses and rotations of grain crops in England, and their comparative merits; and the old and new courses of the same crops in Maryland. All crops of *corn* or *grain* are *exhausting* to the soil. *Clover*, *pease*, *beans*, &c. are *ameliorating*. These different crops should, therefore, succeed each other alternately, and in regular rotations. Several tables are interspersed, of the courses and rotations illustrative of the subject, with calculations of the dif-

ferent products, and the respective values.

4. *A particular design for a grain farm*, drawn up by the author for Mr. RIGAL, a gentleman from Manheim, in Germany.

5. *A system of recurring crops, in which one field is in meadow while the others are interchanging crops*: to which are added, tables and calculations of the courses, and amount, and value of different crops, and a plan for a farm-yard, buildings, and offices adapted to the scheme.

6. *Clover*. The different modes of cultivating this article, so important in relation to other crops.

7. *Wheat or clover*.

8. *Beans*.

9. *New practices in the culture of maize and wheat*.

10. *Hemp*.

11. *Farm-yard manure*. A subject of great importance, and too much neglected by American farmers, either through ignorance or indolence. We should have been pleased to extract this section entire, but it is too long.

12. *Barns*. The materials and form of their structure.

13. *Cattle stalls*; and the different methods of managing cattle in England and Maryland.

14. *Cattle pastured and soiled in summer; kept and fattened in winter*.

15. *Observations on cattle, sheep, and hogs*.

16. *Maize and potatoes*, considered as fallow crops and fattening materials.

17. *Fences*.

18. *Treading wheat*.

19. *A method of registering experiments*; followed by a number of experiments made in Maryland, by the author, in 1795 and 1796, registered on the plan of Mr. Marshall.

20. *Thoughts on the nature and principles of vegetation*: being the purport of answers made to queries

VOL. I. No. 6.

selected by the author from a paper of the Board of Agriculture in London, and dispersed among his friends.

21. *Necessaries*. Best product of land: best staple of commerce.

22. *Family salt*: and a method of refining salt in country families, on Lord Dundonald's principles.

23. *Rice*.

24. *Country Habitations*. The best mode of construction, for use and convenience, and security against fire and robbery.

25. *Ice houses*; their different modes of construction.

26. *Intimations*; concerning manufactures; the fruits of agriculture; and new sources of trade interfering with products of the United States in foreign markets.

27. *Potatoe spirit and beer*.

28. *Diet in rural economy*; in which the author avails himself of the experiments of Count RUMFORD and Dr. LETTSOME.

29. *Gypsum manure*.

30. *A proposal for a State Society for promoting Agriculture: and that the education of youth should direct them to a knowledge of the art, at the time they are acquiring other useful knowledge suitable to agricultural citizens*. This proposal originated with the *Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture*. A petition was presented by a committee of the society to the legislature of Pennsylvania, for an act of incorporation, together with an outline of the plan; but the application was rejected, for reasons which are not mentioned. The outlines of the plan are judicious and comprehensive. Perhaps the condition of the interior, and the prejudices and habits of ignorant and plodding farmers, who doubtless constituted a majority, prevented its adoption.

31. *Notes and intimations*. This division comprehends a variety of practical directions on the minuter objects of rural economy. These

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brief and domestic memorandums, interspersed with some horticultural and moral observations, will be instructive to the considerate husbandman.

Mr. B. concludes with the following quotation, which merits the attention of legislators, and all those who have any influence in the formation of the manners and pursuits of their fellow-citizens. "The spirit of commerce renders men avaricious: and a people demoralized ought to be brought back to *agriculture*; for commerce feeds the passions; agriculture calms them."

Some plates, exhibiting the plans of the farm yards, buildings and utensils mentioned in the work, are subjoined, and an *index* to the whole.

Mr. B. intent only on the communication of useful facts, has bestowed little attention on style or arrangement. His language is simple and perspicuous, and adapted to those for whose use his book was intended. We hope that it may fall into the hands of such as may be stimulated, by the laudable example of its author, to observe, think, and practice, with equal liberality, zeal and perseverance.—Certain it is, that this important science is, at present, in a very crude and imperfect state in this country: and nothing but the efforts of well informed and enterprising individuals who occupy *old lands*, will ever produce the requisite improvements. The proprietors and cultivators of *new lands* have less necessity, inclination and leisure, to make experiments, or pursue any regular systems of husbandry.

Of the accuracy of the experiments and calculations of Mr. B. or those he has cited in the course of his work, we are unable fully to judge.

The soil, situation, and customs, of Pennsylvania and Maryland, perhaps, demand practices, different,

in some degree, from those of the eastern and southern States. These differences, however, must be very small in the middle and eastern States, and experience and observation will suggest the deviations which may be necessary in particular cases. The general principles of agriculture must be equally applicable to all, and form the basis of any enlightened system of husbandry. For, without system and regularity, it may be repeated, in the complex business of a farmer, there can be no improvement or success.

ART. XXVII.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge.

[Continued from p. 368.]

Description of a Speedy Elevator. By the Inventor, Dr. Nicholas Colin, with two drawings; honoured with the Magellanian gold medal.

THIS is an accurate and elegant description of a machine, by which three tiers of beams are raised to a considerable height in the air. The advantage of this contrivance lies in the beams being raised and lowered at will, speedily, and with the application of moderate force. These effects are producible, on this occasion, by pullies, cords, and a windless. The uses of this machine, or those particulars in which it surpasses the utility of a common structure of the same kind, but whose elevation is permanent, are not pointed out in this memoir, and do not readily occur to us. The difference, in bulk and weight, between this machine *folded and wound up*, is nothing; and the difference in cumbrousness and facility of

transportation, appears to be very inconsiderable, if, indeed, it be any thing. This difference, however, is all that exists to compensate, first, the additional bulk, weight, and expense of cords, metallic pullies, and windlasses; secondly, the animal force requisite to turn the windless; and, thirdly, the danger arising from the failure of cords and pullies, and the relaxation or mistakes of the prime movers.

The purpose of such elevations, in general, *upon land*, seems to be that of a watch tower; whence a man may overlook neighbouring eminences, or descry objects at a greater distance. We cannot, however, imagine situations in which an ascending and descending structure of this kind would possess any advantages, taking into view the additional complexity and frailty of the apparatus, and the *force* required, over a structure, the relation of whose parts is unalterable. Navigation might, perhaps, be benefited by any means for rendering upright spars capable of being raised and lowered with more ease and safety than at present.

These remarks are extorted from us by that regard which, in the exertions of human ingenuity, is always due to *the end*. There is such *useful* scope for mechanical invention, and the evils of misapplied industry are so much to be deplored, that it behoves the observer and the artist to be perpetually reminded of the *cui bono*. We are far from pronouncing absolutely on the usefulness of this machine, but must regret that the inventor omitted to point out those benefits which, no doubt, occurred to his own thoughts.

An improvement in boats for river navigation. By Nicholas King.

The advantages of boats, at present used in America, narrow, shallow, and of great length, are clearly explained by Mr. King. They are shewn to be best adapted

to counteract an *adverse* current. He then enumerates their inconveniences when moving *with* the current; when entangled in channels, winding, shallow, or rocky; when necessary to be pushed up *inclined planes*, which the liableness to annual inundations, and the cataracts of American rivers make, in most cases, preferable to *locks*. These inconveniences, he thinks, may be obviated by constructing boats, whose whole length shall consist of parts connected with each other by flexible joints or hinges, and capable of being separated. We are not aware of any objections to this scheme, provided it be practicable. To make these joints, at once and sufficiently, *strong, water-tight, and flexible*, appears somewhat difficult. Of the propriety of Mr. King's means for effecting this end, we cannot judge from the want of figures; which are in this, as in some other cases, unaccountably omitted.

Calculations relating to grist and saw mills, determining the quantity of water necessary to produce the desired effects, when the head and fall are given, in order to ascertain the dimensions of a new invented steam engine, to move water wheels where there is no fall, and but little water. By John Nancarrow.

We must pass over these computations and descriptions, after mentioning the omission of the plate referred to, and which was necessary to make them useful or intelligible.

An account of a kettle for boiling inflammable fluids. By T. P. Smith.

The injuries which are stated by this ardent votary of science, to arise from the boiling over of inflammable fluids, he attempts to remedy, by making the rim of the vessel, in one part of it, extend into a spout, open above, and of width and depth proportioned to the nature of the fluid, and the exigences of the case.

The fluid which might otherwise overflow the brim, will run into this spout, where the evaporation will cool it; and restoring it thus attempted to the vessel, will allow the fluid to boil, but not to boil over. The evaporation may be increased by wet rags or sponges applied to the outer surface of the spout.

This contrivance, on experiment, was found to answer the end, with regard to water, but is not mentioned to have been tried with respect to inflammable fluids. It is sufficiently clear, however, that a similar result would take place.

Such are the various specimens of machinery described in this volume. We shall not pretend to decide upon their novelty or value. As clear and concise an account of them as our limits will permit, is all that constitutes our province. If more have been said, it is in the spirit of the lovers of truth, solicitous about the goodness of the end proposed, as well as the perfection of the means, which are here exhibited.

Of the two philological memoirs in this volume, the first is *A philological view of some very ancient words in several languages*. By Nicholas Collin, D. D. This is a vague and somewhat confused speculation on the rudiments of language. Some uncouth and inaccurate expressions may, perhaps, be ascribed to the writer's being, by birth, a foreigner; and his habits seem not to be those of a profound and methodical inquirer. He begins the present memoir with general remarks upon the relation between the structure of languages and the history of mankind, and then proceeds to enumerate the different sounds given in several languages to numbers under eleven. There is so much want of perspicuity in the style of this performance, that it is not easy to discover the aim of the writer.

It seems, however, to be his design to disprove the conclusions which etymologists and theorists have been prone to draw from the casual similitudes of languages, as to their connection with each other, and with a common stock. After exhibiting, from Gebelin, a table of the names of numbers, in which some resemblance is manifest, he exhibits, in a second table, names which have no visible resemblance to each other. He then points out differences that subsist between terms denoting the general objects of nature. In the next place, he details instances of a family connection, between words in the same language, which are thrown together with little reference to any known purpose. They are somewhat curious in themselves, and the apparent fruit of much converse with lexicons and grammars. They tend, in some degree, to illustrate the pedigree of words and the growth of languages.

In the second part, some light has been attempted to be thrown upon the primitive condition of the world, by analyzing the signification of the names of places. The tendency of human improvement, is well known to be the disappearance of forests, morasses, and lakes. Dr. Collin thinks that much may be inferred from the relation of modern names to water; for example, as to the ancient condition of these places to which they belong. In like manner, the existence and extent of woods are inferred from local appellations akin to the name of wood. Some examples to this effect, not remarkably apposite, are introduced. On the whole, the writer of this essay seems better fitted for searching and collecting, than for comparing and deducing. He possesses learning and industry, but is defective in the power of coherent and perspicuous arrangement. It must be owned, however, that the writer seems not to have

designed any thing more than a collection of loose hints and cursory remarks.

An essay tending to improve intelligible signals, and to discover an universal language. From a correspondent in France.

We are at a loss whether to ascribe the obscurity of this memoir, to any defect in the author's expression or arrangement, or to our own incapacity. Certain it is, that after more than one perusal we are unable to comprehend his scheme. The project of substituting numeral for literal characters, is commonly known and practised by those who desire to elude curiosity, but the scheme of substitution here adopted, we confess, with some reluctance, that we do not understand. The clue to unravel its mazes, is, no doubt, to be some where found; but we have not been fortunate enough to light upon it.

(To be continued.)

ART. XXVIII.

A SUMMARY HISTORY of NEW-ENGLAND, from the first Settlement at Plymouth, to the Acceptance of the Federal Constitution. By Hannah Adams. *pp.* 514. Dedham. Mann and Adams. 1799.

THE history of our native country justly merits the highest place in our regard; if not on account of the magnitude and singularity of its revolutions, yet for the unbounded influence of these revolutions on the happiness of us and our posterity. It constitutes an instructive and inestimable spectacle, because it relates, in some sort, to ourselves; because we are fully qualified to understand it; because its lessons are of indispensable use in teaching us our duty, as citizens of a free state, as guardians of our own liberty and happiness, and of

those of that part of mankind who are placed within the sphere of our activity, and are best entitled to our affection and beneficence.

Several domestic writers have undertaken to discuss our history. Some foreign ones (Robertson, Stedman, Gordon, &c.) have pursued the same tracks; but both foreign and domestic historians have hitherto confined themselves, either to a limited period, or to narrow local boundaries. The colonial transactions of most of the American states, have been separately discussed, with different degrees of skill. The revolution, an event in which all were somewhat, though unequally, concerned, has been copiously related by several writers. National occurrences, since that period, remain, for the most part, still dispersed in public offices, fugitive pamphlets, diurnal gazettes, and in private manuscript collections; and an historian of the United States, in the fullest sense of that term, is still wanting.

Hannah Adams, the writer of the work before us, has presented us with a narrative more comprehensive than any we have seen. It relates to five of the most ancient and populous states, and deduces their history to the period of the adoption of the federal government. Colonial incidents will gratify local curiosity, but revolutionary, and *post* revolutionary events, have relation to the whole, and will claim attention, therefore, from every citizen.

This narrative is designed to be merely a summary, compiled from the collections of more laborious authors, and from fugitive or miscellaneous publications. A succinct, clear, comprehensive, and judicious view of the subject she has chosen, seems to have been the only scope of her ambition. Minute details and intricate inquiries, were foreign to her plan. To the praise

of having fully accomplished her purpose, we think Miss Adams to be indisputably intitled.

A plan like this, may be executed with various degrees of skill. The writer may glean, from all accessible sources, the facts required; and, after deeply revolving, carefully sifting, and accurately arranging them, may clothe them in his own language, and enforce them with his own reflections. The utmost industry, and the brightest genius, are not disproportioned to this task. No province is more dignified or useful, than that of collecting the wisdom which past experience has furnished, and exhibiting that wisdom in the most perspicuous and attractive form: and the province rises in dignity by rising in usefulness, in proportion as these lessons are applicable to greater numbers and more lasting interests. To select the links of the historical chain, and point out their connection and dependance, becomes arduous, and demands industry and sagacity in proportion as those links are few, and their bearings complex and numerous. That modesty may surely be commended which deems itself unqualified for this task, and which contents itself, chiefly, with taking separate masses from the narratives of others, and placing them in a new order, without making considerable change in their substance or texture. To make an harmonious and useful whole, from these materials, will demand no small degree of judgment and taste.

The author of this work has, indeed, done more than this. She has made liberal use of the works of noted and popular writers on American affairs, but she has exercised the privilege of new modelling and abridging their accounts. In her selection of authorities, and in the use which she has made of them, she will be allowed an uncommon portion of praise. She manifests

an accurate knowledge of her subject, an ardent love of liberty, and a masculine rectitude of judgment.

In estimating the merits of writers, we must sometimes look beyond the volume, and consider many circumstances tending to enhance or to lessen the merit of their efforts. It is surely no small addition to the credit which belongs to the present writer, to observe that she is a *woman*. So many causes beyond what are incident to the other sex, combine to divert female industry and ambition into frivolous or improper channels, that the same attainments are unspeakably more meritorious in women than in men. They are encompassed and besieged by so many inducements to indolence, so many perverters of the taste, so many encouragements to prejudice, that, to repel, to shake them off, to rise above them, argues an uncommon force of mind.

In general, it is not to be expected, that women will seek, in books, more than temporary amusement. By their rigorous exclusion from all political offices, and by that prejudice in the other sex which banishes political discussions from mixed circles, it is extremely rare that they form any opinions in relation to national transactions. If the impulse of genius and ambition be aided by opulence and leisure, and they take up the pen, they commonly content themselves with writing sonnet, pastoral, or elegy, full of rapturous sensibility and tender woe. Some, perhaps, will aspire to the province of the moral painter, and exhibit, in drama or narration, the variegated scenery of fashion, and the progress of domestic revolutions.

It has been a question, whether genius is best employed in composing the history of nations or that of families, in detailing the events of the life of a private individual, or

those events which relate to communities at large; and though we should assign the superiority, in usefulness and dignity, to the former, we must by no means withhold our respect from the latter. It is likewise questionable, whether, in portraying individuals, we should bind ourselves down to the few authentic facts which a casual observer can collect, or may amplify those facts, by adding, from the stores of our own invention, motives and circumstances agreeably to the laws of sober probability and just taste. However we decide, all will allow that the latter province is far from worthless and contemptible. In this province it is, that women have hitherto appeared as authors; and yet, from some cause, it has happened that none of them have vied, in moral sublimity, with Richardson, or, in witty elegance, with Smollet. The greater number of female productions, in this kind, are sadly wanting in proofs of good sense and the qualities of good writing; and the best of them, it must be owned, are deficient in that discernment into characters, and vigour of fancy, which are found in similar productions of the other sex.

Among the very few women who have left, to humbler pens, the glowing aspirations, and the graceful languors of amorous and plaintive poetry, who have raised their view to the contemplation of national events, and the province of instructing mankind in the sciences of policy and government, the author of this work deserves to be respectfully mentioned. The usefulness of an historical compendium of our own history in general, is increased by the judgment displayed in this attempt; and we entertain sanguine hopes, that the public approbation will encourage Miss A. to persevere in this laudable and useful path.

We should willingly introduce

several quotations from this work, but are obliged to content ourselves with a single specimen. The following account of the expedition against Louisbourg, will serve to shew the stile and spirit of the work. The same transaction has been more diffusely related by Dr. Belknap, and has likewise been recounted by Ramsay and Gordon. Hence the curious reader will be able to judge, by comparison, of the merit of this compendium. The book, in general, is distinguished by that propriety of language, and clearness of arrangement, which appears in the following extract.

"News being received in Massachusetts that war was declared against France and Spain, it was resolved by the general court, then sitting, to make provision for raising forces for Nova-Scotia. Governor Shirley projected an enterprize against Louisbourg, a fortified town in the island of Cape Breton. Twenty-five years had been devoted to erecting its fortifications, which, though not entirely finished, had cost the crown of France thirty millions of livres. The place was so strong as to be called the *Dunkirk of America*. In order to reduce this town, Governor Shirley solicited and obtained naval assistance from England. The forces employed by Massachusetts consisted of upwards of three thousand two hundred of their own men. The colonies of New-Hampshire and Rhode-Island furnished each three hundred, and Connecticut five hundred. New-York sent a supply of artillery, and Pennsylvania of provisions.

"William Pepperell, Esq. of Kittery, a respectable merchant, and a colonel of the militia, was appointed to command the land forces in this expedition. They were joined by a small squadron, under the command of Commodore Warren.

"The final resolution for this enterprize against Louisbourg, was carried but by the majority of one. After they had embarked, the hearts of many began to fail. Some repented that they had voted for the expedition, or promoted it; and the most thoughtful were involved in the greatest perplexity.

"Towards the end of the month of April, Commodore Warren arrived from the West-Indies, with a sixty-four gun ship, and two of forty. He was soon after joined by another of forty, which had reached Canso a short time before. The men of war sailed immediately to cruise before Louisbourg. The forces soon followed, and landed at Chapeaurouge-Bay, the last day of April. The transports were discovered from the town early in the morning, which gave the inhabitants the first knowledge of the design.

"The second day after landing, four hundred men marched round behind the hills, to the north-east part of the harbour, in the night, where they burned the ware-houses containing the naval stores. The clouds of thick smoke, proceeding from pitch, tar, and other combustibles, driven by the wind into the great battery, terrified the French to such a degree, that they abandoned it, and retired to the city, after having spiked the guns, and thrown their powder into a well. The hardships of the siege were without parallel in all preceding American operations. The army was employed for fourteen nights, successively, in drawing cannon, mortars, &c. for two miles, through a morass, to their camp. The Americans were yoked together, and performed labour beyond the power of oxen; which labour could be done only in the night, or in a foggy day; the place being within clear view and random shot of the enemy's walls.

"Whilst the forces were busily employed on shore, the men of war, and other vessels were cruising off the harbour, as often as the weather would permit. On the 19th of May they captured, chiefly by the address of the gallant Capt. Rous, a Massachusetts naval officer, the *Vigilant*, a French sixty gun ship, having 560 men on board, and a great variety of military stores for the relief of the garrison.

"The capture of the *Vigilant* threw the enemy into great perturbation. This event, with the erection of a battery on the high cliff at the light-house, under the direction of Lieut. Col. Gridley, by which the island battery was much annoyed; and the preparations which were evidently making for a general assault, determined Duchambon, the French officer, to surrender; and, accordingly, on the 17th of June, he capitulated.

"Upon entering the fortress, and viewing its strength, and the plenty and variety of its means of defence, the most courageous were appalled, and the impracticability of carrying it by assault was fully demonstrated.

"As this was a time when vessels were expected from all parts at Louisbourg, the French flag was kept flying as a decoy. Two East-Indiamen, and one South-Sea ship, estimated at £600,000 sterling, were taken by the squadron at the mouth of the harbour, into which they sailed, as usual, not knowing that the place had surrendered to the English.

"The weather was remarkably fine during the siege; but the rains began the day after the surrender, and continued ten days incessantly, which would undoubtedly have proved fatal to the expedition, had not the capitulation prevented.

"The religious inhabitants of New-England contemplated, with

pious gratitude, the remarkable interpositions of divine Providence, in the reduction of this town; and the almost miraculous preservation of the army from destruction.

"The news of this important victory occasioned great rejoicings in America, and filled Europe with astonishment. The enterprising spirit of New-England gave a serious alarm to those jealous fears which had long predicted the independence of the colonies. Great pains were taken, in England, to ascribe all the glory to the navy, and depreciate the merit of the army. However, Pepperell received the title of a baronet as well as Warren. The latter was promoted to be an admiral; the former had a commission as colonel in the British establishment, and was empowered to raise a regiment in America, to be in the pay of the crown. The same emolument was given to Shirley, and both he and Wentworth acquired so much reputation as to be confirmed in their places. And, after much difficulty and delay, parliament reimbursed the colonies for their expenses."

ble. Many will read, with great attention, and with peculiar interest, a production which comes from an acquaintance, and especially from their minister, who could scarcely be induced to read even a superior one from a distant or unknown hand. On this account, though there be many discourses to be found, on the same subject, of equal merit, and, perhaps, some of much higher excellence, than that which is now before us; yet we confess, that, in reading it, we never felt disposed to call in question the propriety of the publication.

The discourse breathes, throughout, a spirit of seriousness and piety. The sentiments, though all of the familiar kind, are weighty, and well selected. What the author supposes to be truth, is pressed with becoming earnestness and affection. And the style, though it discovers something of a juvenile fondness for the tumid and the bombastic, is yet, in general, forcible, perspicuous, and free from grammatical errors.

ART. XIX.

The IMPORTANCE of FAMILY RELIGION. A Sermon, by Alexander Proudfit, A. M. Pastor of the Associate-Reformed Congregation in Salem, State of New-York. 8vo. pp. 23. Salem. Henry Dodd. 1799.

THIS is a plain, sensible, and judicious discourse, on a plain but important subject. The author, we understand, is a young gentlemen who has lately taken charge of the christian society to which he ministers: and he probably designed this publication chiefly for the perusal and benefit of his own people. The design is laudable.

VOL. I. No. 6.

Account of American Editions of Foreign Publications.

ART. XIV.

Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical. By Benjamin Count Rumford. The first American, from the third London Edition.

[Continued from p. 380.]

IN the sixth essay, Count Rumford enters on the discussion of the best modes of applying heat to culinary purposes. He thinks, that in common cases, seven eights of the heat which might be generated from the fuel consumed, is carried into the atmosphere with the smoke, and is wholly lost. To ascertain this, he performed several experi-

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ments, by boiling a given quantity of water, in *close* and duly constructed fire-places. The results, compared with the results of experiments for boiling water in *open* fire-places, clearly prove, that in boiling victuals with an *open* fire, nearly *five times* as much fuel is required as when a *closed* fire-place is used and the heat properly managed.

By the use of various improvements, described by the author, it is evident, indeed, that nine tenths of the fuel ordinarily consumed, might be spared. A just conception of these improvements will be given by describing, at length, an apparatus for cookery, erected by the author's directions in the kitchen of the House of Industry at Munich. We intreat the reader's attention to the particulars of this description, as it constitutes a complete illustration, example, and proof of the Count's principles on this interesting subject.

In the first arrangement of this kitchen, eight large copper boilers, each containing 38 English wine gallons, were placed in two rows, in a solid mass of brick-work, three feet high, nine feet wide, and 18 feet long, built in the middle of the kitchen, so that, from a single fire-place, situated at one end of this brick-work, by means of canals, furnished with iron valves or dampers, and going from it through the solid mass of the brick-work to the different boilers, these boilers were heated, and made to boil with a single fire; and though none of them were in contact with the fire-place, and some of them were distant from it near 15 feet, yet they were all heated with great facility, and in a short time, by the heat which, upon opening the valves, was made to pass through the canals.

Each boiler having its separate canal, and its separate valves, any single boiler, or any number of them, might be heated at pleasure,

without heating the rest; and by opening the valves of any boiler more or less, more or less heat might be made to pass under the boiler; and when no more heat was wanting, or when the fire was too strong, by opening a particular valve, a communication with a waste-canal was formed, by which all the heat, or any part of it, at pleasure, might be made to pass off directly into the chimney.

The fire was regulated by a register in the door of the ash-pit, by which the air was admitted into the fire-place; and, when no more heat was wanted, the fire was put out by closing this register entirely, and by closing, at the same time, all the valves.

The fire-place was of an oval form, three feet long, two feet three inches wide, and about 18 inches high, with a *double vault*, about four inches of air being left between the two vaults; and the fuel was introduced into the fire-place by a passage closed by a *double* iron door, kept constantly shut; and the fuel was burnt upon an iron grate; the air which supplied the fire coming up from below the grate, through the ash-pit.

The loss of heat in its passage from the fire-place to the boilers, was prevented by making the canals of communication *double*, one within the other; the internal canal by which the heat passed, and which was five inches wide internally, and six inches high, being itself placed in a canal still larger, so that the canal by which the heat passed, (which was constructed of very thin bricks), was *surrounded* with a wall two inches thick, of *confined air*. The surrounding canal being formed in the solid body of brick-work, this contrivance of double canals was entirely concealed. The double canals and the double vault over the fire-place, were intended *to confine, more effectually, the heat,*

and prevent its escape into the mass of brick-work, and its consequent loss.

Not only the fire-place itself, and the canals of communication between the fire-place and the boilers, were surrounded by confined air, but it was also employed to confine the heat in the boilers, and prevent its escaping into the atmosphere. This was done by making the covers of the boilers *double*. These covers, made of tin, or of thin iron-plates tinned, were in the form of a hollow cone, the height of which was equal to one third of its diameter; and the air it contained was entirely shut up, the bottom of the cone being closed by a thin sheet of tinned iron. The bottom of the cone was accurately fitted to the top of the boiler, which it completely closed by means of a rim about two inches wide, which entered the boiler; which rim was soldered to the flat sheet of tinned iron which formed the bottom of the cover. The steam, generated by the boiling liquid, was carried off by a tube, about half an inch in diameter, which passed through the hollow conical cover, and which was soldered to the cover, both above and below, in such a manner that the air with which the hollow cone was filled, remained completely confined, and cut off from all communications with the external atmosphere, as well as with the steam generated in the boiler.

To convince strangers, who visited this kitchen, of the great advantage of double covers to confine the heat in the boilers, a single cover was provided, which, being externally of the same form as the others, when placed upon a boiler, could not be distinguished from them; but as its bottom was wanting, and consequently no confined air was interposed between the hot steam in the boiler and the external surface of the cover, on being

placed upon a kettle actually boiling, this cover instantaneously became so hot as to burn those who ventured to touch it; while a *double cover*, formed of the same materials, and placed in the same situation, was so moderately warm that the naked hand might be held upon it for any time without inconvenience.

As it was easy to conceive that what was so hot as to burn the hand, upon touching it, could not fail to communicate a great deal of heat to the cold atmosphere, which continually lay upon it, this experiment clearly showed the utility of double covers.

The steam arising from the boiling liquids, instead of being suffered to escape into the atmosphere, was carried up by tubes into a room over the kitchen, where it was made to pass through a spiral worm, placed in a large cask full of cold water, and condensed, giving out its heat to the water in the cask; which water thus warmed, without any new expense of fuel, was used next day, instead of cold water, for filling the boilers. That this water, so warmed, might not be cooled during the night, the cask that contained it was put into another cask still larger; and the space between the two casks was filled with wool. The cooling of the steam, in its passage from the boiler to the cask, was prevented by warm coverings of sheep-skins with the wool on them, by which the tubes of communication, which were of tin, were defended from the cold air without.

By this contrivance, the heat, which would otherwise have been carried off by the steam into the atmosphere and lost, was brought back into the boiler, and made to work the second day.

By other contrivances, the smoke also was laid under contribution. After it had passed under the boilers, and just as it was about

to escape by the chimney, it was stopped; and, by being made to pass under a large copper, filled with cold water, was deprived of the greater part of its heat. As considerable advantages would be derived from drying the wood, and even heating it, before it was made use of for fuel, the smoke from two of the boilers was made to pass under a plate of iron which formed the bottom of an oven, in which the wood, necessary for the consumption of the kitchen for one day, and cut into billets of a proper size, was dried twenty-four hours previous to its being used.

In a kitchen constructed merely as a model for imitation, five boilers of different sizes, all heated by the same fire, were placed in a semicircular mass of brick-work, and the smoke, after having passed under all these five boilers, was made to heat, at pleasure, either an oven, or water which was contained in a wooden cask set upright upon the brick-work. A tube of copper, tinned on the outside, which went through the cask, gave a passage to the smoke, and this tube was connected with the bottom of the cask, by means of a circular plate of copper, through which the tube passed, and which closed a circular opening in the bottom of the cask somewhat larger than the tube.

This circular plate was nailed to the bottom of the cask, and the joining made water-tight by interposing, between the plate and the wood, a sheet of pasteboard; and the tube was fastened to the plate with solder. This tube, about six inches in diameter, as soon as it had passed the circular plate, and entered the barrel, branched out into three smaller tubes, each about four inches in diameter, which, running parallel to each other through the whole length of the cask, went out of it above, by three holes in the head of the cask, and

ended in a canal which led to the chimney.

This ~~tube~~ was thus divided into branches, in order to increase the surface, by which the heat of the smoke was communicated to the water in the cask. The cask was supplied with water, by a leaden pipe, from a reservoir placed in the upper part of the building; and the machinery was so contrived, that when any water was drawn out of the cask, it was immediately replaced from the reservoir; but as soon as the water in the cask had regained its proper height, the cold water from the reservoir ceased to flow into it.

Nothing so much excited the surprise of those who visited this kitchen, as to see water actually boiled in a wooden cask, and drawn from it, boiling hot, by a brass cock. There is reason to think, that a contrivance of this kind might be applied to many useful purposes. No contrivance can be conceived by which heat is communicated to fluids with so little loss: and as wood is not only an excellent non-conductor of heat itself, but may easily be encompassed by confined air, by furs and other bodies useful in confining heat, the loss of heat, by the sides of a containing vessel composed of wood, might be almost wholly prevented.

Why, for instance, should not the boilers for large salt-works and breweries, in which great quantities of water are heated or evaporated, be constructed of wood, with horizontal tubes of iron or copper, communicating with the fire-place, and running through them for the circulation of the smoke?

To prepare the soup furnished from the kitchen of the House of Industry, it was necessary to keep up the fire near *five hours*, the soup requiring to be kept boiling above three hours.

The fuel made use of in this

kitchen was dry beech wood; a cord of which, 5 English feet $8\frac{9}{16}$ inches long, 5 feet $8\frac{9}{16}$ inches high, and 3 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and which weighed, at an average, about 272½ lbs. avoirdupois, cost, at an average, 2 dollars and 10 cents.

Of this wood, the daily consumption, when soup was provided for 1000 persons, was about $\frac{1}{7}$, or more exactly $\frac{1}{22}$ of a cord, which cost about 30 cents; and this gives $\frac{1}{20}$ of a cent for the daily expense for fuel in cooking for each person.

To estimate the daily expense for fuel in cooking the same quantity of the same kind of soup in private kitchens, suppose these 1000 persons, who were fed from the public kitchen, to be separated into families of five persons each:

This would make 200 families; and the quantity of wood consumed in the public kitchen, daily, for feeding 1000 persons, (=300 lbs.) being divided among 200 families, gives $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of wood for the daily consumption of each family; and, according to this estimate, one cord of wood, weighing 2200 lbs. ought to suffice for cooking for such a family 1466 days, or four years and six days.

But upon inquiries relative to the consumption of fuel in private families, the author found that five Bavarian pounds of good peas-soup, could hardly be prepared at a less expense of fuel than 15 lbs. of dry beech-wood of the best quality; consequently, a cord of such wood, instead of preparing a soup daily for a family of five persons for four years, would hardly suffice five months.

Hence it appears that the consumption of fuel in the kitchens of private families, is to that consumed in the first kitchen of the House of Industry, *in preparing the same quantity of the same kind of food* (peas-soup) as ten to one.* However, this difference is not occasioned *entirely* by the difference between the two methods of managing the fire; for, exclusive of the effect produced by a given arrangement of the machinery, the greater the quantity of food prepared at once, or the larger the boiler (within certain limits), the less will be the quantity of fuel required: and the saving of fuel which arises from cooking upon a large scale, is very considerable.

(To be continued.)

* Afterwards, on altering the kitchen of the House of Industry, and fitting it up on better principles, the economy of fuel was carried still farther.

SELECTIONS.

Observations on the Conformation and Capacity of the Negroes. By Professor BLUMENBACH.

[From "Magazin für das neueste aus der Physik," vol. iv.]

DURING a tour which I made through Switzerland, I saw, in the picture-gallery at Pommersfeld, four negro heads, by Vandyk, two of which had features very little different from the European. As I had then had no opportunity of ac-

quiring knowledge of the form of the negro head and cranium by studying nature, and as Mr. Camper, in a dissertation read in the Academy of Painting at Amsterdam, had mentioned that the most eminent painters, Rubens, Vandyk and Jordaens, when they painted Moors, copied from Europeans, whose faces had been blackened for that purpose, I ascribed the European look of these negro heads to this common fault. Some months after, however, I had

an opportunity of knowing that there are real negroes whose features correspond very nearly with those of Europeans, and that the heads in the gallery of Pommersfeld might be true representations of nature.

Going to pay a visit at Yverdun, to the two brothers Treytorrens, one of whom had been thirty-five years in the French service, particularly at St. Domingo; and the other had a collection of natural curiosities that contained many rare articles, when I entered the court of their elegant habitation, I saw no person to shew me into the house, except a woman of an agreeable figure, who was standing with her back towards me. When she turned to give me an answer, I was much surprized to find that she was a female negro, whose face perfectly corresponded with her figure, and fully justified the fidelity of likeness in Vandyk's negro heads, which I had seen at Pommersfeld. All the features of her face, even the nose and lips, the latter of which were a little thick, though not so as to be disagreeable, had they been covered with a white skin, must have excited universal admiration. At the same time she possessed a sound understanding; and, as I afterwards learned, was extremely expert in the obstetric art. The pretty negress of Yverdun is celebrated, far and near, as the best midwife in the Italian part of Switzerland. I was informed by her master, who has in his service also a negro man, as elegantly formed as a statue, that she was a creole from St. Domingo; that both her parents were natives of Congo, but not so black as the negroes of Senegal.

Since that period I have had opportunity of seeing and conversing with many negroes, and have procured, for my collection, a great many anatomical preparations from negro bodies, which, together with

what I have read in different voyages, tend more and more to convince me of the truth of the following propositions:

1. That, between one negro and another, there is as much (if not more) difference in the colour and lineaments of the face, as between many real negroes, and other varieties of the human species.

2. That the negroes, in their mental faculties, are not inferior to the rest of the human race.

The three negro skulls, which I have now before me, afford, by the striking gradation with which the lineaments pass from the one to the other, an evident proof of the first proposition. One of them, which Mr. Michaelis was so good as to bring me from New-York, is distinguished by such a projecting upper jaw-bone, that, if the same peculiarity belonged to all negroes, one might be tempted to suppose that they had another first parent than Adam. On the other hand, the lineaments of the third have so little of the exotic form, and are so different from the first, that if I had not dissected the whole head perfectly entire, and just as when cut from the body, I should be in doubt whether it actually belonged to a negro. The second holds a mean rank between both, and, in its whole form, has a great likeness to the head of the Abyssinian Abbas Gregorius, a good engraving of which, by Heiss, in 1691, from a painting by Von Sand, I have now before me, and which not only proves, in general, the close affinity of the Abyssinians with the negroes, but approaches much nearer to the ugly negroes, to speak according to the European ideas of beauty, than the well-formed negress of Yverdun, or the handsome young negro whose head I dissected as before mentioned, or than a thousand others whose features are little different from those of the Eu-

ropeans. What I have here said is, indeed, nothing else than a confirmation of a truth long known, which has been already remarked by unprejudiced travellers. Le Maire, in his voyage to Cape Verd, Senegal, and Gambia,* says:—"Blackness excepted, there are female negroes as well made as our ladies in Europe." Leguat, in his well-known voyages,† tells us, that he found, at Batavia, several very pretty negresses, whose faces had the perfect European form. Adanson, in his Account of Senegal,‡ speaking of the female negroes there, has the following passage: "The women are almost as tall as the men, and equally well made. Their skin is remarkably fine and soft; their eyes are black and open; the mouth and lips small, and the features are well proportioned. Some of them are perfect beauties. They are exceedingly lively, and have an easy, free air, that is highly agreeable." Ulloa, in his *Noticias Americanas*,§ observes, that some of the negroes have thick projecting lips, a flat nose, eyes deep sunk in the sockets, which, in general, are called *getudos*, and

wool instead of hair. He then adds: "Others, whose colour is equally black, have features perfectly like those of the whites, particularly the nose and eyes, and smooth but thick hair."||

The testimonies and examples which prove the truth of the second proposition, respecting the mental faculties of the negroes, are equally numerous and incontrovertible.—Their astonishing memories, their great activity, and their acuteness in trade, particularly with gold-dust, against which the most experienced European merchant cannot be too much on his guard, are all circumstances well known.¶ The great aptitude of the slaves for learning every kind of nice handicraft is equally well known; and the case is the same in regard to their musical talents, as we have instances of negroes playing the violin in so masterly a manner, that they gained so much money as enabled them to purchase their liberty.**

Of the poetical genius of the negroes, instances are known among both sexes. A female negro, who was a poetess, is mentioned by Hal-

* Voyages aux Cap Verd, Senegal et Gambia, page 161.

† Vol. ii. page 136.

‡ Page 21.

§ Page 92.

¶ The following observations of an intelligent Danish traveller, may serve still farther to confirm the truth of Professor Blumenbach's proposition: "Almost all the negroes are of a good stature, and the Akra negroes have remarkably fine features. The contour of the face, indeed, among the generality of these people, is different from that of the Europeans; but, at the same time, faces are found among them which, excepting the black colour, would, in Europe, be considered as beautiful. In common, however, they have something apish. The cheek-bones and chin project very much; and the bones of the nose are smaller than among the Europeans. This last circumstance has probably given rise to the assertion, that the negro women flatten the noses of their children as soon as they are born. But noses may be seen among some of them, as much elevated and as regular as those of the Europeans. Their hair is woolly, curled, and black, but sometimes red. When continually combed, it may be brought to the length of half a yard; but it never can be kept smooth. See P. E. Isert Reis na Guinea. Dordrecht 1790. page 175. EDIT.

¶ Barbot, in his description of the coasts of North and South-Guinea, to be found in the fifth volume of Churchill's collection, relates many interesting things on this subject. Thus he says, page 235, "The blacks are, for the most part, men of sense and wit enough, of a sharp ready apprehension, and an excellent memory beyond what is easy to imagine; for, though they can neither read nor write, they are always regular in the greatest hurry of business and trade, and seldom in confusion."

** See Urlsperger's *Amerikanisch Ackerwerk* Gottes, page 311.

ler; and a specimen of the Latin poetry of Francis Williams, a negro, may be found in the history of Jamaica. The letters of Ignatius Sancho, a negro, are well known: and the following instances will serve as farther proofs of the talents of our black brethren. The protestant clergyman J. J. Eliza Capitein was a negro; a man of considerable learning, and a great orator. I have in my possession, an excellent print of him, engraved by Tanjé, after P. Vandyk. Our worthy professor Hollman, when he was at Wittenberg, conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy on a negro who had shewn himself to advantage, not only as a writer, but as a teacher, and who afterwards came to Berlin as a counselor of state to his Prussian majesty. I have now before me two treatises written by him,* one of which, in particular, displays extensive and well-digested reading of the best physiological works of the time. Of the uncommon knowledge which many negroes have had in the practice of medicine, very favourable testimony has been given by Boerhaave and De Haen, who were certainly competent judges; and the sound skill and delicate expertness of the Yverdun *accoucheuse*

are celebrated through the neighbourhood.

To conclude, the Academy of Sciences at Paris had, among the number of its correspondents, M. Lislet, a negro, in the Isle of France, who excelled in making accurate meteorological observations. On the other hand, whole provinces of Europe might, in my opinion, be named, from which it would be difficult to produce, at present, virtuosos, poets, philosophers, and correspondents of a learned Academy.

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*Observations on the Winter Sleep of
Animals and Plants. By Profes-
sor FABRICIUS.*

[From "Magazin für das neueste aus der
Physik," vol. ix.]

THE winter sleep, or hybernation, is a very singular property of animals and plants; and though it occur daily, we are not able to explain the phenomena with which it is attended. In cold countries, many animals, on the approach of winter, retire to their subterranean abodes, in which they bury themselves under the snow, where they remain five or six

* One of them is entitled, *Differt. inaug. philosophica de humana mentis ætædia, sive sensationis ac facultatis in mente humana absentia, et earum in corpore nostro organico ac vivo præsentia quam.* Præf. D. MART. GOTTH. LOESCHERO publice defendit auctor ANT. GUIL. AMO, Guinea-Afer, Phil. et A.A. L.L. Mag. et J. V. C. Witteberge 1734, m. Apr. The title of the other is, *Diff. philosophica, continent ideam distinctionem eorum quæ competunt vel menti vel corpori nostro vivo et organico, quam præfide M. ANT. GUIL. AMO, Guinea-Afro, d. 29. Maii 1734, defendit Jo. THEODOS, Meiner Rochliz-Misnie.* Philos. et J. V. Cultor. In an account of Amo's life, printed on this occasion in name of the Academic Council, it is said, among other things respecting his talents, "Honorem, meritis ingenii partum, insigni probatiss, industriæ, eruditionis, quam publicis privatique exercitationibus declaravit, laude auxit—Compluribus philosophiam domi tradidit excussis tam veterum, quam novorum, placitis, optima quæque selegit, selecta enucleatè ac dilucidè interpretatus est." And the president, in defending the first mentioned treatise, says expressly, in the annexed congratulation to Amo, "Tuum potissimum eminet ingenium felicissimum—utpote qui istius felicitatem ac præstantiam, eruditionis ac doctrinæ soliditatem ac elegantiam, multis speciminibus hæctenus in nostra etiam academia magno cum applausu omnibus bonis, et in præsentii dissertatione egregiè comprobasti. Reddo tibi illam proprio Marte eleganter ac eruditè elaboratam, integram adhuc et planè immutatam, ut vis ingenii tui eo magis exinde clucescat."

months, without nourishment or motion; nay, almost without circulation of their blood, which flows only sluggishly, and in the widest vessels. Their perspiration is almost imperceptible; but still they lose something by it; as they enter their winter quarters in very good condition, and are exceedingly thin when they return from them.

Some animals enjoy their winter sleep under the earth, and others concealed below the snow; some, for the same purpose, creep into the holes of rocks, and others below stones, or the bark of trees. Some kinds, such as swallows and frogs, can pass the winter in marshes, under the water. In this state many of those exposed to the severity of the open air, are destroyed by the frost when it is violent; and even some of those which have buried themselves share the like fate.

Plants have their winter sleep also; for, during the period of winter, their sap flows towards the root, and the circulation of it, which is very slow, takes place only in the widest vessels. Were the expansion of the sap, in winter, as considerable as in summer, it would burst all the vessels on being frozen.

Several observers have endeavoured to prove that this singular circumstance is merely accidental; and, indeed, no difference is found in the internal organization of those animals which have winter sleep, and those which have not. It is very remarkable that this property belongs, in general, to animals of prey. As these have far stronger powers of digestion, and stronger digestive juices, it would appear that abstinence from food, for several months, would to them be hardly possible.

The bear, the bat, and the hedgehog, have winter sleep; but the white bear has not. As the latter

is secured from the cold by his long hair, he finds nourishment in the dead whales and seals which are cast on shore by the waves.

The earth worms have winter sleep; but aquatic worms very seldom. Insects, as well as their larvae, have winter sleep. Butterflies may be often seen fluttering about in the warm days of spring, after having spent the whole winter in that condition. Amphibious animals have winter sleep, those which live merely in the ocean excepted.

Few birds, on the other hand, are exposed to this state. The greater part of these, on the approach of winter, retire to a milder climate, where they can find more abundant nourishment.

In Iceland the sheep have winter sleep, because, in that country they are suffered to range in perfect freedom. In the winter season, therefore, they may be seen buried under the snow and in the bushes, where it would be impossible for them to remain were they not in that condition.

Sketches of distinguished Characters.

LAZARE, *ci-devant* ST. MEARD, and his fellow Prisoners in the Abbaye.

[Concluded from page 395.]

MONDAY the 3d, two o'clock in the morning. One of the doors of the prison was now attempted to be broken open; we at first imagined that it was the wicket which they were forcing, in order to massacre us all; but we were a little comforted, when we heard them observing, on the stair-case, that it was the gate of a dungeon, where some prisoners had barricaded themselves. A little after, we learned that they had killed all whom they found there.

At ten o'clock,

THE ABBE L'ENFANT, Confessor to the King, and THE ABBE DE CHAPT-RASTIGNAL appeared in the pulpit of the chapel which served us as a prison, and into which they entered by a door communicating with the stair-case. They announced that our last hour approached, and invited us to collect around them, in order to receive their benediction. An electric movement, which it is impossible to define, precipitated us all on our knees, and we went through the ceremony, with our hands clasped together. This, although a consolatory moment, was one of the most terrible we had yet experienced.—On the eve of appearing at the throne of the SUPREME BEING, and kneeling before two of his ministers, we presented an indefinable spectacle. The age of these two men, their position above us, death hovering over our heads, and surrounding us on all sides—all these accompaniments gave an august and lugubrious air to the ceremony; it approximated us to the Divinity; it reinstalled courage into our minds; all reasoning was suspended, and the most cold and incredulous among us received as great an impression as him who was most ardent, and possessed the greatest share of sensibility.—Half an hour afterwards, these two priests were massacred, and *we heard their cries*.

Where is the man who can read the following particulars, with dry eyes, or even without experiencing the *crispations* and shudderings of dissolution?

Our most important avocation was *now* to know in what position we could receive death with the least pain, when we were dragged to the place of massacre! We accordingly sent some of our companions, from time to time, in order to inform us of the postures of the

victims, that we might calculate according to their report respecting the best for us to assume. They brought us back information, that those who extended their hands suffered much longer than others, because the strokes of the sabre were deadened before they reached the head; that there were some, whose hands and arms fell before their bodies, and that accordingly those who placed them behind their backs must endure much less than others. Alas! it was relative to such horrible details that we deliberated. We perceived the advantages resulting from this last position, and we advised each other to adopt it, when our turn to be massacred should arrive.

Towards noon, being overwhelmed by somewhat of a supernatural agitation, and absorbed in reflections, the horror of which is inexpressible, I threw myself on my bed, and fell into a profound sleep.

Every thing inclines me to believe that I am indebted for my existence to this very sleep. *It seemed to me that I appeared before the redoubtable tribunal that was to try me; I was listened to with attention, notwithstanding the frightful noise of the tocsin, and the cries which every where prevailed around; but my defence was no sooner heard than I was set free!*

This dream made such a happy impression on my mind, that it totally dissipated my uneasiness, and I awoke with a *presentiment* that it would be realized. I afterwards recounted the particulars to my companions in misfortune, who were astonished at the assurance I preserved from that moment until the period I made my appearance before my terrible judges.

At two o'clock a proclamation was read, which the people appeared to hear with disfavour; a moment afterwards, some persons, out of curiosity, or, perhaps, with an intention of pointing out the

means of saving ourselves, placed a ladder against the window of our apartment; but they were prevented from proceeding, by a cry of "Down! down! they intend to carry them arms!"

All the torments of a devouring thirst were now added to the anguish we momentarily experienced. At length, however, our turnkey, Bertrand, who, as well as citizen Lavaquerie, the jailor, had behaved exceedingly well during the whole of our confinement, made his appearance, and we obtained a flaggon of water from him. We drank it with so much the more avidity, as we had not been able to obtain a single drop during the last twenty-six hours. We mentioned this instance of negligence to a *federate*, who came with other persons to inspect the prison, and who was so enraged at the circumstance, that, after demanding the name of the turnkey, he assured us that he was going to *exterminate him*. *He would have done so, for he promised it*, and it was not until after repeated supplications that we could obtain his pardon.

At eight o'clock the agitation of the people began to diminish, and we heard several voices exclaim, *Pardon! pardon! for those that remain!* These words were applauded; but, unfortunately, the applause was feeble. Notwithstanding this a gleam of hope took possession of us; and some actually thought their deliverance so near at hand, that they already had their little bundles of clothes under their arms, in order to depart; but, a short time afterwards the cries of death plunged us once more into fresh anguish.

I had formed a particular friendship with the

SIEUR MASSAUBRE, who had been arrested for no other reason than because he was aide-de-camp to M. de Brissac. He had formerly exhibited great proofs of

courage, but the dread of assassination now got the better of his reason. He had, indeed, lost his senses to such a degree, that, being unable to conceal himself in the chapel, he ascended the chimney of the *sacristy*, where, finding himself stopped by the iron grating, he actually attempted to burst his way through with his head!

THE SIEUR EMARD, who, on the preceding evening, had requested me to draw up his will, informed me of the motives of his arrest; and I found them so unjust, that, in order to give him a proof of the certainty I experienced in my own mind relative to his deliverance, I presented him with a silver medal, beseeching him at the same time to keep and show it to me ten years afterwards Should he chance to read this article, he will remember his promise. If we have not since met, it is no fault of mine, for I am ignorant of his place of abode, but he well knows where I live.

At eleven o'clock, ten persons, armed with sabres and pistols, ordered us to draw up in a line, and then conducted us to the second wicket, near where the tribunal, by whom we were to be tried, held its sittings. I approached, with some precaution, one of the centinels who guarded us, and began, by little and little, to enter into conversation with him. He informed me, in a dialect that made me guess him either to be a *Provençal* or *Languedocian*, that he had served eight years in the regiment *de Lyonnais*. On this I spoke *Patois*, which seemed to give him pleasure; and the interest which I now had to gain his esteem furnished me with a *Gascon* eloquence, so persuasive in its operation, that I appeared to have acquired his favour. In short, I succeeded so far as to procure admission from him into the redoubtable apartment, where the prisoners were

examined. I witnessed the process of two; one of whom was purveyor of provisions to the King, and who, being accused of participating in the plot of the tenth of August, was condemned and executed. The other, who wept, and uttered only a few words, intermingled with sighs, was already undressed, and on the eve of being sent to *La Force*, when he was recognized by a tradesman of Paris, who attested that he had been mistaken for another.

What I had seen enabled me to make up my mind as to the nature of my defence; I therefore retired, and requested my *Provencal* to procure me a glass of wine, which he soon after brought into the chapel, whither we were all re-conducted.

"Here!" cried he on his entrance, "is a whole bottle—drink—to your health—I can only remain a moment with you; but remember what I say: If you are a priest, or a conspirator of the castle of *M. Veto*,* tremble; but if you be not a traitor, and do not appear to be afraid, I will answer for your life."

"Ah! my friend, I am sure enough that I shall not be accused of this; but I am considered as being a little of an *aristocrate*."

"That is nothing; the judges know very well that there are honest people of all parties. The president is a good man, and not a fool."

"Be so kind as to desire the judges to hear me; I do not ask for more."

"You shall be heard—I must return to my post—embrace me—I wish you well. Adieu!"

One must have been in the *Abbaye* on the 3d of September, 1792, in order to feel the influence which this conversation had on my mind, and how much it re-animated me.

Towards midnight, the unna-

tural noise, which had not been discontinued during thirty-six hours, began now to slacken. We imagined that the judges and the executive power,† were overcome with fatigue; and, that when they had taken some repose, we should be carried before them. We were accordingly employed in making our beds; when another proclamation was made, which was generally hissed. Soon after this, a man demanded to speak to the people, and we heard him very distinctly say, "The priests and conspirators who remain, have greased the palms of the judges, and that is the reason why they do not try any more!"

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when it appeared as if he had been knocked down.

The noise augmented every instant, and the fermentation was at its height, when they came in search of

M. DEFONTAINE, formerly *garde du corps*, whose shrieks we heard soon after. In a few minutes more, they snatched from our arms, two of our new companions, which made me imagine that my own fate was approaching.

At length, on Tuesday, at one o'clock of the morning, having experienced an agony of thirty-seven hours, to which even death itself cannot be compared; after having a thousand and a thousand times emptied the *chalice of despair*, the door of the prison opens—I am asked for, and make my appearance. Three men seize and drag me into the frightful court. By the light of two torches, I perceive this terrible tribunal, that was to confer life or death. The President, in a grey coat, with a sabre by his side, was leaning against a table, on which were paper, ink, pipes, and a few bottles. This table was surrounded by ten persons, who were either

* Louis XVI.

† The killers were so called.

sitting or standing; two of them were in jackets and aprons; some others were asleep, with their bodies extended along the benches. —Two men, whose shirts were stained with blood, guarded the door of the apartment; an old turnkey had his hand on the bolt. Immediately opposite to the president were three men, who had hold of a prisoner of about sixty years of age.

I was placed in a corner; those who guarded me, leaned their sabres across my breast, and intimated that if I made the least motion to escape, they would poniard me. I was now looking around for my *Provençal*, when I beheld two national guards present to the president a written demand of the section of *Croix-Rouge*, in favour of the person then before him. He said in reply, "that such requests were useless in respect to traitors." On this the prisoner exclaimed, "This is truly frightful; your judgment is an assassination!" The president rejoined, "My hands are clean; conduct M. Maillé" No sooner were these words pronounced, than he was thrust into the street, and I beheld him killed, through the bars of the grate.

The president having apparently registered the name of the unfortunate, then called out, "Another!" On this I was immediately dragged towards the upper end of this expeditious and bloody tribunal, in presence of which, the best protection was to have none, and where all the resources of human wit were useless, if not founded on truth. Two of my guards held my hands; the third seized the collar of my coat.

The president. "Your name and profession?"

One of the judges. "The smallest untruth will ruin you."

* I thought I could perceive that the president pronounced this sentence contrary to his own inclinations. Several killers had now entered, and occasioned much fermentation.

"I am called Jourgniac Saint Meard; I have served, during twenty-five years, as an officer, and I appear before your tribunal with the assurance of a man who has nothing to reproach himself with; and who, consequently, stands not in need of a lie."

The president having examined the scroll of prisoners, as well as the accusations, banded them to the other judges. After which he said, "Do you know the motives of your arrest?"

"Yes, *Monsieur le Président*; and when I consider the falsity of the denunciations against me, I am sure that the committee of vigilance of the commune would never have caused me to have been imprisoned, had it not been for those precautions which the safety of the people render necessary. I am accused of being editor of the *Anti-feuillant Journal*, entitled, *De la Cour et de la Ville*. The truth is, that this is a falsehood. It is one of the name of Gautier who is the editor, and whose person has so little resemblance to mine, that the mistake can be attributed to nothing but malice; and if I could but put my hand in my pocket—[I here made an useless motion, as if to pull out my pocket-book: a judge perceiving it, desired I might be allowed that liberty. On this, I placed on the table the attestations of several merchants, proprietors of houses where he had lived, &c. all of which demonstrated that he was conductor and sole proprietor of this journal.]

One of the judges. "But there is no smoke without fire; it is necessary to discover why you should be accused of this."

"You know, gentlemen, that this journal was a kind of trunk, in which all the *calembours*, epi-

grams, &c. either originating in Paris or the eighty-three departments, were deposited. I might easily assert here, that I never wrote a single line for it, as no manuscript of mine can be produced against me; but my usual frankness obliges me, however, to acknowledge that I was induced, by the gaiety of my character, to send several *pleasantries* to the Sieur Gautier. Behold, then, the result of this *grand denunciation* against me, which is as absurd, as what follows is monstrous. I have been accused of repairing to the frontiers, of having enlisted recruits, and of having conducted them to join the emigrants.—[*Here a general murmur arose, which did not disconcert me in the least; on the contrary, I raised my voice, and continued as follows:*]

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! it is my turn to speak; I beseech *M. le Président* to support my claim; never was it so necessary I should be heard as on the present occasion." [All the judges, on this, fell a laughing, and cried out, "He is in the right. Silence!"]

"The person who denounced me is a monster; and I am about to demonstrate this truth, to judges whom the people would not have chosen, had they not deemed them capable of discerning the innocent from the guilty. Here are certificates which prove that I have not left Paris during the last twenty-three months. Here also are three declarations from the owners of the houses where I have lived during that period, which attest the same."—(They were now busily occupied in examining the papers, when we were interrupted by the arrival of a prisoner, who was put into my place, immediately in front of the president. Those who brought him observed, that it was another priest, whom they had taken from his lurking-hole in the chapel. After a very short interrogatory, he was ordered to La Force. On this, he threw his breviary on the table,

and was dragged out of the wicket, and massacred.)

I then once more made my appearance before the tribunal.

One of the judges. "I will not say that these certificates are false, but who is to prove that they are true?"

"Let me be conducted to a dungeon, until commissioners shall have verified their validity. If they be false, I merit death."

Another of the judges, who, during my interrogatory, seemed to interest himself in my favour, whose features are deeply engraven on my heart, whom I would embrace, could I but see him, in order to testify my gratitude, here observed, in rather a low tone of voice, "that a guilty person never spoke with so much assurance."

A third judge. "To what section do you belong, and with whom did you lodge?"

"That of the *Halle au blé*, at *M. Teyssier's*, *Rue Croix des Petits-Champs*."

A national guard, not of the number of the judges. "I know him well; we have had dealings together frequently, and I can tell instantly if this certificate be of his handwriting."

[After looking at it, he continues]

"Gentlemen, I certify that this is the signature of citizen Teyssier."

I could have leaped on the neck of this tutelary angel; but I contented myself with saying—"Now that the testimony of this brave man has demonstrated the falsehood of an accusation that might have occasioned my death, what idea can you entertain of him who denounced me?"

The judge who seemed to interest himself in my behalf. "He must be a rogue, and were he here, he should be instantly punished."

Another of the judges. "It is evident that you are not the doer of this journal; but you do not say a word as to the aristocratical propo-

sitions maintained by you among the booksellers in the *Palais-Royal*."

"Why should I omit any thing? I have not hesitated to tell what I have written; shall I be afraid then to acknowledge what I have said, and even what I have thought? I always advised obedience to the laws, and exhibited an example of it. I acknowledge, also, that I took advantage of the permission held out by the constitution, to remark that I did not deem it perfect, because I thought I perceived that it placed us all in a false position. If it was a crime to have said so then, the constitution itself was nothing better than a snare, and the permission it gave me, to mention its faults, was a mere trap. I have also said, that nearly all the nobles of the constituent assembly, who appeared to be such zealous patriots, laboured infinitely more to satisfy their interest and ambition, than for the good of their country; and when all Paris was fascinated with their patriotism, I observed *they deceive you*. And now let me ask you, gentlemen, *is not my opinion of them justified by the event?*" I have often blamed, likewise, the cowardly and clumsy manœuvres of certain personages, who were only *for the constitution, nothing but the constitution, the whole constitution!*

"I had long anticipated a great catastrophe, the necessary result of that constitution, revised by egotists, who, like those of whom I have already made mention, only laboured for themselves, and the intriguers who defended them. Dissimulation, cupidity, and poltroonery, were the attributes of these quacks. Fanaticism, intrepidity, and frankness, formed the character of their enemies. There was little occasion for a pair of spectacles to perceive that they would carry their point.

[*The attention with which I was listened to, and which, to tell the truth, was more than I expected, encouraged me, and I was about to urge a thousand reasons which induced me to prefer a republican to the constitutional government, when the turn-key entered, with an affrighted look, on purpose to intimate that a prisoner was endeavouring to escape through a chimney. The president ordered some pistols to be fired at him, and said, that if he got off the jailor should answer with his head. It was the unfortunate MASSAUBRE, who fell down, nearly stifled, on some straw being lighted below. He was then carried out, and executed.*]

"No one, gentlemen, was more anxious than myself for the reform of abuses. Look at the pamphlets composed by me, before and during the sitting of the States-General. I always thought that we went too far for a limited constitution, and not far enough for a republic. I am neither *jacobin* nor *feuillant*. I do not love the principles of the former, although far more consistent and frank than those of the latter, whom I shall ever detest, until they have proved that they are not the cause of all the evils which we have experienced. At length we have got rid of them . . . !"

A judge, with an air of impatience. "You always tell us that you are neither this nor that, what are you then?"

"I was, in truth, a royalist."

[*Here a general murmur ensued, which was miraculously appeased by the judge, who appeared to interest himself in my behalf, and who said, word for word, as follows:*]

"It is not to give judgment on opinions, but on the result of them, that we sit here."*

Scarcely had these words been pronounced, when I exclaimed, "I

* If the united geniuses of Rousseau and Voltaire had pleaded my cause, could they have spoken more to the purpose?

have, in truth, been a *royalist*, but I was never paid for being so. I was a *royalist* because I conceived a monarchical government most befitting to my native country; because I loved the king truly, and on his own account. *I preserved this sentiment in my heart until the 10th of August.*

[*The murmur that now arose, had a more flattering sound than the former; and, in order to keep up the good opinion that seemed to have been conceived of me, I added,*]

"I have never heard of any plots, but what I learned from the public indignation. Whenever I had an opportunity to assist any man, I never asked what were his principles . . . the patriotic journals will confirm all that I have said. I have always been beloved by the peasants on my lordship, and, instead of burning, they were all eager to protect my castle. I can add, that not a single soldier of the regiment *du Roi*,* in which I served twenty-five years, had ever any cause to complain of me."

One of the judges. "I shall soon see whether you belonged to that regiment. Did you know M. Moreau?"

"Yes, Sir, I knew two of that name: one very tall, very fat, and very reasonable; the other very little, very thin, and (pointing to my head) very foolish."

The same judge. "I perceive you have known him."

[*One of the doors was now opened, and M. Margue, ci-devant major, formerly my brother officer in the regiment du Roi, and my companion in the chamber of the Abbaye, entered, escorted by three men, in order to be tried as soon as I was disposed of.*]

"After the unfortunate affair of Nancy, I repaired to Paris, where I have remained ever since. I was arrested in my own apartment,

twelve days since, and was so little afraid of being made a prisoner, that I walked out, daily, as usual. No seals were affixed to my papers, &c. because nothing suspicious was found about me. I was never inscribed in the civil list. I never signed any petitions. I never carried on any reprehensible correspondence. During my abode in the capital, I have followed the natural gaiety of my character, which, in conformity with my principles, would never permit me seriously to engage in public affairs. The sincerity of these confessions must convince you that I am not a dangerous man—and I now hope you will be so good as to grant me that liberty to which I am no less attached by necessity than by principle."

The president, after taking off his hat, said, "I do not perceive any thing tending to render *Monsieur* suspected; I am for granting him his liberty. Is this your opinion?"

All the judges. "Yes, yes! It is but what is just."

Scarcely were these divine words uttered, when every one in the tribunal embraced me. I heard several persons above me applaud the sentence, and cry out, *bravo!* On lifting my eyes, I perceived several heads crowded about an air-hole in the chamber, whence proceeded the buzzing sound I had before noticed.

The president now selected three persons to form a deputation, in order to announce to the people the sentence that had been pronounced. During the proclamation, I demanded of the judges a copy of the judgment: they promised to grant it. The president asked why I did not wear the cross of Saint Louis, which he knew I had received? On this I told him that I had been requested by my

* Here one of the judges trod on my toes, but I proceeded nevertheless.

fellow prisoners to leave it off. He replied, that the National Assembly not having, as yet, prohibited the wearing of it, it appeared suspicious to conceal it.

In the mean time, the three deputies returned, and *desired me to be covered*; they then conducted me out of the wicket. The moment I arrived in the street, one of them exclaimed, "*Hats off! Citizens, behold him for whom your judges demand aid and assistance!*" These words were no sooner pronounced, than the *executive power* lifted me, up, and seating me in the middle of four torches, I was embraced by the surrounding multitude. All the spectators then cried out, *Vive la Nation!* These honours, with which I was much affected, placed me under the safeguard of the people, who, amidst loud and reiterated plaudits, allowed me to pass through them, followed by the three deputies whom the president had charged to conduct me safe home. One of them told me that he was a stonemason, belonging to the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*; the other was a journeyman wig-maker, born at Bourges; the third, who was clothed in the uniform of the national guard, said he was a federate. The stonemason asked me if I was afraid? and desired me to have no apprehensions; "for, as I was under the protection of the people, it would be instant death to molest me." "I was glad," added he, "when you were acquitted; for I soon perceived that you were not one of the *caterpillars of the civil list*."

When we had reached the street *St. Benoit*, we got into a hackney-coach, which stopped at my lodgings. The first movement on the part of my host—of my *friend*, on seeing me return, was to offer his purse to my conductors, who refused it, and added literally as follows: "*We do not follow this trade for money! Here is your friend; he*"

VOL. I. No. 6.

has promised us a glass of brandy; we shall drink it, and then return to our post."

They demanded a certificate, that they had conducted me home without any accident. I then accompanied into the street, and embraced them most cordially.

After a few hours sleep, I took a walk in the garden of citizen Egalité, that very day, and I could perceive many persons rubbing their eyes, as if to discover if it was really me. I was embraced even by strangers; in short, it was a festival to me.

In a few days after my liberation, I deemed it necessary to publish this account; and the principal reason that induced me to it, is to exhibit proofs, that if the people are impetuous and irresistible when they deem themselves betrayed, one ought not, on this account, to despair of their justice.

JOEL BARLOW,

A MAN equally distinguished in Europe and America, was born at Reading, in Connecticut, about the year 1758 or 1759; entered Yale-College in September, 1774; and graduated in 1778. The events of his youth were probably no wise remarkable. Reading is a small country place: Mr. Barlow, sen. was a respectable farmer; and his son, no doubt, received the customary instruction of youths in his situation.

The class in which Mr. Barlow entered was remarkable, from the assemblage of men of talents, many of whom now possess a large share of public confidence and influence, or direct the councils of their country. To be ranked among the first in such a group is no ordinary praise; and as among the first Mr. Barlow was uniformly considered.

Among many absurd customs

which formerly prevailed at Yale-College, but which are since abolished, was that of an annual challenge, from the Freshmen to the Sophomore class, on the fall of the first snow, to a combat at snow-balling. This custom is only of importance at present, as it gave birth to the first poem Mr. Barlow is known to have produced. The conflict of the contending parties was happily pourtrayed: the description of a snow-storm, with which the poem commenced, concluded with this spirited line:

"And Jove defends in magazines of snow."

The attachment which Mr. Barlow displayed for poetry, recommended him to the particular notice of Dr. Dwight: and though his tutorial instructions were confined, principally, to another class, yet he took frequent occasion to promote the improvement of his young friend. To this Mr. Barlow alludes, in very strong terms, in an unpublished poetical letter, addressed to his friend Wolcott (now Secretary of the Treasury of the United States), shortly after their departure from college; in which he declares the summit of his happiness, and the extent of his wishes to be, to have
 "Dwight for his tutor, Wolcott for his friend."

With what success Mr. Barlow cultivated poetry, may be judged by his poem delivered at the public examination for the bachelor's degree, in 1778, and which was printed at the time.

On leaving college, the slender finances of our author admonished him to select some employment which would speedily furnish him with the means of subsistence.—The Connecticut army, at this time, was deficient in chaplains; and he was urged to qualify himself for that appointment. This required time; but it was intimated to him, that such was the confidence

in his genius, application, virtue, and such the desire to serve him, that a brief preparation was all that would be demanded, and that every indulgence should be shewn him at the examination. Thus encouraged, he applied himself strenuously to theological studies; and, at the end of six weeks, it is said, sustained a reputable examination, was licensed to preach, and repaired to the army. As a preacher, Mr. Barlow was much respected; and the writer of this article remembers to have heard him deliver two sermons during his theological course. How long he continued in the army is not now recollected; but, probably, till the close of the war. In 1781, however, he repaired to New-Haven, and took his degree of Master of Arts. On this occasion he pronounced a poem, which was soon after printed; and was intended as the earnest of his "*Vision of Columbus*," which, from this, it appears he had already composed. This small poem, together with that above-mentioned, and an Elegy on the Hon. Mr. Hosmer, are republished in the "*American Poems*," vol. i. printed at Litchfield.

After leaving the army, Mr. Barlow applied himself to the study of the law, to which he had early destined himself. But immediate support was necessary; and, at the suggestion, and probably with the assistance of his friend, he undertook and succeeded in the establishment of a weekly paper, in connection with a printer at Hartford. During this connection he published his "*Vision of Columbus*," which has gone through two American, one London, and one Paris edition. The subject of this poem was popular, and the active zeal of the friends of the author, secured for it a favourable reception. But its merit, over-rated at first, is now under-valued. The warmth of friendship, and the decision of an

American, may be suspected of partiality; but, after every deduction, the "*Vision of Columbus*" must be considered as a specimen of talents highly honourable to so young a man. The ease, correctness, and even sweetness of the versification, and the philosophical turn of thought, which it displays throughout, are much towards compensating for the inherent defects of plan, and the absence of those bold and original flights of genius, which have been designated as among the indispensable characteristics of the *Epopæa*; and the poem may be repeatedly perused with pleasure, although the reader may not be able to forget that some of its most interesting passages are close copies of corresponding descriptions and relations in the *Incas* of Marmontel.

After the publication of his poem, Mr. Barlow was employed, by the clergy of Connecticut, in the revision of Dr. Watts' version of the *Psalms*; to supply deficiencies, and to adapt the whole to the peculiar state of the country. This task he executed to general acceptance; and, in two instances, added very beautiful little poems to the common psalm book.

About this time Mr. Barlow dropped his connection with the weekly paper, and opened a bookstore. But as this was principally for the sale of his edition of the *Psalms*, he quitted this occupation as soon as that was effected, and engaged in the profession of the law. In this his success was but indifferent. The noble conceptions and generous sentiments of the poet do not readily amalgamate with the tautological jargon and petty detail of the lawyer. Mr. Barlow's manners and address were not popular; his elocution was embarrassed; and he was thought deficient in that *happy impudence* which is so essential to the success of an advocate. He had no children to labour for; and

the amiable fortitude and enlightened understanding of his partner sustained his spirits. Still the prospect of a small decreasing fund preyed upon his mind; and he was, therefore, the more easily induced to quit his situation, and to seek, in an agency to a foreign country, that wealth which eluded his grasp in his own.

Some members of a land company, called the Ohio Company, in connection with a few other persons, then supposed to be men of property, by a manœuvre not then understood, but which has since been detected, appropriated to their own use a very considerable part of the funds of that company; and, under the title of the Scioto Company, offered vast tracts of land for sale in Europe, to few of which they had any pretensions. It was as the agent of this Scioto Company, but with a perfect ignorance of their secret plan, that Mr. Barlow embarked for France, in 1783. The event of this agency was unfortunate, and left him, it is supposed, with no other resources than his own genius and reputation, to make his way in a distant land, and amid a different people. From this time his literary and *political* history are well known.

During his residence in Hartford, Mr. Barlow was concerned in all the publications of the time, which issued from the Club of Wits in that city. In particular, he bore a large share in "*The Anarchiad*."—It was also during this period, probably, that his religious opinions were shaken; and that process of inquiry was undertaken, which has terminated in the sentiments he now avows. With the change in his religious faith, his political system has more completely evolved itself; and the omission of the dedication of his "*Vision of Columbus*" to Louis XVI. and of some passages in the poem itself, in his last edition, evince

the consistency of his political, and the liberality of his moral creed.

Mr. Barlow has published, since his residence in Europe—

1. *The Conspiracy of Kings*, a poem, in 4to. London, 1796. This has been republished repeatedly in the United States.

2. *Advice to the Privileged Orders*, Part i. London.

3. *Letter to the National Convention*, &c.

4. *Address to the People of Piedmont*, &c.

5. *Advice to the Privileged Orders*, Part ii. Paris, &c.

6. *The Hasty Pudding*, a poem. First printed in the *New-York Magazine*, published by Messrs. Swords; and afterwards separately, in 12mo. in 1796. This has gone through repeated editions, as have all the preceding works.

Mr. Barlow is now the American Consul at Algiers, in which capacity he has concluded an advantageous treaty with the Dey; and distinguished himself, at the hazard of his life, by his humane exertions in behalf of his countrymen who were held there in slavery.

August, 1798.

H.

LEMUEL HOPKINS

WAS born in Waterbury, Connecticut, about the year 1755 or 6. His father, a wealthy farmer of that town, bestowed on all his children a good school education, and brought them all up to the labours of the field. What determined his son to the study of physic, is not now distinctly remembered; but the writer of this article believes it to have been the observation of the gradual decline of some near connections, who fell a sacrifice to the consumption; and that this event, and the circumstance of an hereditary predisposition to that disease, led Dr. Hopkins to its particular consideration,

and laid the foundation of his future fame. Be this as it may, having resolved to devote himself to medicine, Mr. Hopkins applied himself, in the first place, to the study of the Latin, and to other academic studies; and, after some preparation, placed himself under the direction of a physician of some eminence, Dr. Potter, of Wallingford. Here he applied himself with great fidelity to his professional inquiries, won the confidence of his preceptor, and was often admitted to share in the labours of his practice, if not in its emoluments. After spending the usual time in preparation, Mr. Hopkins repaired to Litchfield, and commenced business. This was some time in the year 1776 or 7. The singularity of his appearance, manners, and opinions, and the boldness, humour, and ingenuity with which he maintained the last, attracted general notice; and the success with which his exertions were attended in several cases of chronic disease, in persons who visited Litchfield on account of friends, or for the reputed healthiness of the situation, conferred on him a sudden and extensive celebrity. Pupils and patients resorted to him for instruction and advice; and he obtained a respectable share of employment abroad, before he had effected any flattering establishment at home. At Litchfield Dr. Hopkins remained till sometime in 1784 or 5; and, during this period, commenced his intimacy with the most distinguished literary characters in the State, some of whom then resided, and a few still reside, at that place. On leaving Litchfield, he removed to Hartford, where he has continued ever since, and which has been the scene of his literary exertions, and the point from which his professional reputation has diffused itself. This, however, has neither been fostered nor extended by any publications; for though Dr.

Hopkins is said to have composed several medical works, he has published nothing. This has arisen, in part, from the subjects on which he has employed his pen, and partly from his repugnance to add to the number of imperfect works which are every day appearing. Having been presented with unusual opportunities for observation on phthisical and other chronic complaints, it has been his wish to collect and leave behind him a mass of facts, which, amid all the contention of conjectures and revolution of things, should be resorted to with confidence and improvement.

Strictly connected, both with the former and present literary associations in Hartford, Dr. Hopkins has borne a full share in the numerous publications of wit and humour, which have raised the character of that place. But his writings have never been separated from the common stock; and, except three small poems of singular humour, inserted in the "American Poems," volume first, none of his pieces have been collected. As a literary man, Dr. Hopkins is more remarkable for invention than for execution: for the first, he is indebted to a bold, original, but unchastised, and often *outré* imagination; the last is the effect of an early neglected education. He is the reputed projector of "The Anarchiad," and several of the wildest flights in that curious publication, are attributed to him. Of this performance, so often mentioned, the knowledge of which is probably confined to America, as it may not be uninteresting to the English reader, I shall subjoin some account; but, first, it may not be improper to enumerate the persons who partly composed the original literary circles at Hartford.

The settlement of Dr. Dwight at Greenfield, a place remote from the residence of his early associates

in scientific and poetical pursuits, insulated and deprived him of the pleasures of their society. His labours were, therefore, perhaps, of a more serious complexion. The charms of society, and the sprightliness of conversation, were easily propagated by persons accustomed to write as well as to converse; and what first only circulated in domestic circles, was soon transferred to the press, and became the theme of general inquiry, comment, and applause. The force of satire and the benefits of discussion, being once thoroughly apprehended by the authors, they were easily induced to persist; and the temper, as well as opinions, of a large portion of the public, in that part of the United States, were for a long time formed or influenced by the joint exertions of Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Barlow, Colonel Humphreys, Dr. Hopkins, Mr. Wolcott (now Secretary of the Treasury of the United States), and Mr. Strong, a celebrated divine of Hartford. Of the two gentlemen last named, the first, with every requisite for a poet, has neglected to claim his wreath of laurel; and the second has lately smothered the wit, sagacity, and political ability of Swift, in the melancholy consideration of the theological dogmas of election, atonement, and eternal punishment.

The authors of "The Anarchiad," or of the papers entitled "American Antiquities," introduce their account of that poem by an history of its discovery. A member of an American society of antiquarians is represented as having been present at the opening of one of the large *tumuli* in the western country, which resemble the fortifications of modern times. In the progress of digging, the labourers "find a casement, magazine, and cistern, almost entire." They pursue their work, till they make their way into "a room that had evidently been oc-

cupied by the commandant;”—where they find “a great number of utensils more curious and elegant than those of Palmyra and Herculeum. But what rendered their good fortune complete, was the discovery of a great number of papers, manuscripts,” &c. “Amongst these reliques of antiquity,” says the narrator, “I was overjoyed to find a folio manuscript, which appeared to contain an epic poem complete; and, as I am passionately fond of poetry, ancient as well as modern, I set myself instantly to cleanse it from the extraneous concretions with which it was, in some parts, enveloped, defaced, and rendered illegible. By means of a chemical preparation, which is made use of for restoring old paintings, I soon accomplished this desirable object. It was then I found it was called “The Anarchiad,” a poem on the restoration of chaos and substantial night, in twenty-four books.”

By a fable, sufficiently well contrived, this poem is represented to have been known to the ancients, and even to the moderns; thence the utmost liberty of imitation and parody is obtained; and, by the help of visions, prophecies, &c. the scene is shifted from one coun-

try to another, and from modern to ancient ages; and real and imaginary personages, and actual and fanciful regions, are introduced at pleasure.

It will be recollected, that at the time of publishing “The Anarchiad,” the American Republic was united but in name. Each State contravened, at will, the public wishes; and measures, the most hostile to good faith and sound policy, were every where pursued. The primary design of our authors was to chastise the promoters of such measures; and, without altogether relinquishing the aid of serious expostulation, to apply the satiric scourge, and lash those into right conduct, who could not be led into it by persuasion and a sense of duty. As a specimen of serious poetry, the “Speech of Hesper,” which is an address to the Convention of 1787, may be adduced. This is inserted in the “American Poems,” and I should, with pleasure, extract a few passages to convey some notion of the ability with which the satirical part was managed; but your curiosity will be better gratified by a perusal of the whole performance.

1798.

H.

Miscellaneous Articles of Literary and Philosophical Intelligence.

DOMESTIC.

A WORK has just been published by Mr. NOAH WEBSTER, entitled, “*A brief History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases, with the principal Phenomena of the Physical World, which precede and accompany them, and Observations deduced from the Facts stated.*” In two volumes 8vo.

Mr. M. CAREY, of Philadelphia,

has resumed the publication of the “*American Museum; or, Annual Register of Fugitive Pieces, ancient and modern,*” (which has been suspended for several years), by presenting the public a volume for the year 1798. It is composed, principally, of important American state papers, and the most useful political tracts, speeches, and debates. The first article is “an inquiry how far the

punishment of death is necessary in Pennsylvania, with notes and illustrations." This valuable and interesting *memoir* was drawn up by the late WILLIAM BRADFORD Esquire.

The *second* number of the *third* volume of the Medical Repository, has been published. It continues to merit its growing reputation, and is justly esteemed the most valuable periodical work ever published in America.

We notice some account of *three Latin poems*, lately published at Lisbon, on the "Culture of *Manioc*," the "Management of Cattle," and the "Cultivation of Tobacco in Brazil." The writer's name is not mentioned, but we admire his temerity and labour, in attempting to clothe, in Latin Hexameters, such dry subjects, in which objects occur wholly unknown to the Romans, and from the treasury of whose language he must draw his expressions.

The votaries of the muses, in the United States, do not often gratify the public with their effusions. Mrs. MORETON, of Boston, for such, it is said, is the name of the author of "*The Virtues of Society: A Tale, founded in Fact*," has told, in thirty-six pages 4to. of English heroic verse, the well known story of *Lady Harriet Ackland*. To this performance she has added an irregular ode to *Time*.

FOREIGN.

MAJOR Ouseley, so justly celebrated for his knowledge of Persian and Eastern literature, has published an "*Epitome of the Ancient History of Persia*," translated from the *Jehan Ara*, a Persian manuscript, with a map of Persia, a view of the ruins of Persepolis, some ancient gems, &c. in one small volume.

Captain Symes's interesting account of his "*Embassy to Ava*," in one large 4to. volume, with several maps and splendid engravings, will be soon ready for publication.

The second and last volume of the valuable "*Travels through North-America*," by the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, with maps, &c. is announced for publication.

A Russian, of the name of Lebedeff, has lately arrived in London from India, where he has resided about twelve years; the whole of that time he devoted to the study of the Bengal, mixed Hindostan, and Shanscreet languages. The result of his labours are, a dictionary and grammar of the Bengal language, and a translation of an ancient work written in the Bengali and Shanscreet languages. The Emperor of Russia, on being informed of his arrival in Europe with these works, has honoured him with his particular patronage, and munificently granted him leave to publish the above-mentioned works at the expense of his majesty, leaving the whole profits to Mr. Lebedeff.

Hints on farming. The construction of farm-yards is a matter of very great importance; though it would seem to be less understood, or less attended to, than many other things of very inferior consequence in farming. If the making of good manure, in large quantities, be deserving of the particular regard of the practical farmer, the form and construction of the places in which it is to be made or preserved, surely still more powerfully claim his regard; as being, not only the principal hinges on which his success must depend, but on which that of his whole system of husbandry must turn. It is, however, extremely common to see extensive farm-yards unprovided with the means of collecting and preserving the richest and most powerful manures, and farmers quite inatten-

tive and regardless of their loss. In some instances there are neither drains for conveying the moisture from the places in which the animals are kept, or reservoirs for receiving it: in others, it is designedly conducted away and lost, as if it were of no value. In general, too, the solid part of the manure is by no means well managed, much of it being suffered to be scattered about and exposed to the action of the sun and wind, by which much of its virtue is dissipated and lost. In many cases, indeed, where dung is permitted to be thus exposed for a length of time, it becomes perfectly inert, and three or four loads are required where one would have been fully sufficient. It is evident, therefore, that every farm-yard should not only be provided with convenient drains for conveying the excretions of animals, and proper reservoirs for containing them, but means should be taken for mixing and impregnating other substances with them, in order to augment and increase the quantity.

The quantity of manure of a farm may be considerably increased by proper attention to the mixture of other substances with the urine of animals, especially where all the different offices for cattle and other stock are so contrived as to discharge the liquid matters which they contain into a proper receptacle. In Sweden, and many other countries, particular regard is paid to this business, and a great variety of vegetable products, as well as soils of different kinds, are thus immersed, and even frequently placed under the cattle in the houses in which they stand. What proportion, in respect to strength and effect, manures thus prepared bear to that of fresh dung, has not yet perhaps been fully ascertained. There cannot, however, be any doubt of manures prepared by means of the process of fermentation, be-

ing very efficacious in improving the condition of land, when properly applied.

The stall-feeding of cattle is likewise another advantageous mode of procuring manure, as well as of producing large profits of other kinds; but it requires large capital, great attention, and much labour. It is well known that a piece of ground which, in grass, could not afford food for one animal, will supply four in the stall, provided its produce be cut at a suitable time and properly administered to them. Besides, double the quantity of manure is made from the same number of animals. The advantages in the way of milk and fattening, are also much greater than in the common practice. This method of management is, probably, not yet sufficiently employed in many parts of the country.

In the low countries, cattle are sometimes fed with coleseed cake, which is found to be a very wholesome and nutritious fodder. The expense of cultivation and preparation are, however, probably too great, for such a practice being generally introduced with any prospect of advantage. Other similar substances may, perhaps, be employed with more success.

A singular phenomenon in regard to cream.—The following phenomenon is announced in the *Journal de Physique*, 6th Thermidor, 1798, by citizen Serain, officer of health, at Saintes:—"This summer I was witness to an extraordinary fact, to me totally new, and which, in my opinion, cannot easily be accounted for. One day, when some people in this neighbourhood were preparing to churn butter, they were astonished to find all the cream of a fine Prussian-blue colour. The caseous part was only blueish. Every attempt to discover the cause of this extraordinary colour was fruitless, though the

cream exhibited the same appearance for nearly three months. It could not be ascribed to the vessels in which the milk was preserved, as they were kept perfectly clean, and covered with fir boards. The cows were in exceeding good health, and fed on meadows on which they had grazed for several years. This milk was used as food, without any hurt ensuing, and it had no uncommon taste; but the cream and caseous parts were thrown away, as they inspired some dread. The cream gradually changed its colour; but this could not be ascribed to the means employed during the continuance of the phenomenon—means, indeed, so ridiculous, that I do not think it worth while to detail them.

In the "*Ephemerides of the Curious of Nature*," Dec. 2, 1688, we find instances of milk coloured green, black, red, and yellow; but I am acquainted with no observation similar to that above-mentioned.

DoctOR PRIESTLEY will shortly commit to press, a work "*On the Institutions of MOSES, compared with those of BRAHMA and the eastern Asiatics*." A candid comparison of the laws of the HEBREWS with those of the HINDOOS, by so able a writer, cannot fail to interest every friend of literature.

Professor HORNEMANN writes from Cairo, October 14, 1797, to Professor HEEREN, of Göttingen:—I have here met with an Abyssinian bishop, who has informed me of several particulars concerning the famous BRUCE. He told me that a certain Englishman, Jacobo Bruce, had been in Abyssinia, and had been highly honoured by the king and the nobles of the country; that he frequently had looked at the sun through an instrument like those which are used at sea, inquired of every one respecting the sources of the Nile, and, at least, had made a

journey thither, &c.—The bishop told me he had not known him personally; but his father had been intimately acquainted with him, and frequently conversed about that singular man. Thus the bishop has, at least, vindicated Bruce against the charge of his having never approached the sources of the Nile.

A Collection of Voyages and Travels is printing at present at Madrid, under the title, *El Viage-ro Universal; par D. PEDRO ESTALA presbitero*. They are indeed only a compilation, but are collected with considerable judgment. The editors promise in No. xliii. which contains an abridgment of ULLOA's Travels, some manuscript *Observations on the Spanish Colonies*. No. lviii. and lix. contain the latest intelligence from Cuba, Buenos-Ayres, and Peru.

All the Censors at Riga are Russian priests, who know no other language but their own; for which reason, every book which requires a licence to be imported, must be previously translated to them. If they suppose they have discovered something objectionable in a book, it is confiscated immediately, and committed to the flames. One of the young Livonians, who returned this summer (1798), from Germany, took the splendid edition of Wieland's works with him. Unfortunately a volume was taken up for inspection, which contained something that appeared to the priest to militate against the tenets of the Greek Church; and the volume, with its beautiful prints, was instantly thrown into the fire, which spoiled the whole set, worth twenty-six guineas. Whole leaves are cut out of the foreign newspapers, before they are circulated; and it is even said, that they are to be prohibited entirely.

The following is an extract from the list of books lately prohibited in Russia: The celebrated Literary K

Gazette of Jena. Annals of the latest Theological Literature and Ecclesiastic History. The Annals of the British Literature and History, by *Archenholz*. The Minerva of the same author. Biographies of Lunatics, by Spiess (a most innocent and useful work). All the works of Bürger, the celebrated author of *Leonore*, &c. The Maid of Marienburg, by Kratter. The Happiness of Love, by Kleist (a most elegant and beautiful poem). All the works of Diderot. The latest Children of my Humour, by *Kotzebue*. Edward, &c. by Moore. Zeluco, by the same. The life of Baron Trenck. *Erat present du Royaume de Portugal*, par Dumorier. All the works of Professor Kant and his followers. *Goethe's* Writings. Gustavus Vasa, the Deliverer of his Country, a tragedy, by Brooke. Hermsprong; or, Man as he is not. The German Encyclopædia of Professor Krünitz (a work of uncommon merit, and of an entirely harmless tendency). Lucius Junius Brutus, Father of his Country, a tragedy, by Brooke. Menzikoff and Natalia, a drama, by Kratter. All German Almanacs. Wieland's new Mercury of Germany. *Debonale's* New French Grammar for Germans. Prophecies of J. Brothers. Rudolph of Werdenberg, by Lafontaine (a most excellent novel, intended to promote love of truth, obedience to the laws, and of private as well as social happiness). The Town and Country Magazine, or Universal Repertory of Knowledge, Instruction and Entertainment. The Monthly Review. Moore's View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland and Germany. William Meister's Apprenticeship, by Goethe. The whole of Wieland's Works. Wollstonecraft's Rights of Women, &c. &c. &c.

From six to seven thousand books are printed annually in Germany,

which contains above 20,000 authors who live by writing. More than seven thousand novels have been published in that country within the last twenty-five years.

The late transit of Mercury, on the 7th of May, 1799, was observed at Hamburg, by Director REINKE, and Mr. EIMBCKE, merchant, as follows:

Entrance	Reinke.	Eimbcke.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
First contact } uncertain }	21 51 16	21 51 29
Interior contact	21 53 42	21 53 25
Exit.		
Interior contact	5 12 20	5 12 16
Last contact } uncertain. }	5 14 16	5 14 10

At *Eichstädt*, Professor PICKEL, celebrated for the accuracy of his astronomical observations, observed

	h. m. s.
The first interior contact	21 58 28
The second	5 6 57

At *Madrid*, the Vice-Director of the Royal Observatory, Mr. CHAIX, observed

	h. m. s.
The first interior contact	20 59 43

At *Berlin*, by Professor BODE,

	h. m. s.
The four contacts	22 0 28 22 3 46 5 22 17 5 25 30

At *Vienna*, Dr. TRIESNECKER observed, at the Imperial Observatory,

	h. m. s.
The first external contact	22 12 47
The drop	22 15 43
The streak of light	22 15 45
The streak of light by Mr. BURG, his adjunct	22 15 47
The same by Major VEGA	22 15 52

The exit could not be observed, but Dr. Triesnecker measured with an heliometer, many distances of the margins, particularly at the time when they were smallest. He found by these observations, the time of the apparent conjunction of ☉ and ☿ from the drop 2h. 11m. 18s. 5, and two seconds more from the

streak of light. He has calculated the same from the observations at *Ofen*, as follows: 2h. 22m. 1s. 3, after Bruna's observations, 1s. 1, more than after those of Taucher. The radius \odot , here supposed = 15m. 50s. 9, and that of \otimes = 5s. 5, has been found by him, by a number of observations made on the spot. For *Vienna*, he found the time by other means. By ten observations, made with the objective-micrometre, he obtained the smallest distance of the centres, as seen from the centre of the earth, 5m. 40s. 8. This distance, compared with several other distances before and after the medium of the transit, proved the time of the medium of the transit to have been 1h. 55m. 37s. 6. By means of the same smallest distance of the centres, he found the apparent geocentric latitude of \otimes in \odot = 5m. 46s. 5, the true one 5m. 49s. 8, and the difference between the conjunction and the medium of the transit = 62s. 81, in time 15m. 41s. 9. Consequently, the apparent conjunction at 2h. 11m. 19s. 5. From this, he computed the heliocentric latitude in \odot to be 7m. 40s. 8, S. longitude \odot \otimes = $1^{\circ} 15' 56m. 4^{\circ} 6$.

Kastelyn has published the method of manufacturing the beautiful pigment called Brunswick green, which is much used on the Continent for oil-painting and printed paper. Shavings of copper are put into a close vessel and sprinkled with a solution of muriate of ammonia (crude sal ammoniac). The copper appears to be first dissolved by the acid, and then precipitated by the volatile alkali in this process. The precipitate is washed and dried upon cloth, or in wooden boxes. Three parts of the muriate of ammonia are sufficient for two of copper, and they produce six parts of colour.



DEATH OF GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE death of this illustrious man, by an abrupt and violent distemper, will long occupy the attention of his fellow citizens. No public event could have occurred, adapted so strongly to awaken the sensibility and excite the reflections of Americans. No apology will therefore be needful for relating the circumstances of this great event. The particulars of his disease and death being stated by the physicians who attended him, their narrative deserves to be considered as authentic. The following account was drawn up by Doctors Craik and Dick.

"Some time in the night of Friday, the 13th of December, having been exposed to a rain on the preceding day, GENERAL WASHINGTON was attacked with an inflammatory affection of the upper part of the wind pipe, called, in technical language, *Cynanche Trachealis*. The disease commenced with a violent ague, accompanied with some pain in the upper and fore part of the throat, a sense of stricture in the same part, a cough, and a difficult, rather than a painful, deglutition, which were soon succeeded by fever and a quick and laborious respiration. The necessity of blood-letting suggesting

itself to the General, he procured a bleeder in the neighbourhood, who took from his arm, in the night, twelve or fourteen ounces of blood. He could not be prevailed on by the family, to send for the attending physician till the following morning, who arrived at Mount Vernon at about eleven o'clock on Saturday. Discovering the case to be highly alarming, and foreseeing the fatal tendency of the disease, two consulting physicians were immediately sent for, who arrived, one at half after three, and the other at four o'clock in the afternoon: in the mean time were employed two copious bleedings, a blister was applied to the part affected, two moderate doses of calomel were given, and an injection was administered, which operated on the lower intestines, but all without any perceptible advantage, the respiration becoming still more difficult and painful. On the arrival of the first of the consulting physicians, it was agreed, as there were yet no signs of accumulation in the bronchial vessels of the lungs, to try the effect of another bleeding, when about thirty-two ounces of blood were drawn, without the least apparent alleviation of the disease. Vapours of vinegar and water were frequently inhaled, ten grains of calomel were given, succeeded by repeated doses of emetic tartar, amounting in all to five or six grains, with no other effect than a copious discharge from the bowels. The power of life seemed now manifestly yielding to the force of the disorder; blisters were applied to the extremities, together with a cataplasm of bran and vinegar to the throat. Speaking, which had been painful from the beginning, now became almost impracticable: respiration grew more and more contracted and imperfect, till half after eleven on Saturday night, when, retaining the full pos-

session of his intellects, he expired without a struggle!

"He was fully impressed, at the beginning of his disease, as well as through every stage of it, that its conclusion would be mortal; submitting to the exertions made for his recovery, rather as a duty, than from any belief of their efficacy. He considered the operations of death upon his system, as coeval with the disease; and several hours before his death, after repeated efforts to be understood, he succeeded in expressing a desire that he might be permitted to die without further interruption.

"During the short period of his illness, he employed his time in the arrangement of such few concerns as required his attention, with the utmost serenity; and anticipated his approaching dissolution with every proof of that equanimity for which his whole life has been so uniformly eminent."

On the 20th of December, his funeral was celebrated with great solemnity. The body was attended to the grave by bands of cavalry and infantry, the clergy, his own family, and a long procession of citizens, and the coffin was placed, with military honours, in a vault, situated on his patrimonial demesne, on the banks of the Potowmack.

Intelligence of this event was quickly communicated to the most distant quarters of the United States. Words cannot fully describe the solemn and awful sensations which these tidings universally diffused. The legislative bodies now convened at Philadelphia, immediately suspended their sittings. Resolutions were formed that the members of the legislature, and the officers of government, should wear mourning; and a proclamation was issued, enjoining all citizens to assume the same badge during thirty days.

It was likewise resolved that a

marble monument should be raised to the honour of the deceased, in the city of Washington; that a funeral procession should be formed by the legislative bodies, and the civil and military officers in Philadelphia, and an oration be pronounced in the principal church of that city. These ceremonies accordingly took place, with great solemnity and order, on the 26th of December.

On the 31st of the same month, a similar procession took place in the city of New-York. The military bands, the masonic fraternity, the clerical order, and various classes of citizens, joined in the celebration of these rites, and a funeral oration was delivered in St. Paul's church. The same solemnities will, no doubt, take place in the other cities of the Continent, and a day of annual commemoration be

forever hereafter devoted to his honour.

An impartial observer cannot but highly approve of the unanimity with which the tribute of public veneration has been paid to this illustrious man. It is hoped that the honour of our country will be raised, by the strains of eloquence and poetry which this occasion will call forth. Pageantry and dirges, though suitable, are transitory and imperfect testimonies of our homage, and to genius must be committed the office of imparting to the world at large, and to posterity, faithful pictures of the sentiments which the memory of WASHINGTON excited in the hearts of his contemporaries, and of those who have witnessed his achievements and partaken of his benefits.

P O E T R Y.

ON THE DEATH OF GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

FAR, far from hence be Satire's aspect rude,
No more let Laughter's frolic-face intrude;
But every heart be fill'd with deepest gloom,
Each form be clad with vestments of the tomb.
From VERNON'S SACRED HILL dark sorrows flow,
Spread o'er the land, and shroud the world in woe.
From Mississippi's proud, majestic flood,
To where St. Croix meanders thro' the wood,
Let business cease, let vain amusements fly,
Let parties mingle, and let Faction die;
The realm perform, by warm affection led,
Funeral honours to the MIGHTY DEAD.

Where shall the heart for consolation turn,
Where end its grief, or how forget to mourn!

Beyond these clouds appears no cheering ray,
No morning star proclaims the approach of day.
Ask hoary Age from whence his sorrows come,
His voice is silent, and his sorrow dumb;
Inquire of Infancy why droops his head,
The prattler lisps—"great WASHINGTON is dead."
Why bend yon statesmen o'er their task severe?
Why drops yon chief the unavailing tear?
What fullen grief hangs o'er yon martial band?
What deep distress pervades the extended land?
In sad responses sounds from shore to shore—
"Our FRIEND, our GUIDE, our FATHER is no more.

Let fond Remembrance turn her aching sight,
Survey the past, dispel Oblivion's night;
By Glory led, pursue the mazy road,
Which leads the traveller to her high abode;

There view that great, that venerated
NAME,
 Inscib'd in sun-beams on the roll of
 Fame.
 No lapse of years shall foil the sacred
 spot,
 No future age its memory shall blot;
 Millions unborn shall mark its sacred fire,
 And latest Time behold it, and admire.

O widow'd country! what protecting
 form
 Shall ope thy path-way thro' the gathering
 storm!
 What mighty hand thy trembling barque
 shall guide
 Thro' Faction's rough and overwhelming
 tide?
 The hour is past—thy WASHINGTON no
 more
 Descries, with Angel-ken, the peaceful
 shore.
 Freed from the terrors of his awful eye,
 No more fell Treason seeks amidnight sky,
 But, crawling forth, on deadliest mischief
 bent,
 Rears her black front, and toils with curst
 intent.
 Behold! arrang'd in long and black array,
 Prepar'd for conflict, thirsting for their
 prey,
 Our foes advance—nor force, nor danger
 dread,
 Their fears all vanish'd when his spirit
 fled.
 Oft, when our bosoms, fill'd with dire
 dismay,
 Saw mischief gather round our country's
 way;
 When furious Discord seiz'd her flaming
 brand,
 And threaten'd ruin to our infant land;
 When Faction's imps sow'd thick the
 seeds of strife,
 And aim'd destruction at the bliss of life;
 When War, with bloody hand, her flag
 unfurl'd,
 And her loud trump alarm'd the Western
 World;
 His awful voice bade all contention cease,
 At his command the storms were hush'd
 to peace.

But who can speak, what accents can
 relate,
 The solemn scenes which mark'd the
GREAT MAN's fate!
 Ye ancient sages, who so loudly claim
 The highest station on the list of Fame,
 At his approach with diffidence retire,
 His higher worth acknowledge, and ad-
 mire.

When keenest anguish rack'd his mighty
 mind,
 And the fond heart the joys of life resign'd,
 No guilt, nor terror, stretch'd its hard
 controul,
 No doubt obscur'd the sunshine of the
 soul.
 Prepar'd for death, his calm and steady
 eye,
 Look'd fearless upward to a peaceful sky;
 While wondering Angels point the airy
 road,
 Which leads the CHRISTIAN to the
THRONE of GOD.
Hartford.

MONODY

On the death of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

*Delivered at the New-York Theatre, on
 Monday Evening, December 30, 1799.*

NO mimic accents now shall touch
 your ears,
 And now no fabled woe demand your
 tears;
 No Hero of a visionary age,
 No child of poet's phrenzy walks the
 stage;
 'Tis no phantastic fate of Queens or
 Kings,
 That bids your sympathy unlock its
 springs;
 This woe is yours, it falls on every head;
 This woe is yours, for WASHINGTON IS
 DEAD!

No passing grief it is, no private woe,
 That bids the universal sorrow flow.
 You are not call'd to view, bereft of life,
 By dread convulsion seized, your child
 or wife,
 To view a parent's feeble lamp expire;
 But WASHINGTON IS DEAD, his coun-
 try's fire!
 Not for your children's friend your tears
 must fall,
 For WASHINGTON IS DEAD, the friend
 of all!

Not singly we, who haunt this wes-
 tern shore,
 Our parent, guardian, guide, and friend
 deplore;
 Not those alone who breathe this ambient
 air,
 Are call'd to weep at this illustrious bier:
 Each wat'ry bourn of this great globe
 afar,
 Was brighten'd by this tutelary Star;

Each future age, through wide-extended
earth,
Like us, may triumph in his hour of
birth;
Each age to him, its grateful dues may
pay,
And join with us to mourn his fun'ral
day.

But why lament the close of his career?
There is no cause—no cause that asks a
tear;
Fate gives to mortal life a narrow span,
And he, our guide and friend, was still a
man.
Triumphal wreaths far rather ought to
wave,
And laureate honours bloom around his
grave;
Far rather should ascend our hymns of
praise
To Heaven, who gave him health and
length of days;
Whose arm was seen amidst the deadly
fray,
To open for his sword victorious way;
Who turn'd aside from him the fateful
ball,
And bade the steel on meaner crests to
fall;
Who gave him for our guide, with stead-
fast eye,
O'er stormy waves, beneath a troublous
sky;
And life dispens'd, till War's loud tem-
pest o'er,
He safely steer'd our barque to peaceful
shore.

'Twas vain that rescued from a tyrant's
hand,
Sweet Liberty, consol'd his natal land;
For brief her stay where discord breathes
her spell,
And not on hostile bounds she deigns to
dwell.
In wide-dissevered realms new factions
grow,
And call from far, or procreate the foe.
War springs afresh—rekindled flames
arise,
And back the ghastly train of thralldom
hies;
No liberty, no life, no blest repose;
No self-preserving arts his country knows,
'Till join'd in vassalage to sacred laws,
One oracle directs, one centre draws;
'Till all-embracing policy imparts
Her harmony to distant, motley parts;
Till every scatter'd tribe, from end to end,
Be taught in forceful unity to blend.

Thus, after foes subdued and battles
done,
The harder task was his, to make us one;
The seeds to crush with his pacific hand,
By home-bred discord scattered through
the land.
'Twas he, the darling child of bounteous
fate,
That rear'd aloft the pillar of our state;
'Twas he that fixed upon eternal base,
The freedom, peace, and glory of his race;
O! let no change thy glorious work be-
fall,
Nor death betide, till death betide us all:
Firm may it stand, though compass'd by
alarms,
Though broils intestine shake, and hostile
arms:
Though the four corners of the world
combine,
Against thy sons, the victory be thine!

Not to such frail and mouldering forms
we trust,
As monumental stone, and ivory bust,
No altars to thy worshipp'd name shall
burn,
Nor rest thy bones in consecrated urn.
No sacrificial scents perfume the air,
No pilgrimage be made, no hymn nor
prayer:
Thee in our country's bliss, our eyes shall
trace;
Thee in the growing good of all our race;
Be taught by thee, when hostile bands
are nigh,
To live for our dear country and to die.
A fane, thy God and thee besitting best,
NOT BUILT WITH HANDS be raised in
ev'ry breast;
The rites be thine, that virtue gives and
claims,
That lift thee far above all former names;
A place below, but next to deity,
Our hearts, O! WASHINGTON, assign to
thee.

Then let us mourn, let every voice
deplore
Our country's guardian, parent, now no
more!
But let us more exult, that bounteous fate
Gave to his vital breath so long a date;
That born upon the eve of social strife,
He liv'd to give us liberty and life.
Rise all our praise, and all our joys awake,
That distant lands th' auspicious boon
partake;
That Freedom's banner was by him un-
fur'd,
To bless each future age, and either
world.

EPILOGUE to the ROBBERY.

A ROBBERY!—five hundred pounds
reward!
Look to your watches—o'er your stores
keep guard!
I've lost my pocket-handkerchief!—'tis
gone!
T'was worth two shillings—though it
cost but one.
The hue and cry is up—seize, seize the
wretch!
And give him up to gibbets and Jack
Ketch.

But let the licens'd robber freely roam
And prowl abroad, or lurk for pray at
home.

Let heroes seize the mighty nabob's
store,

Or enter Switzerland and rob the poor.
On Altdorf's hills, or India's fertile plain,
Alike the object, thirst for power or
gain.

In either hemisphere the like pretence
Has serv'd to cheat mankind of common
sense—

"We only conquer for their proper good,
"To make them happy we must shed
their blood."

Thus the fell Spaniard fought Colum-
bia's shore,

And, impious, bore the crosses through
fields of gore.

Thus every hero who the world has
vex'd,

Makes human happiness his stale pretext;
Is it to civilize?—Or preach the word?

The first great argument is still—the
sword.

"We must have power—you must sub-
mit—must pay—

"We know what's right—you perish or
obey."

But human happiness was never found
Where grinding swords inflict the deadly
wound;

Where hate and vengeance fill the
troubled breast,

And man is only seen oppressing and
oppress'd.

It springs from justice—from the love of
good,

This must be taught in love—not wrought
in blood.

Now to the more familiar robbery
turn,

O could I make his face with blushes
burn!

He, who for prey, still prowls from door
to door,

And thrives, by making poverty more
poor:

Hold, hold the portrait up, that each
may see,

And shrinking cry, "That figure's meant
for me!"

But no, I start and tremble at the task.
What force Herculean would the labour
ask!

A conscience pure—discernment clear
and keen—

A voice and air which speaks the soul
serene:

My will is stifled by my conscious fears.
My conscious wish to steal—your smiles
and tears—

For robbing is the soul of my vocation.
My mighty strife to steal—no—gain
your approbation.

SONG

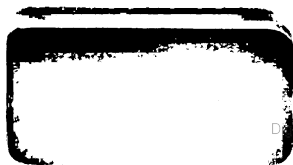
From l'Eroe Cinese di Metastasio.

—*Avran le serpi o cara,*

THE serpent and the timid dove,
Shall in one nest their offspring rear,
Ere he shall faithful prove in love,
To friendship false and insincere.

For in the pure and artless mind,
That glows with virtue's sacred flame;
The limpid source we ever find
Of either passion is the same.





2-8-14

